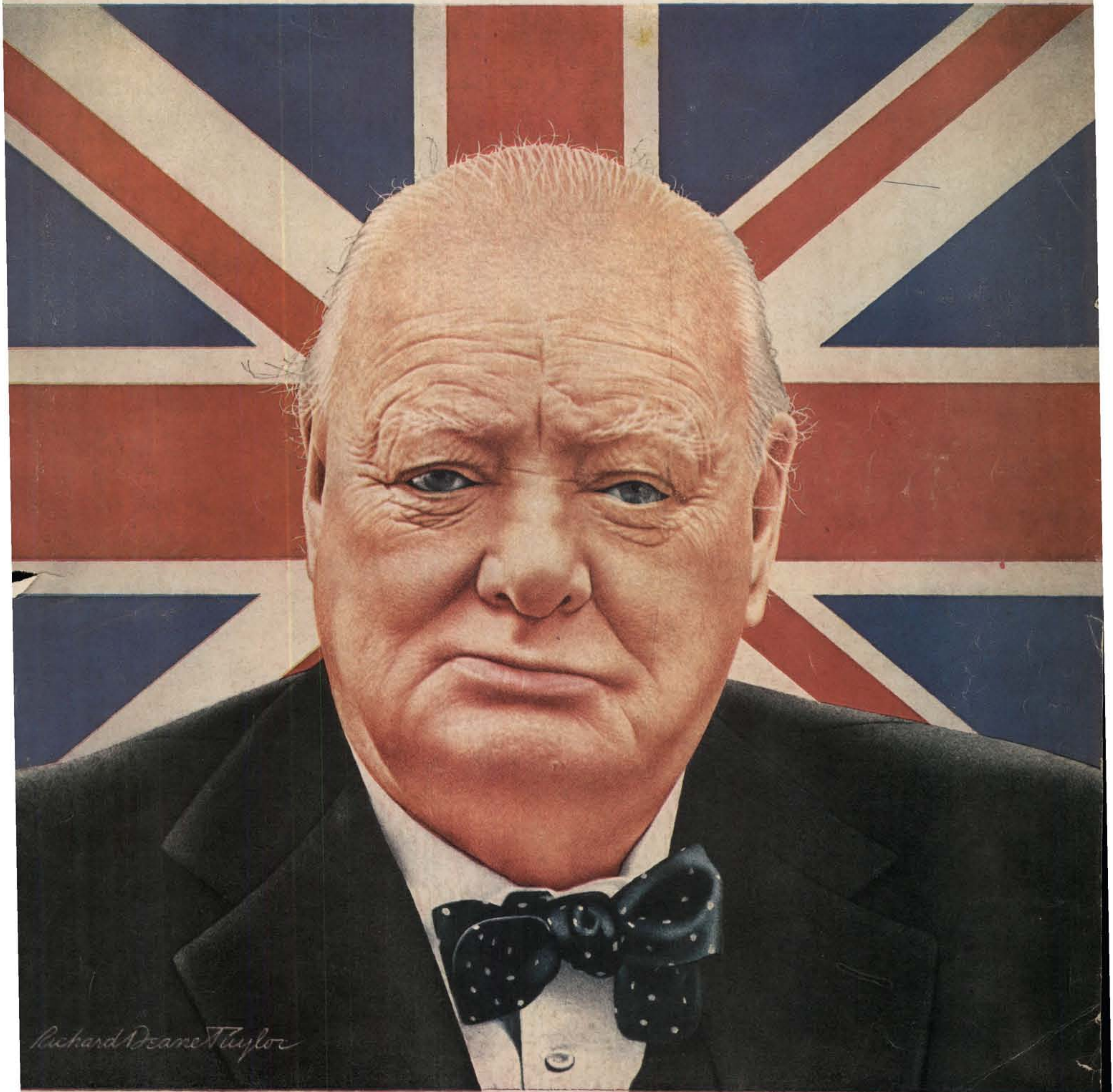
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

September 22, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

Helen Hayes Picks The 10 Most Memorable Stage Performances



WINSTON CHURCHILL
And His Fighting Young Men

HER
Power Polit

48579
C 2Y
8/25

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA. XI7JA53

APPLE VALLEY INN

Commander Land Cruiser—Paul Hesse photo

Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

Jet-streamed in style and performance
A car so exciting to drive you seldom give it a rest

New 120 h.p. Studebaker Commander V-8

A new type of V-8 engine with tremendous zip and pep
Gets amazing extra power from every drop of gasoline
Exceptional mileage per gallon*...needs no premium fuel
The car to try—the car to buy—for real savings

*Best 8 in actual gas mileage in 1951 Mobilgas Run. Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

AND FOR STILL LESS MONEY...STUDEBAKER CHAMPION...ONE OF THE TOP 4 LOWEST PRICE CARS

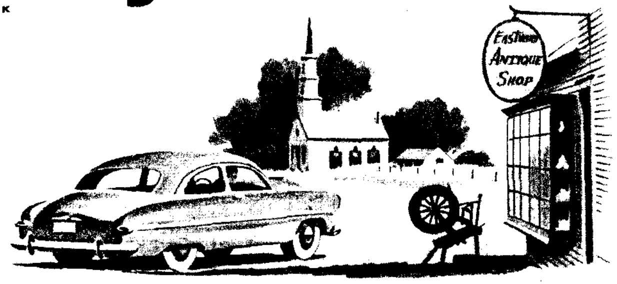
©1951. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

There's a big difference between a

possum ... and a ... blossom

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



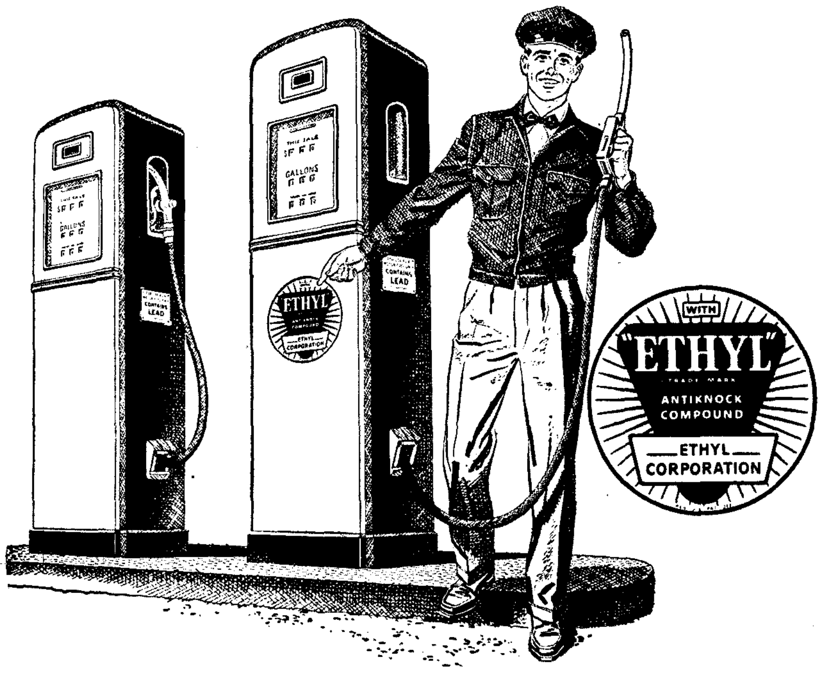
Antique Shop

On a trip to the country

. . . or

around the town . . . you'll appreciate

the extra power of "ETHYL" gasoline



GALLONS
CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL
WITH
"ETHYL"
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dye...benzene hexachloride (technical)

Picture
OF THE MONTH

When an American goes to Paris, he goes to find his dream of love. Paris has kindled more hearts, minds, pens and brushes than any other city in the world. But we doubt if there could be a more convincing token of her enchantment than is offered by top musical producer M-G-M in its new Technicolor triumph, "An American In Paris".

Fresh in idea, new in form, heart-tuned to the stirring music of George Gershwin, "An American In Paris" has captured the youth and spirit of the most romantic city in the world.

The genius of Gene Kelly enlivens the production even beyond his contributions of acting, singing and dancing. His personal talent search resulted in the signing of lovely 19-year-old Parisian danseuse Leslie Caron to play opposite him. She is crop-haired, *gamine* and utterly charming.

Of their many stunning dances together, special mention goes to the climactic "American In Paris" ballet, which glorifies the world of art in six color-splashed scenes. This is the most breath-taking and spectacular dance achievement yet seen on the screen.

Gene plays an ex-G.I. artist who has never had an exhibition, while his sardonic friend, Oscar Levant, is a pianist who has never given a concert. They meet handsome Georges Guetary, popular French singer, and when he introduces them to Leslie, the spark of inspiration starts hopping. There's added inspiration in the person of blonde and beautiful Nina Foch.

What a joy to hear the unforgettable Gershwin favorites "Nice Work If You Can Get It", "'S Wonderful", "Love Is Here To Stay", "I Got Rhythm" and others; and Oscar Levant, at the piano, leads an 80-piece orchestra in Gershwin's rousing "Concerto in F".

Paris is in every pore of this life-loving musical. All of its charm, all of its *elan* seem to be epitomized in the glorious "Stairway to Paradise" number, which presents the flower of French Femininity. So if you can't get abroad this year, your best bet is to see "An American In Paris".

* * *

"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS", to the music of George Gershwin, stars Gene Kelly, and introduces Leslie Caron. Oscar Levant, Georges Guetary and Nina Foch are featured. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor, with story and screen play by Alan Jay Lerner and lyrics by Ira Gershwin, it was directed by Vincente Minnelli and produced by Arthur Freed.

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher*
GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON · LONNIE COLEMAN
BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON · JOHN DENSON
MACLENNAN FARRELL · EVELYN HARVEY · DIANA HIRSH · MANLEY JACKSON
JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · JOHN C. PELLEW
ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · RED SMITH · JAMES THRASHER
LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
MADELIN ALK, DIANE DOWNS, MARTHA WEINMAN

Bureaus
WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST *(Los Angeles)*: THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST *(Chicago)*: BILL FAY
SOUTH *(Atlanta)*: WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EUROPE *(Paris)*: SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST *(Tokyo)*: CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON

September 22, 1951

ARTICLES

Churchill and His Fighting Young Men........JOHN DENSON 15
The 10 Most Memorable Stage Performances....HELEN HAYES 20
Circus Every Week.................................. 22
Power Politics at the Peace Table...........HERBERT HOOVER 26
(Continuing HERBERT HOOVER'S MEMOIRS OF PUBLIC LIFE)
Doctor Commando........................PETER KALISCHER 28
Baseball Quiz................................DAN DANIEL 29
Haunt the Swale and Meadow....................RAY CAMP 32
A Town Takes Its Own Picture........COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 34
Has It Any Wool?........................BERT BACHARACH 78

FICTION

Flight to the Islands....................ELIZABETH ENRIGHT 18
The House Where My Heart Lives................JOHN CLARE 24
Monkey Business at Mers el Kebir..REAR ADM. DANIEL V. GALLERY 30
The Braggart........................ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON 36
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

48 States of Mind........................WALTER DAVENPORT 6
What Do You Do with Your Vests?..........GURNEY WILLIAMS 8
Editorials.. 86
Cover.............................RICHARD DEANE TAYLOR

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 128, No. 12.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

We suspect Winston Churchill, a painter himself, will find considerable interest in this week's cover. For Richard Deane Taylor has given us more than a likeness; his portrait is a character study in paint, as John Denson's article, which begins on page 15, is one in words. A war veteran, Mr. Taylor studied art in Paris for three years, and his works have been exhibited there. He returned to New York in 1949 and since then has appeared in Collier's frequently. Sometimes Mr. Taylor paints 24 hours straight. The Churchill cover was done in six 10- to 15-hour working days.

Week's Mail

Frugal Scotsman

EDITOR: If we had more economy-minded men like James C. MacKechnie (Stingiest Man in the Navy, August 4th) to control the government purse strings, undoubtedly we would not be so overwhelmingly burdened with onerous taxes engendered by spendthrift legislators.

MILTON E. SUSSMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Your article Stingiest Man in the Navy *is* important and timely. But *it* is sad to think that a man of James MacKechnie's character should be so out of the ordinary as to be a good subject for a feature story.

The spending of the taxpayer's dollar by the various departments of the government shows a wealth of imagination. If one tenth of this imagination were devoted to saving, cutting waste, duplication and extravagance, there would be no ground for financial concern.

BARTHÉLEMY G. LACHELIER,
Greenwich, Conn.

. . . Three cheers for Mr. James MacKechnie! I nominate him for Secretary of the Treasury. He's just what Washington has been needing.

ELEANOR DALRYMPLE, Reading, Mass.

. . . Let's make Mac President in 1952. We will have such a surplus in the Treasury at the end of each fiscal year the national debt will be paid off in no time.

JOSEPH ROMEO, New York, N. Y.

Words & Action

EDITOR: Your editorial Save Them in Advance (Aug. 4th) suggests an essential approach to the solution of the problem of drug addiction among school children in American cities.

Wieboldt Foundation has recently provided a grant to the Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., for the planning and production of an educational film on narcotics.

The purpose of the film will be widespread enlightenment of parents, teachers, school children and community groups to the effects of narcotic addiction.

The Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago and medical specialists will collaborate in the planning of the film. It should be completed early in December and will be distributed throughout the United States through the extensive facilities of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc.

LAFETON WHITNEY, Wieboldt Foundation,
Chicago, Ill.

Slighted Therapists

EDITOR: Your article on polio and the rocking bed (Polio Is Losing Its Punch, Aug. 4th) was most interesting to me since I am a physical therapist and my work is with postpolio patients.

(*Continued on page* 10)

Something the Reds haven't got...

IT SPEEDS PRODUCTION...it directs civilian defense...it guides the Armed Forces. It's the biggest and most dependable telephone network on earth. It's America's.

Valuable always, the telephone is a priceless asset now in getting things done fast. As the manufacturing unit of the Bell System, Western Electric makes the telephones, switchboards, cables and other things that are carrying 149 million calls a day.

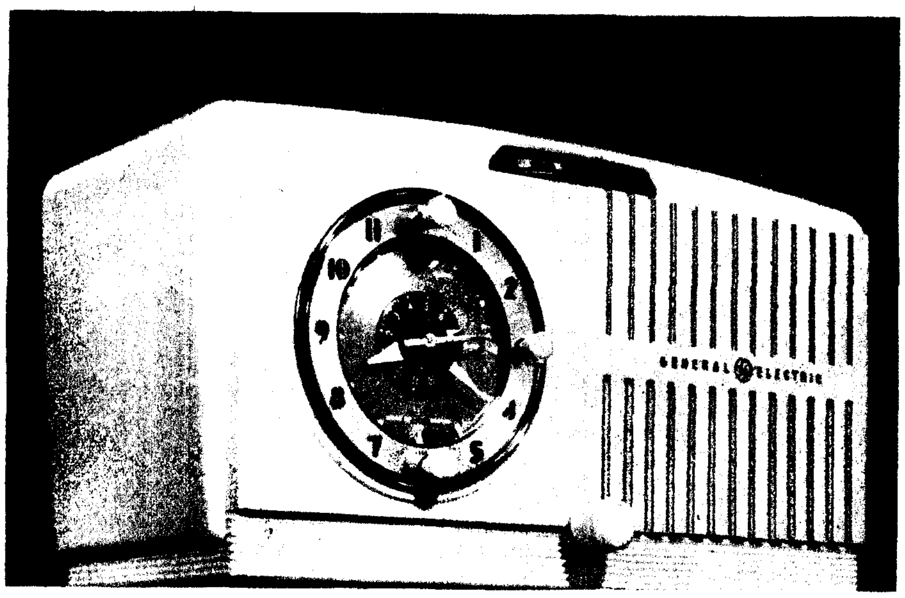
In addition, our specialized Bell telephone experience is constantly being applied to making military communications and electronic equipment needed by the Armed Forces.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Nearly two million families rely on the

WORLD'S MOST USEFUL RADIO!



Model 516

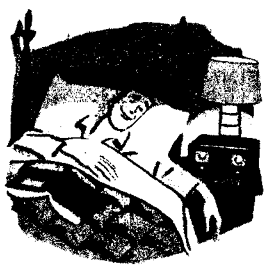
CLOCK-RADIO

• **Here's the one radio for everyone!** Around the house, around the clock it works for you. Lulls you to sleep, then turns itself off—and the bed light, too! Automatically wakes you to music, starts your coffee maker. Turns on a favorite radio program any time. Tells time, even in the dark. No wonder more people buy the General Electric Clock-Radio *than all other makes combined.* In alabaster ivory, Congo brown, Persian red or porcelain white—all at one low price. Choose yours today!

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

Wakes you to music right on the dot!

M-m-m, it's delightful—waking up every morning to sweet music instead of a jangling alarm!



Turns itself off after you go to sleep!

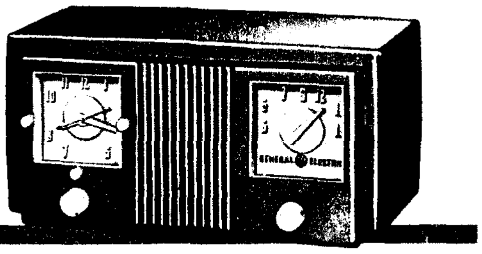
No more worry about falling asleep and leaving the radio on all night—not with the G-E Clock-Radio!

Turns appliances on or off!

Starts your breakfast, turns on a television set and many electric appliances, automatically!

• **New super-powered G-E Clock-Radio.** Most powerful clock-radio of them all—gets distant stations sharp and clear. In rich cordovan plastic. Model 535, right.

Prices of G-E Clock-Radios start at $29.95. Subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

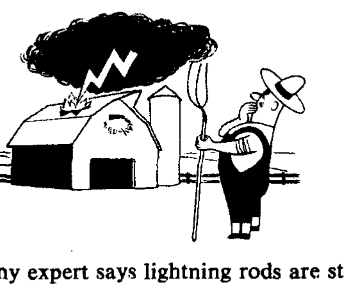
Every now and then Mr. Rud Choppith of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, puts down his newspaper to interrupt Mrs. Choppith at her work on the woodpile. "It says here," said Mr. Choppith recently—rather loudly, because Mrs. Choppith had dropped her hatchet and was chasing the calf which had broken its rope—"it says here that the government is going to spend some money to rid the Republic of Colombia, South America, of snakes. Talking of buying a couple thousand mongooses from India. Good mongooses that can stand traveling cost money—$70 apiece. Prices suddenly gone up. Government's sending 50 fellows to India for training to be mongoose men so's they can work the critters properly when they get them to Colombia." His wife, having caught the calf and gone back to her hatchet, replied, "That's nice."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Naomi Mainerd of Junction City, Kansas, writes us she has just learned that the Eysvoogel land-reclamation project in Surinam (Dutch Guiana) and the Tapakuma irrigation and drainage work in British Guiana is going on fine under the auspices of the Economic Co-operation Administration (ECA), although it's going to cost the government a little more than we thought—oh, just a few millions more. Nothing to worry about. But Mrs. Mainerd's just wondering when the government might get around to doing something about controlling the Kaw and the Missouri rivers out her way. In case you've forgotten, she adds, they sometimes overflow their banks.

★ ★ ★

An old-timer has sent us peering into encyclopedias, Department of Agriculture pamphlets and wherenot with his question: What has become of the lightning rod salesman? We haven't found out. All we know is that the lightning rod is disappearing from the American ridgepole and its salesman is a vanishing American. An electric company expert says lightning rods are still our best protection from thunderbolts, and the Agriculture Department agrees. Only about five persons in a million are killed annually by lightning, but about 2,000 buildings are struck yearly. So we can't answer the question: What's become of the lightning rod salesman? Can you?



★ ★ ★

This department's short short story for the week has to do with a fellow who five days a week catches the same bus every morning in Seattle, Washington, bound for work. He carries his lunch and an alarm clock. Experience has taught him that the bus is due to arrive at the factory in 38 minutes. So he sets his clock, sits down and promptly goes to sleep. In 38 minutes the alarm awakes him and he gets off, resetting his clock. It may be going a bit too far to say that he resets it to wake him up in time for lunch, but our informant insists that's true. Anyway, the clock again arouses him when the bus arrives at his home corner in the late afternoon and as he trudges wearily toward his house he may be seen resetting the alarm in order that he shall not miss his bedtime. Both he and the clock rest on Saturday and Sunday.

★ ★ ★

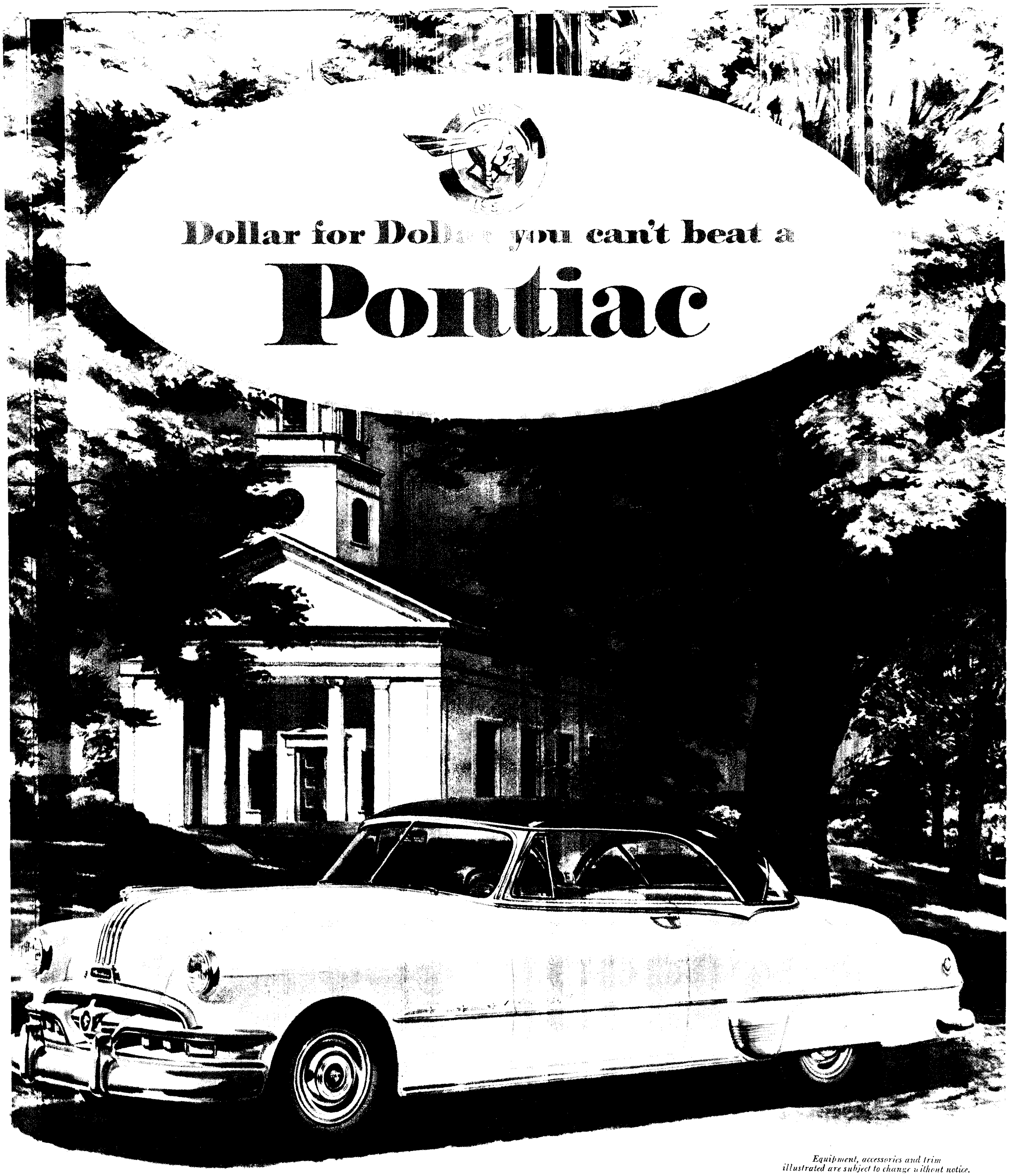
The Ohio legislature has decided that the public should be able to get along pretty well without the law which fines you $25 for "playing a public game on Decoration Day within one mile of the speakers' stand" while the oratory is going on. So it has repealed it. Hearing no cries of rage from the populace, it plunged ahead and repealed another which levied a fine of $2 on any theater or opera house in which a lady was wearing a hat. No outcry followed that mark-off either, so the lads threw out the old one which forbade a judge, justice of the peace, sheriff or lawyer "to encourage, excite or stir up a suit, quarrel or controversy between two or more persons." Not to be outdone, South Carolina has repealed one requiring cuspidors on all trains passing through the state. And we predict that it won't be long before Montana decrees that it's no longer a misdemeanor in that state to call a cow bad names.

LOWELL HESS

★ ★ ★

If you're a cop or even an ex-cop and you've been piperized, you'll know how it is. Maybe you've been piperized and don't know it. All you know is that you accepted a couple of thousand dollars from a hooligan, mobster or other Hot Harry who asked only that you look the other way when he was plying his peculiar racket. And then one day you're called up on the carpet and fired and subsequently, perhaps, sent to the pen. Chances are good that a fellow cop, a guy you trusted, has been spying on you, turned you in. In short, you've been piperized. The term may be strange to you. Except occasionally in Chicago and a few other Midwest cities, cops that spy on cops are seldom known today as pipers. It started in Chicago in 1904 when a retired Army captain, Alexander R. Piper, set up an espionage system inside the Police Department. Didn't work too well, although a number of crooked cops got what was justly coming to them. But quite a few got what shouldn't have come to them—honest cops who were double-crossed to get them off the force where they couldn't interfere with the crooks. Also a few pipers got what inevitably was coming to them. They vanished. Now and then their bodies were found but

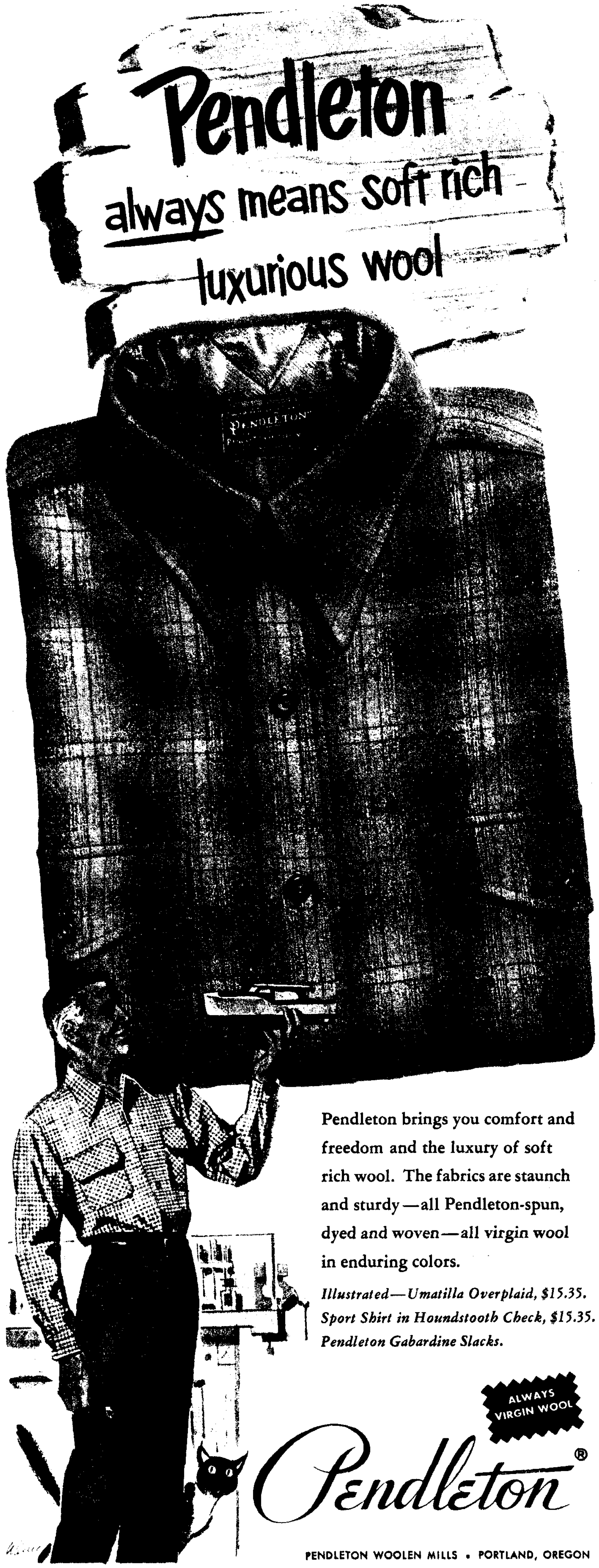
(Continued on page 10)


Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a
Pontiac

Equipment, accessories and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.

An American Original—of Character and Quality

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

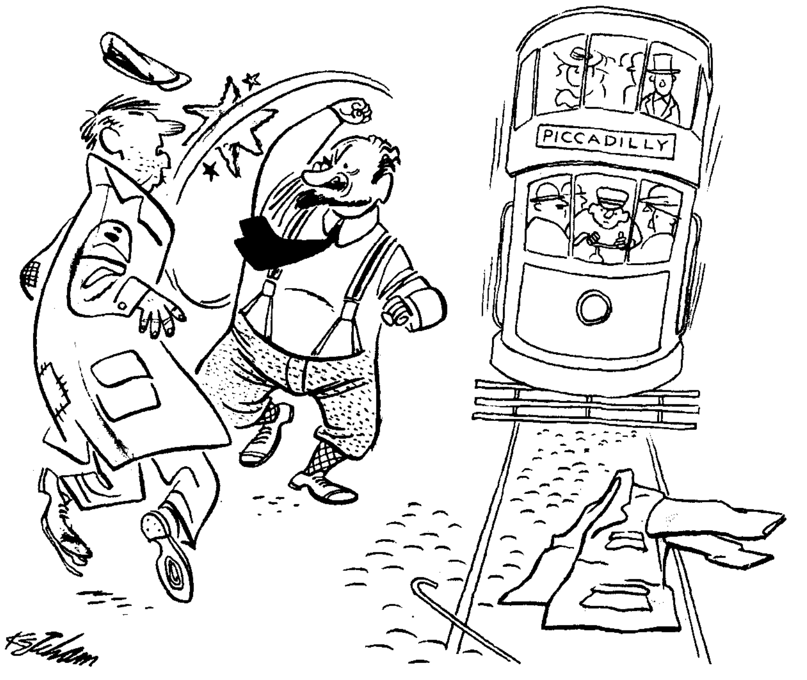


Pendleton brings you comfort and freedom and the luxury of soft rich wool. The fabrics are staunch and sturdy—all Pendleton-spun, dyed and woven—all virgin wool in enduring colors.

Illustrated—Umatilla Overplaid, $15.35.
Sport Shirt in Houndstooth Check, $15.35.
Pendleton Gabardine Slacks.

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON

What Do You Do With Your Vests?



How it may have started: a tram sliced off the sleeves of a coat

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

I'D LIKE to take this opportunity to reply to a telegram I received last month from a reader in Vermont. It read: HOW DID MEN'S VESTS EVER GET STARTED? It was signed: ANXIOUS.

Well, Anxious, there are several theories as to the origin of this so-called garment, but only one of them makes any sense to me. According to Smedley K. Peetsbuddle, in his treatise The Rise and Fall of Trousers, an Englishman named Sir Trent Westcutt, second Duke of Frammingware, was once accosted in Piccadilly Circus by a befuddled stranger who desired to engage in fisticuffs.

Sir Trent, always at home with his dukes, removed his jacket, tossed it carelessly aside and felled the toper with one blow. At that instant his jacket was run over by a passing tram and both sleeves were severed at the shoulders. Sir Trent, puffing only slightly, nonchalantly donned and buttoned the sleeveless garment. This was immediately dubbed a "Westcutt" by the fashion world and Man was saddled with another burden.

Why some guys wear vests has puzzled me for a long time. Only last Tuesday I stopped a man on West Thirty-fourth Street and asked him the reason. He replied that he was the treasurer of the local Vest Makers' Union and advised me to resume speed.

When I say vests I do not refer to the tartan plaid jobs, which, so far as I can find out, are worn only by a strange tribe of individuals called Bertus Bacharachus who roam up and down New York's Madison Avenue and subsist on the fuzz from suède shoes.

No, the vest I mean is the six-button, four-pocket number with a back made of synthetic material and a ridiculous half-belt fastened by a metal buckle. In the pockets is a shapeless collection of personal items and an accumulation of a substance which is related to the woolly tumbleweeds found under beds and other furniture. The front attracts gravy and is altogether untidy.

I don't know about you, but I had, until recently, seven brand-new vests in my clothes closet. The matching coats and pants wore out and were sent off to my brother-in-law ages ago. If I had made Phi Beta Kappa and were therefore compelled to dangle the key from a watch chain, there would be some reason for keeping vests. I didn't, however, make that fraternity. Some sorehead blackballed me.

I've asked around and received several suggestions for utilizing the subject involved here. They are all idiotic, but so is a vest, so what's the difference?

One man advanced the opinion that if a neighbor's dog tore a hole in the seat of your pants you could use the unemployed vest for patching purposes. This man was assuming, of course, that you wouldn't mind having a couple of small pockets and a buttonhole or two in the seat of your pants.

A fellow down the hall from here asked me if I had ever heard of a two-jacket suit and I said no; I'd just heard of two-*pants* suits. "Well, then," he said, "why not sew sleeves and lapels on the vest and have a two-jacket suit?" I said I thought it would be too much trouble and would look like hell and he went away.

Several women have told me they hang their husbands' vests in the broom closet to hold suction cleaner accessories. And my wife, who is fond of all kinds of animals, buttoned those seven vests of mine in chain formation last winter and slipped them around our milkman's horse. I don't want to seem critical, but I'm afraid the horse felt pretty sheepish about the whole thing, and it has been noised around that the milkman finally called the S.P.C.A. for a ruling.

Do YOU have any suggestions? If so, I'd like to hear them—providing you don't belong to the Vest Makers' Union.

Now, in closing, I might mention I've just received another wire from Anxious. It reads: MANY THANKS. THE "WESTCUTT" THEORY IS OKAY BY ME.

THE END

Who ASKED you?

■

Who asked you to pay for electricity used by people you never even heard of, a hundred or a thousand miles away?

Nobody! But you *do* help pay the bills for hundreds of thousands of favored people and hundreds of privileged businesses using electricity from certain federal power systems. Your taxes helped build those systems. Your taxes are used to subsidize service to their customers.

■

Who asked you to foot the bill so that this country could have socialized electricity?

Nobody! Yet, there are 72 federally owned power systems already in operation, under construction, or authorized at a total cost of over 10 *billion* dollars—and hundreds more are planned at a total cost of about 60 *billion* dollars. That's *your* money that's financing socialism!

■

Who asked you for permission to keep on building expensive socialistic power systems when every tax dollar and every pound of critical material is needed for defense?

Nobody! But the backers of socialized power are planning to use more of your tax money to build costly electric lines that actually duplicate facilities of business-managed companies! Why? To put the government further into useless and killing competition with business-managed companies.

■

Who asked you whether you have enough electric power or not?

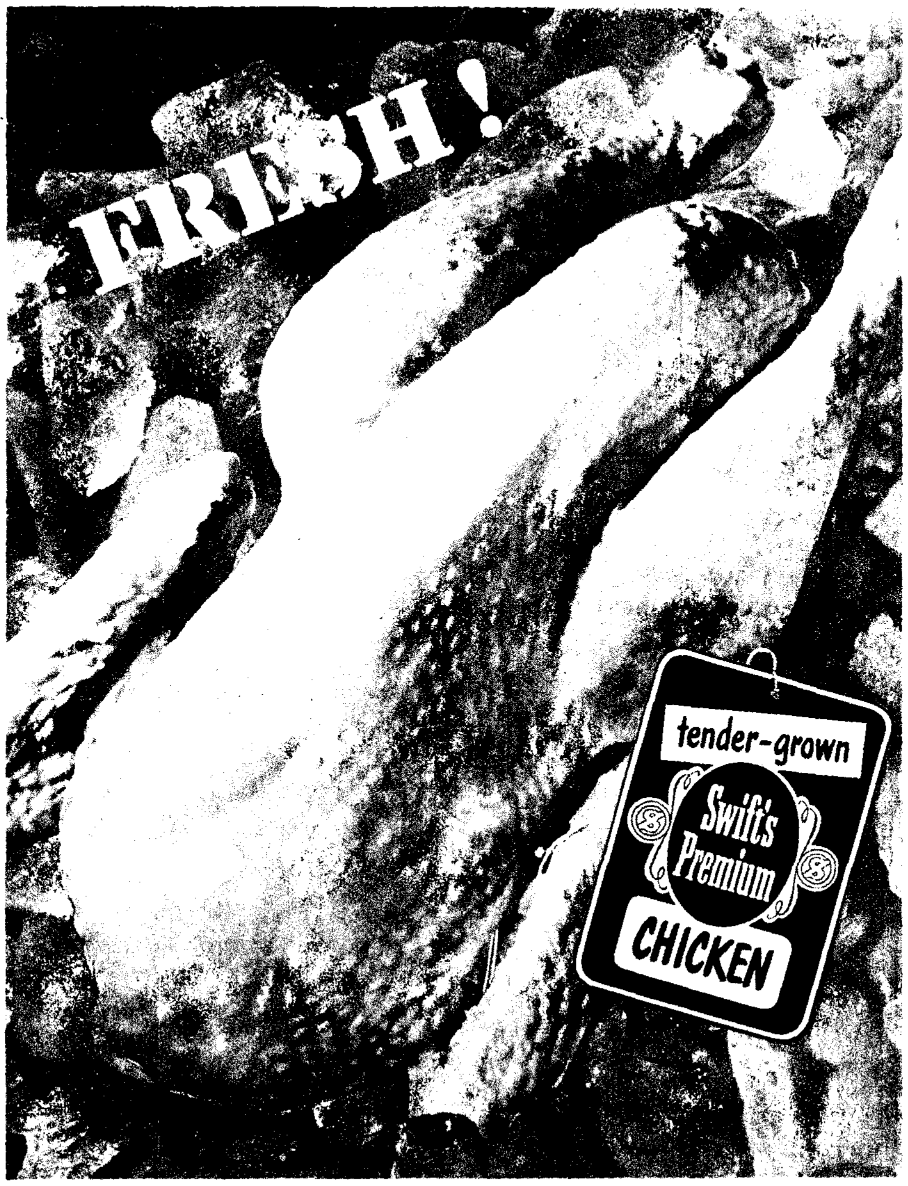
Nobody! The "planners" who favor socialized electricity speak vaguely of a "power shortage." Yet, the business-managed companies have more than *doubled* this nation's power supply since Pearl Harbor. And they've got a lot more coming!

. . . . .

This message is published by America's local *business*-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies★ who are prepared now as always to provide excellent service at low cost and more of it all the time.

★ Names on request from this magazine

"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—*CBS—Sundays—9 P. M., Eastern Time.*



the chicken that's taking the nation by storm!!!!

SPECIALLY PLANNED FOR EATING....THROUGH 10 YEARS POULTRY INDUSTRY RESEARCH....SPECIALLY FED FOR FLAVOR....QUALITY ....AS PLUMP IN 3 MONTHS AS ORDINARY CHICKEN IN 4 MONTHS ....SPECIALLY RAISED FROM FINEST MEAT-BEARING STRAINS.... SHIPPED IN ICE TO PRESERVE FRESHNESS....DISPLAYED FRESH ON CHIPPED ICE OR UNDER REFRIGERATION....AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE....BRANDED tender-grown SWIFT'S PREMIUM....

P.S. ALSO QUICK-FROZEN--CUT-UP, READY-TO-COOK....LOOK FOR THE BLUE AND WHITE PICTURE PACKAGE.

the dream chicken that came true!

tender-grown Swift's Premium

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

However, I think you have slighted the physical therapists by calling them nurses in two of your picture captions, and I believe the D. T. Watson School of Physiatrics trains student physical therapists—not nurses.

VIRGINIA G. WIRTZ, R.P.T., Fresno, Cal.

Great, but No Ballerina

EDITOR: I would like to say a few words about your piece on Valerie Bettis (Volcanic Is the Word for Valerie, Aug. 4th). Miss Bettis is unquestionably a great *modern* dancer and I admire her sincerely. But a ballerina she is most decidedly *not*. In case Mr. James Poling would like to know the meaning of this term, I suggest that he look it up in the Dance Encyclopedia. The definition of a ballerina, in that book and elsewhere, is "a principal female dancer in a ballet company." Except for that one appearance with the Ballet Russe, mentioned in the article, Valerie Bettis has never been a principal dancer in a ballet company.

As for the remark that she is responsible for ballet being a "must" in a Broadway show, no sillier statement could be made. She doesn't stage ballets. And way before she ever got to Broadway the ballet situation had been well taken care of by Agnes de Mille (Oklahoma!) and by George Balanchine as far back as Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.

OLGA LEY, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Constructive Journalism

EDITOR: The fine article on India and Pakistan by Mr. Lilienthal (Another "Korea" in the Making?, Aug. 4th) suggested to me that he would be the ideal person to write a series of articles about the pressing need here in the Midwest for an MVA program comparable to the TVA.

The recent disastrous flood in Kansas and Missouri, plus the additional electricity needed for defense mobilization and manufacturing, certainly warrants a series of articles similar to those you have run on crime to arouse the people and Congress to our own emergencies.

PAUL V. CARLSON, Sioux City, Iowa

. . . Thanks for Another "Korea" in the Making?. David Lilienthal, as usual, has constructive ideas, which we certainly need these times when everyone can think only of destructive ones. It is heartening to find one who knows so much about atomic energy seeing in it a power for good, and one who did such wonders in Tennessee having convictions about how to bless India and Pakistan in a similar way and remove all cause for discord.

L. W. BARRETT, South Pines, N. C

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

not always. This was not the origin of the term "pay the piper" (if you want to dance you must pay the piper), which is an English proverb dating back to 1681, but it doesn't matter. We get all this from a piperized ex-cop—an old-timer.

★ ★ ★

We called up Jack Parks, editor of the Dahlonega (Georgia) Nugget, about his announcement that there were 15 marriages and two weddings in Lumpkin County. Asked him what's the difference between a wedding and a marriage. He said, about a thousand dollars.

★ ★ ★

At least twenty-three states have adopted resolutions calling upon Congress to limit peacetime income taxes to 25 per cent. If 10 more legislatures pass similar resolutions, Congress will have to initiate a constitutional amendment. However, we do not advise too much optimism. Moreover, the way taxes are today, your coat fits better. Doesn't have that unsightly bulge caused by your stuffed wallet. Tax receipts do not take up much room.

★ ★ ★

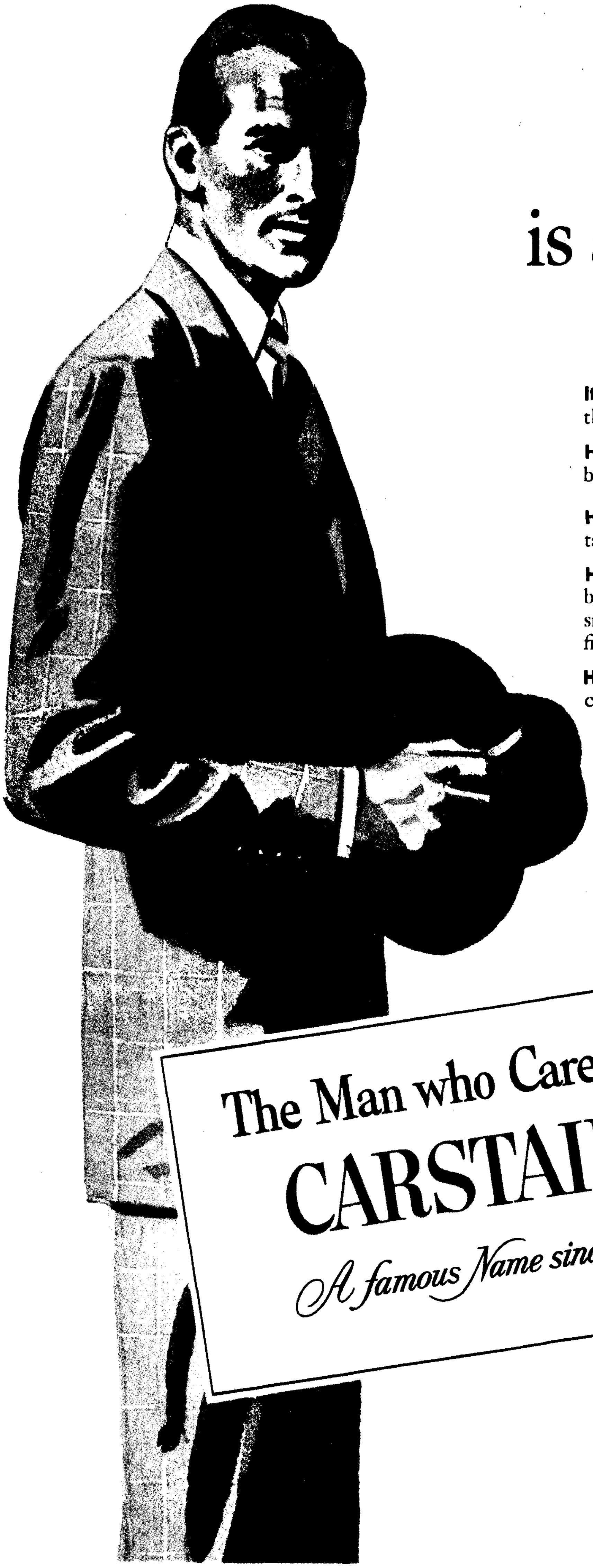
This department of Collier's hereby goes on record as steadfastly opposed to the Common World Language movement. We shall fight the proposed UN language commission's efforts to induce the world to adopt Ro, Volapuk, Interlingua, Esperanto, Ido or any of the other of the proposed universal gobbledygooks. Things are bad enough as they are. There's enough fighting as it is, and if we could all understand instantly what the other guy is calling us, the squabbles would come faster and thicker. As crossword puzzle fillers, Ido, Ro, Interlingua and the rest of them may be okay, but that's as far as we'll go.

★ ★ ★

His name is Joe Depridos and he drives a taxi in Washington, D.C. Mr. Depridos has written to us and devoted the whole first paragraph to protesting that he is an honest and a truthful man. Whereupon he writes that he was recently driving two "nice, motherly ladies" around our nation's capital when, passing the Capitol, one of the ladies asked him what building that was. He told them. She thanked him and said: "You see, we're strangers in town."

★ ★ ★

The judge asked a prospective juror in San Diego, California, the usual question—whether he could be fair and impartial. The PJ, an honest man, thought hard for a moment and then said he had doubts. "You see, your honor," said he, "I'm a whodunit fan. I look at all the whodunits and famous jury trials on TV. I listen to the evidence—both sides. Halfway through the program I take a guess at who did it. Nope, I always find I'm wrong again. I dunno, your honor." He was excused.



Bill Watson is a Man who Cares...

It's easy to tell that Bill Watson is a man who cares – for the finest:

His suit, a smart grey worsted with a blending over-plaid, is by Kuppenheimer, noted for fine fabrics and tailoring.

His hat, made by Knox, is a snap brim custom edge, in perfect taste.

His whiskey is Carstairs, whose superb quality is preferred by Men who Care for the finest. He finds that it tastes extra-smooth and extra-mellow, and that it costs less than other fine whiskies.

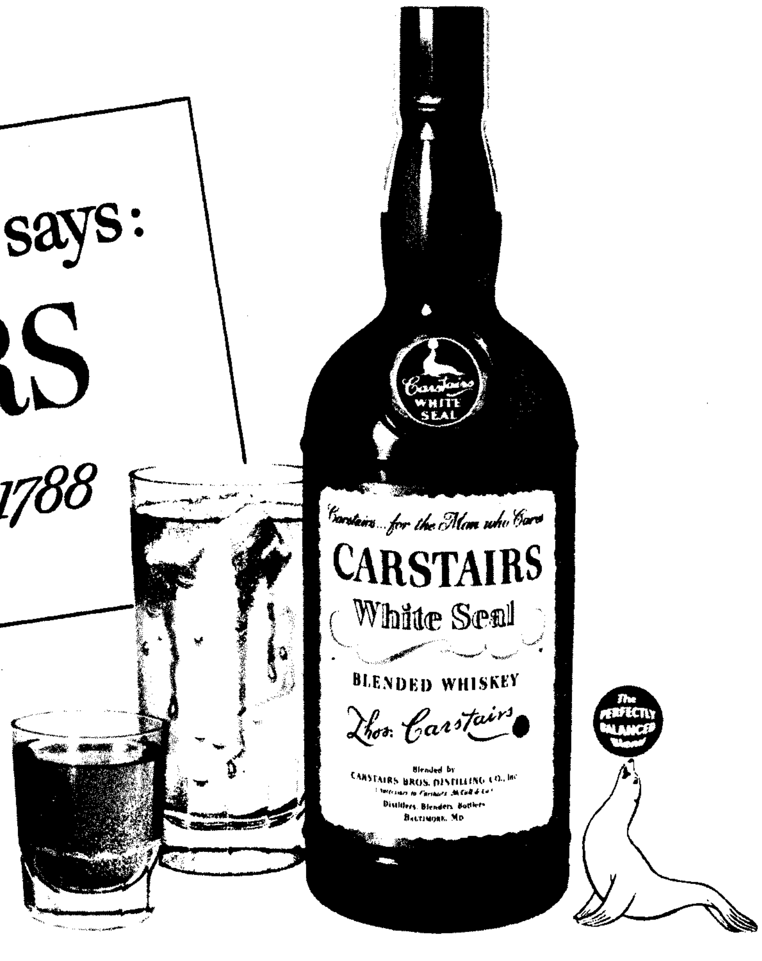
His suggestion to you is try Carstairs yourself . . . at bar, club or at home, you'll find it a better drink at a better price.

Bill Watson is not the name of an actual person, but is rather a type – the Man who Cares.

The Man who Cares says:

CARSTAIRS

A famous Name since 1788


Carstairs WHITE SEAL
Carstairs...for the Man who Cares
CARSTAIRS
White Seal
BLENDED WHISKEY
Thos. Carstairs
Blended by CARSTAIRS BROS. DISTILLING CO. Inc
Baltimore, Md.
The PERFECTLY BALANCED Whiskey

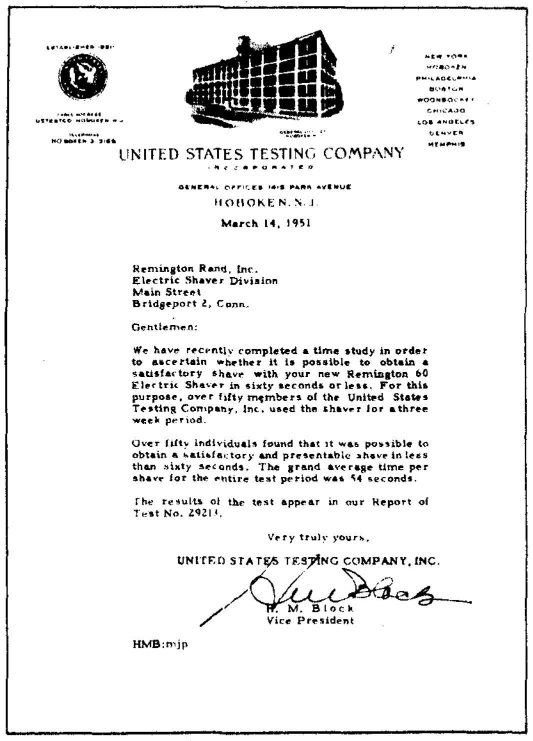
CARSTAIRS BROS. DISTILLING CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 72% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

NOW!

Shave in 60 Seconds

WITH THE

all new REMINGTON 60



ESTABLISHED 1880

NEW YORK
HOBOKEN
PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON
WOONSOCKET
CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES
DENVER
MEMPHIS

UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
GENERAL OFFICES 1415 PARK AVENUE
HOBOKEN, N. J.

March 14, 1951

Remington Rand, Inc.
Electric Shaver Division
Main Street
Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Gentlemen:

We have recently completed a time study in order to ascertain whether it is possible to obtain a satisfactory shave with your new Remington 60 Electric Shaver in sixty seconds or less. For this purpose, over fifty members of the United States Testing Company, Inc. used the shaver for a three week period.

Over fifty individuals found that it was possible to obtain a satisfactory and presentable shave in less than sixty seconds. The grand average time per shave for the entire test period was 54 seconds.

The results of the test appear in our Report of Test No. 29213.

Very truly yours,

UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY, INC.

H. M. Block
Vice President

HMB:mjp

CERTIFIED PROOF!

STOP WATCH TIME-TESTS. 58 men in the laboratories of the U.S. Testing Company participated in the time-tests. Over a 10-day trial period the group averaged less than sixty seconds per shave!

For the First Time in Shaving History-

...men now shave in sixty seconds. It's amazing, but true—certified time-tests in the famous laboratories of the U. S. Testing Company prove it! The speed and fast cutting action of the new Remington 60 are made possible by 132 Diamond-Honed Cutting Blades performing more than *sixteen million* whisker-cutting operations per minute. Combine speed, revolutionary new design, fingertip control, with shaving heads mounted on the famous Remington Contour Principle, and you have the finest shaving instrument of all time! You get a close, smooth, fast shave with no scrubbing, no pressing—you avoid all preliminary mess and fuss—you let the shaving heads of the new Remington 60 do all the work. Try it, without obligation, on your own whiskers—at all fine stores in U. S. and Canada or any of our 112 Nationwide Shaver Headquarters.

NEW!

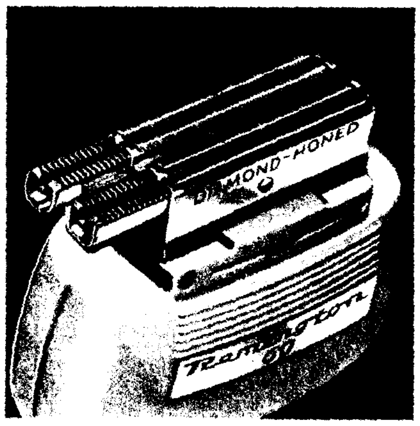
NEW START-STOP WHEEL. New convenient wheel starts the powerful rotor-type motor with an easy flick of the finger-tip. The wheel remains stationary while the motor operates the Diamond-Honed Cutting Blades at high speed.

Remington
Remington 60

A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand

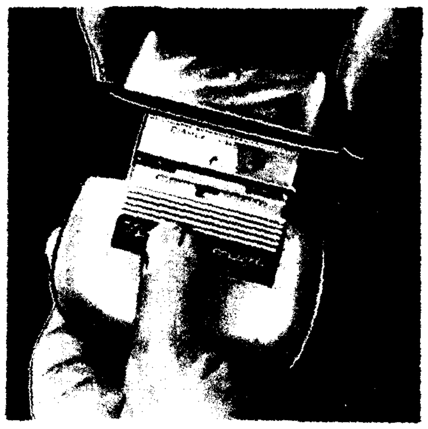
NEW!

LONGER SHAVING HEADS. The Remington 60 has from 3 to 9 times more Cutting Blades than other makes. 132 Diamond-Honed Cutting Blades perform more than 16 million cutting operations per minute, or 270,000 per second.

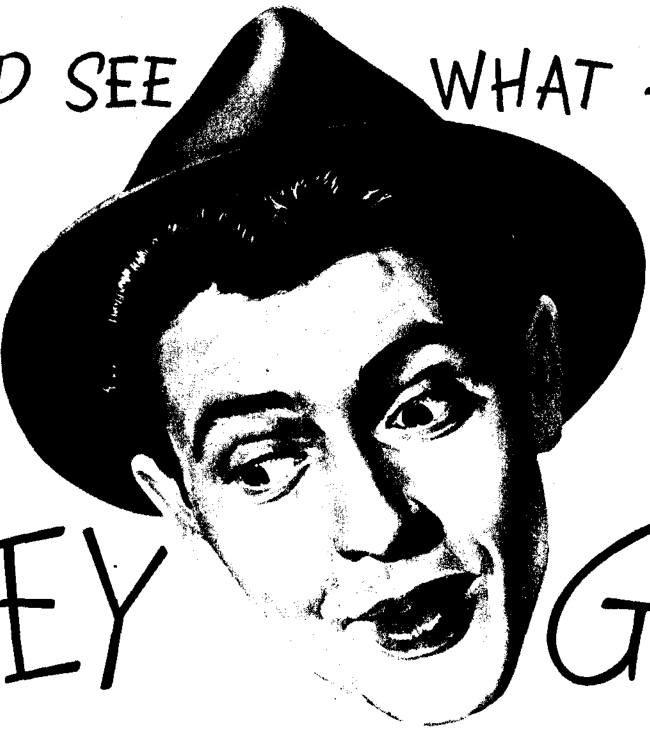

DIAMOND-HONED
Remington 60

NEW!

ONE PIECE HAIR POCKET. Lightweight, one piece, plastic hair pocket offers the ultimate in convenience. Press at each end and the hair pocket lifts off for faster, easier cleaning. Snaps back into proper position instantly.



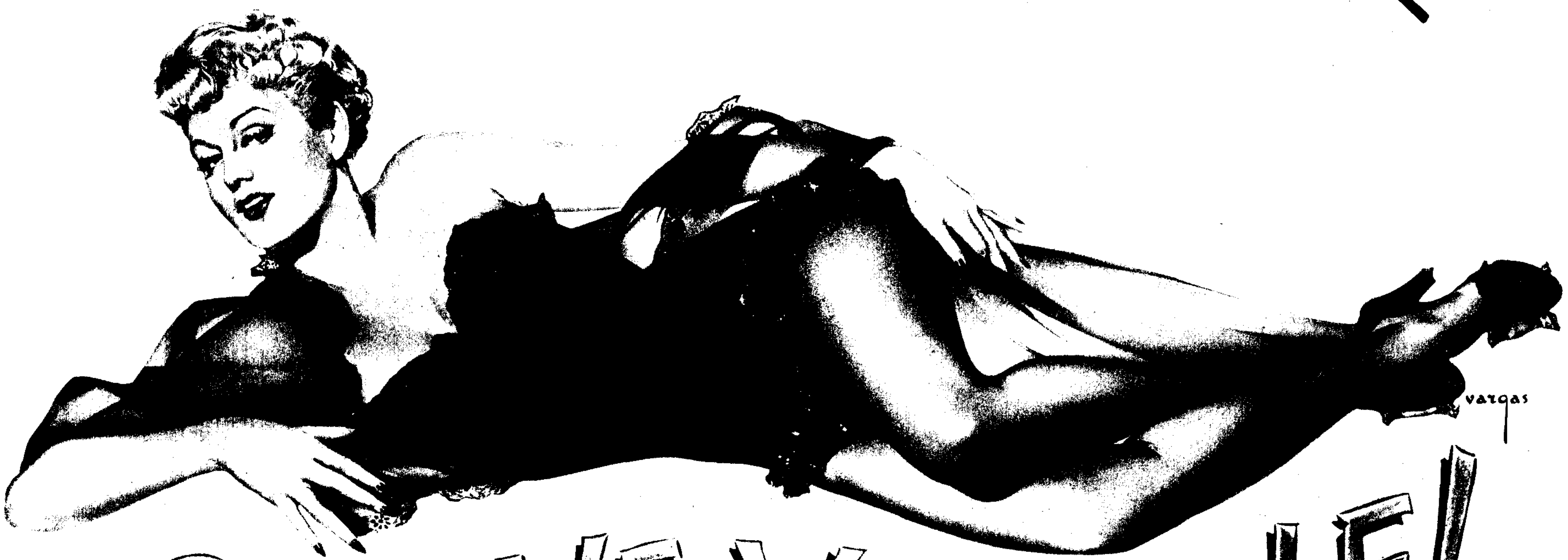
YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO



FARLEY GRANGER

ALL BECAUSE OF

SHELLEY WINTERS



IN

BEHAVE YOURSELF!

A

JERRY WALD · NORMAN KRASNA

PRODUCTION

with WILLIAM DEMAREST · FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

MARGALO GILLMORE · LON CHANEY and "ARCHIE," The Dog

—AND WHAT HAPPENS TO ME SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A *MAN!*

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

Screenplay and Direction by GEORGE BECK

VIVIENNE OF LONDON

Awaiting call he feels must come, Churchill is aiming for No. 10 Downing St. on platform of greater rearmament, closer Anglo-U.S. ties

CHURCHILL

And His Fighting Young Men

Alert and vigorous, the 76-year-old warrior relentlessly wages his battle for "peace through preparedness," backed up by "my boys," a team of dedicated Conservatives. In many ways, most boyish of all is incomparable old Winnie

By JOHN DENSON

London

The Great Man kept to his task—and waited. He found little time for rest during Festival Britain's summer, green and gay though bedeviled by crisis upon crisis. He sat out the long sessions in the House of Commons. He was undaunted when, on one occasion, the Socialist majority insisted that the Commons remain in session continuously through a day, a night and another day—only 13 minutes short of 32 wearying hours. He led his party in 18 divisions (votes) in this single sitting. He outstayed his younger colleagues on the front bench. Crouched forward, his chin cushioned by a blue polka-dotted bow tie, he was always alert to put questions to the ministers of the Socialist government opposite him. As debates droned on in the

Fighting young men **pictured here are (left to right) Anthony Nutting, 31, protégé of Anthony Eden; Edwin H. C. Leather, 32, and Canadian-born; John Tilney, 43, who defeated tough Socialist opponent; ex-R.A.F. ace P. B. Lucas, 36; Gilbert Longden, 49, also a war vet**

Capt. Robert E. D. Ryder, **war hero who won Victoria Cross in British attack on Saint-Nazaire, is first-term Conservative M.P.**

Harold Watkinson, **41, an engineer, is in the forefront of fight in Parliament to improve Britain's relations with America**

Peter Thorneycroft, **42, able leader of progressive group within the ranks of the Conservatives, and frequent Churchill visitor**

Patricia Hornsby-Smith, **37, is grocer's daughter who started working for the Conservatives at age 16, rose fast in party**

dim afternoon light, he sat with his big, steady hands on his knees, his feet touching the Commons' traditional "sword-mark"—a wide red line in the light green carpet of the chamber beyond which opposing debaters must not venture. (Long ago, this line was to prevent dueling on the floor.) At times, he would lift his feet and prop them against the table in the well of the House, his legs just long enough to reach it. He brushed aside help when he got up to search about the table for a calendar to see what business was next. He seemed to be listening when Big Ben, in the clock tower of Parliament, boomed the hour. These were the deep, throaty tones heard everywhere by radio during the fateful years of World War II when the Great Man was the symbol of British resistance, and the hope of British victory.

* * *

ON THE sundown side of his 77th year, as secure in the history of mighty leaders as any man ever was, Winston Churchill counts the days. For him, they are restless days. He feels that he is needed once more at No. 10 Downing Street, the soot-stained, unpretentious residence of Prime Ministers, and millions of his countrymen feel, too, that he is desperately needed there. Mr. Churchill and his supporters have a pressing objective:

To bring about the greatest possible rearmament of Great Britain, along with the United States and other Western powers, so that a "peace through preparedness" can be enforced against Soviet Russia and its satellites.

Mr. Churchill is restless, even impatient to return to power, because he fears that this objective is in grave danger. Privately and publicly, he has made quite clear that he has no real confidence in the Socialist (or Labor) government's determination to carry out the heavy arms program Britain has blueprinted. He is suspicious of the influence that might be exerted by powerful left-wing Socialist cliques, under clever leadership, which want less arming and more nationalization of British industry and more socialization of British life. He is sure, if he should go back to Downing Street, that the arms program will be pushed to the fullest capacity of Britain, and, moreover, that his nation would have a stronger position in the councils of the West.

Beyond this, Mr. Churchill hopes to leave another legacy of statesmanship. He believes he can advance toward practical realization of his idea of a United Europe which has had a start, however timid, in the Council of Europe which sits at Strasbourg on the Rhine near the French West German border. With a United Europe, Mr. Churchill sees a tremendous potential against Communism and aggressors generally and for an alliance of common good. There would then be a solid basis for a partnership of United Europe, the United States, the British Commonwealth of Nations and all that remains of the free world. Mr. Churchill always thinks in terms of partnership, not the domination of one power by another.

Socialists Give Him an Incentive

Mr. Churchill's enemies say: "He's merely ambitious and is hungry to run the government again." His friends reply: "Of course he's ambitious and wants to be Prime Minister again. What Britisher with salt in him and love of country wouldn't want to be? But the Socialists have given him good reasons to fight for his old job."

"There's nationalization," the Churchillians say. "Mr. Churchill has said he would call a halt to it. There are a hundred other forms of Socialism. Mr. Churchill has said that, after six years' trial, Socialism has failed—and that even the Socialists know it. Now there's rearmament. Some Socialists, fortunately those in the government at present, say go ahead; other Socialists say cut it down and hope for the best from Russia. Mr. Churchill wants no such quibbling about rearmament. He wants Britain to be strong and respected."

That, in essence, is why Mr. Churchill stays in politics in these decisive times and in the dusk of his life. That is why, day in and day out, he grapples and rolls in the rough-and-tumble debate of the House of Commons. Where Britain—and the world—once grew silent to listen when he spoke, he now has to raise his voice against loud and sometimes rowdy shouts of "Shut up" and "Sit down" from the Socialist benches. His opponents call him "out of date" and a "warmonger" on the platforms and in the pages of their press, and Lord Woolton, chairman of the Conservative party, angrily accuses the Socialists of waging a "personal vendetta" against Mr. Churchill. There is no doubt that he is Socialist target No. 1.

Certainly, Mr. Churchill expects no less than the worst of Socialist attack. He has never acted coyly about his aspirations to lead his party to victory. He is not sensitive about his age. On frequent occasions, he has recalled to colleagues that Gladstone, a towering figure in British politics, had organized and headed a government when he was eighty-three years old. But Mr. Churchill is realistic. What time there is could run out quickly and this accounts, in part, for his impatience.

The rank and file of Mr. Churchill's party is young. Those who share the front bench (party leaders) in the Commons with him—the men who would be important in a Churchill government—are not old. They include his deputy leader, handsome Anthony Eden who was Foreign Secretary at thirty-nine, and is now fifty-four and graying; Richard Austen Butler, forty-nine, and considered by many one of the most brilliant men of the party; the famous barrister, "the man the young Conservatives worship," Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who is fifty-one, the son of a poorly paid clergyman and a self-made man himself; the big Scotsman, Malcolm McCorquodale, only fifty; Harold MacMillan, a bristly mustache marking him a typical Britisher, who is fifty-seven; the tall, faultlessly groomed Oxonian, Alan T. Lennox-Boyd, now forty-six, and others of high and low beginning and about the same age.

Some of the Younger Conservatives

Back of them in the House of Commons are the hopefuls of the party, Mr. Churchill's fighting young men members in their twenties, thirties and forties. The average age of Conservative M.P.s, including Mr. Churchill, of course, is forty-eight. That is five years younger than the Socialist members whose ages average out to fifty-three. There are dozens among the young Conservatives upon whom Mr. Churchill can and does call for responsible tasks in Parliament, and many of them would be with him in a Conservative government. To name just a few of them:

David Eccles, good-looking forty-seven-year-old M.P. and twice delegate to the Council at Strasbourg, a party expert on finance and economics; Peter Thorneycroft, forty-two, and a party "reform thinker" who says that the "sight of England's prestige sinking is an agony to Churchill"; Fitzroy Maclean, hero of World War II and a gifted author; John Boyd-Carpenter, forty-three, a lawyer and important member of the party's parliamentary labor committee; Commander Allan Noble, naval hero, an aide to Mr. Eden and one of the party's most active stumpers; Anthony Nutting, only thirty-one, another protégé of Mr. Eden's and once chairman of the Young Conservatives; Brigadier Anthony Henry Head, forty-five, another war hero (it is said that "he could have the war secretaryship for the asking under Mr. Churchill"); Hugh Fraser, thirty-two, who dropped with paratroops in Africa and Italy; Nigel Birch, forty-four, and a businessman before he took up politics; Julian Amery, thirty-two, son of the famed British politician, Leo Amery, and a guerrilla warrior; Air Commodore A. V. (Vere) Harvey, forty-five, aviation expert and boss of one of England's best air lines; P. B. Lucas, thirty-six, correspondent and wartime R.A.F. ace.

Those are just a few. A professional politician, not given to emotional evaluation, said that "these men—and others like them—are the real strength of the Conservative party, the men who will see that the party does not die." He then added: "But I'll also wager on the fellows who came up in the election of 1950." That was the first postwar resurgence of the party. The politician then picked out some of the bright "first termers" whom he described as comers.

One was Edwin Hartley Cameron Leather, thirty-two years old and a Canadian, whose name has been contracted to a familiar "Ted." He is perhaps more understandable to Americans than most members of the House of Commons. First, he talks like an American; he lives and works like one; and he decided to come to England and run for Parliament because he believes the "Atlantic Union"—a federation of Britain, the United States and Canada—is the only hope for a steady and safe world. "I felt I could do more here than at home in Canada," he said. His Commons friends say he has moved a great distance toward his goal. His colleague Peter Thorneycroft described him as a "breath of fresh air in British politics."

VIVIENNE OF LONDON

Edwin Leather, better known as "Ted," is typical Churchill man. He left Ontario to run for Parliament as advocate of U.S.-Canadian-British federation, which he calls the only hope for a safe world. Here he is shown with his family: Sarah, one; his wife, Sheila; and Hope, six

"First term" colleagues of Ted Leather the politicians rate highly are John Tilney, forty-three, and Shakespeare Medal winner at Oxford, who got his seat against tough Socialist opposition at Liverpool; Gilbert Longden, youngish-looking barrister of forty-nine who served throughout World War II; Harold (Hal) Watkinson, forty-one, and an engineer who battles constantly for stronger Anglo-American ties; Captain Robert E. D. Ryder, winner of the coveted Victoria Cross for leading the attack on Saint-Nazaire when France was held by the Germans; and a flaming-red-haired young woman of thirty-seven, Miss Patricia Hornsby-Smith, the daughter of a grocer, who first began to work for the Conservative party when she was sixteen.

Without distinction—except in the case of M.P.s like Miss Hornsby-Smith, the vigorous Conservative Lady Tweedsmuir, and others of his feminine following—Mr. Churchill calls them all "my boys." He includes the front benchers like Mr. Eden when he uses the term. There are few of Mr. Churchill's generation left in the Commons. All the great names except his own are gone.

The Churchill of 1951 is really two Churchills. There is the one Americans and the world remember: the gallant leader and Prime Minister when Britain stood alone against Hitler's Germany and when victory finally came. But Britain is closely observing the fortunes of a different Churchill now, who is little known outside of this country. He is the Member of Parliament from the Greater London constituency of Woodford and partisan leader who sits in the House of Commons and fights out the issues of the day; the small and the big. Here Mr. Churchill is accorded no special privilege and must take his lumps like a freshman member.

(There has been no recent American parallel to Mr. Churchill's position in Britain. A similar situation would be for an ex-President, of heroic stature, to become a member of the House of Representatives, or the Senate, and leader of the minority party. In the early days of the United States, several ex-Presidents served in Congress after they left the White House. Andrew Johnson was the last.)

The durability of Mr. Churchill, the politician and M.P. from Woodford, *(Continued on page 83)*

Flight to the Islands

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

For every man, on some morning, the burden of his family seems unbearable. On that morning, he will take the wrong train, and go in search of himself

THAT morning he cut himself three times as he was shaving. It was exasperating; he had read his share of psychiatric treatises. One cut could come from clumsiness, of course, but three . . . It was a morning like any other, and yet—no, something had clouded it a little. He frowned as he touched the small red marks with a styptic pencil. Was it a dream that had tainted his morning? And with the word "dream" pronounced in silence, he knew it was that: a dream not properly dispelled. He couldn't get it back again, either; it eluded and depressed him at the same time. It had been something about water or the sea. As a child, he had had fierce nightmares about the sea, full of tidal waves and drowning. In those days, if his own screams had not awakened him, he had sometimes gone on to the conclusion of the dream and discovered that drowning wasn't so bad after all; that if one lay absolutely quiet in the depths and breathed very, very little, one could live again.

"Why, Lewis, you've cut yourself!" his wife said reproachfully, looking over his shoulder into the mirror. He didn't answer; he was well acquainted with her need to affirm the obvious, and usually it did not annoy him. Her face, reflected beside his own, showed affection and a mild concern; a little pillow wrinkle was pressed into her cheek, and in her eyes was the blank, assuaged look that comes from hours of rest. Behind them in the mirror, greenish in the reflected light, he saw the tousled bed in which they had slept. How well he knew her, his wife! Everything about her, from the tiny blue veins on her thigh to her probable response to any situation. He looked at her now as she moved away and about the room, and something happened to him which had happened occasionally at other moments during his marriage: he suddenly felt totally devoid of love. He had, for the time being, been washed up, flung from a familiar element onto an exposed and gritty beach. (His images, like his dreams, were often of the sea.)

She, fortunately, was far from suspecting any change in him. She hummed, yawned, chatted, snapped and zipped herself into this and that, made up her face, and went out into the hall to call the children.

At breakfast he did not love the children, either. Joan came to the table wrapped in the remote, self-centered attitude of early adolescence. She was bursting out of everything—bursting out of her clothes, bursting out of her childhood. Her pouting lower lip looked as if it might burst, too, like a small fruit, and there was lipstick on it. Lipstick at fourteen. Holy God! He drank his coffee and burned his tongue, and stared coldly at his son, Minot. Nine hundred dollars a year for school, five hundred for teeth-straightening, two hundred for music lessons (for which he showed no talent), another two hundred, roughly, for the clothing which he ripped, soiled, tore, lost and trampled on, showing a disregard that could only be matched by the disregard of a snake for its cast skin. That was how he thought about Minot this morning.

As for the baby, she had been a piece of extravagance; they could not afford her, but they had her. There she sat in her high chair, wearing a beard of oatmeal. Ordinarily, her appearance and her strange language were enchanting to him, but today her constant ba-as and da-as annoyed him; they were expensive noises.

"Is she ever going to talk?" he asked accusingly, and opened his paper with a shake.

"Minot, why don't you take off your shoes and socks and eat with your feet, too?" Joan said, icily. "Honestly, I never saw anything so revolting."

"Revolting, oh, my dear!" Minot mimicked in a high falsetto, and then resumed his normal tone. "Anyway, I don't get red paint all over the toast every time I bite it."

The domestic clatter, the mealtime acrimony were more than Lewis could bear today. He thought of Gauguin and Charles Strickland and other men of history or fiction who had kicked off their lives and flown away to find others. The topless mountain of his responsibilities, the tyrannical weight brought to bear on him by those he loved—intolerable when, as now, he ceased to love them—gave him a sense of suffocation. He saw himself hobbling and tottering beneath an ever-increasing burden, until the ultimate was achieved and he fell flat, with all the life squeezed out of him. That was how they died, men like him, buried under the demands of the family.

He had a sense of fierce rebellion. Fierce, yes, but small, too. Any rebellion of his would have to be small, he thought bitterly. Nevertheless, as he got up from his chair, rebellion suggested itself to him as a possible act, and by the time he had taken three steps around the table and kissed his wife's smooth forehead, it had been accepted and planned for.

HE TELEPHONED the office from the railroad station and told them he would not be in that day. Then, after some consideration, he bought a ticket for a town two hours distant, and boarded the train.

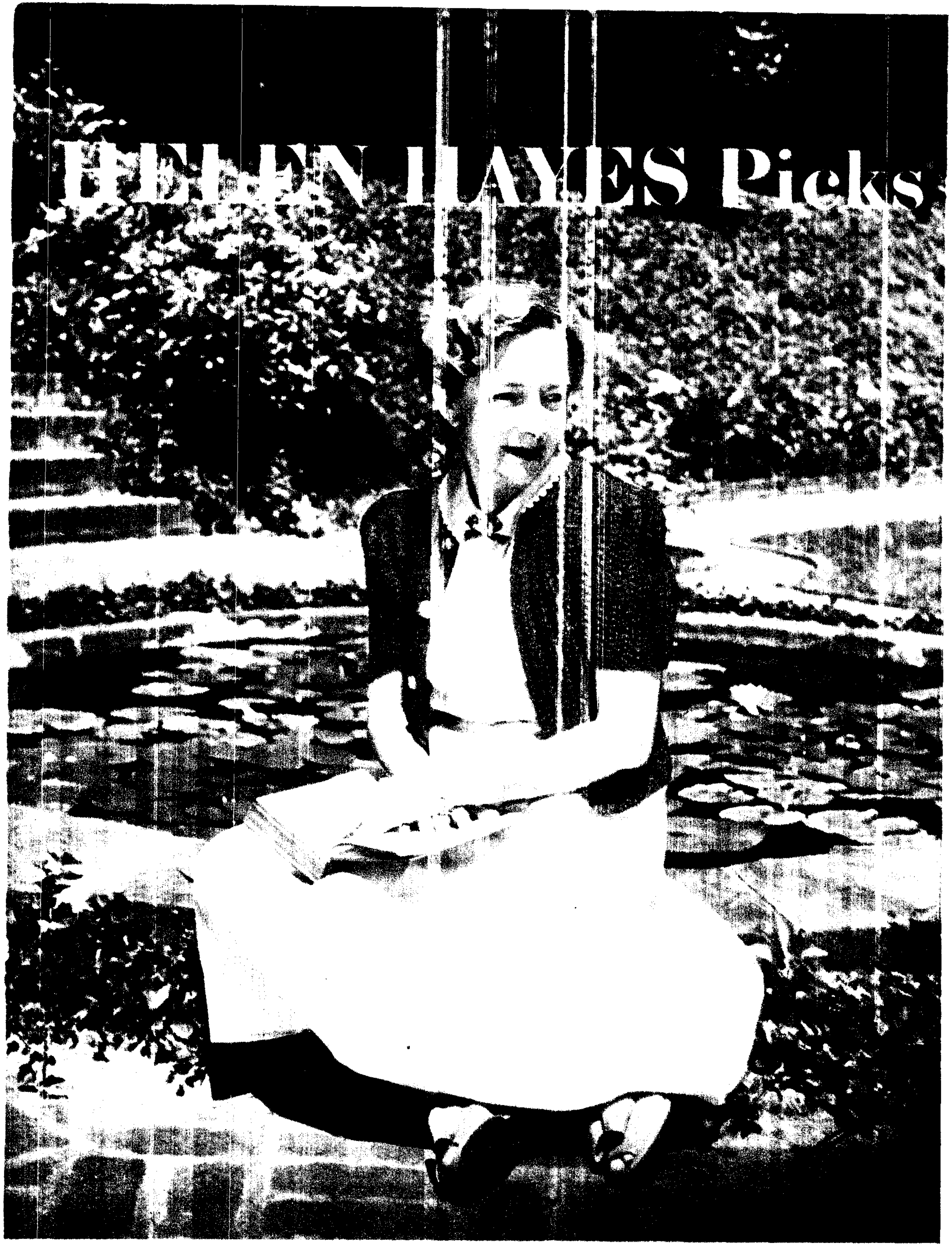
At once, as soon as it began to move, he felt a lightening and release. Against the dark tunnel, the window beside him became a mirror, but better than a mirror because it did not show the cuts on his jaw or the deepening lines around his mouth and eyes. On the surface he saw a young man's face, almost a very young man's, and he looked at it earnestly, remembering other journeys years ago, to school, to college, to pleasant holidays with people he liked.

The train came out of the tunnel, the morning sun stared into the car, and dismal streets slid by.

(Continued on page 65)

"Yes. Tomorrow. Good-by, Edith." He lifted up her hand and kissed the smooth inch of wrist between her glove and the cuff of her coat. She looked startled and half pleased

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



HELEN HAYES Picks the 10 Most

[illegible] our greatest actresses pays a glowing tribute to [illegible]s [illegible] have thrilled her in productions ranging from Harvey to Hamlet

There is one flaw in Helen Hayes's list of the 10 most memorable performances she has ever seen: it does not include Helen Hayes. On anyone else's list, one performance that certainly ranks near the top is Miss Hayes's magnificent depiction of England's redoubtable queen in Laurence Housman's play, Victoria Regina. In fact, Collier's can recall many other Hayes portrayals which belong on such a list. Here, therefore, is our compilation of the 10 most memorable plays in the repertoire of Helen Hayes: Clarence; To the Ladies; What Every Woman Knows; Coquette; The Good Fairy; Mary of Scotland; Victoria Regina; Harriet; Happy Birthday; The Wisteria Trees. —THE EDITORS

LAST spring, when I was in Hollywood making the film My Son John with Leo McCarey, the unit press agent asked me to name the 10 most memorable performances I had ever seen. It was for a local columnist, he assured me, and I need not worry about seeming to be in competition with the Pulitzer Prize Committee, or anything like that. I gave him the first 10 performances that popped into my mind—some from the movies and some from the theater—and would have considered the matter closed, had not the wire services picked up my list and distributed it throughout the country, somewhat to my amazement and, I might add, embarrassment. Lists such as that are, necessarily, arbitrary things; if unexplained, they tend to give the impression that the person making them considers himself an authority on dramatic technique. And it is a well-known fact that an authority on dramatic technique is about as reliable as an authority on mouse calls.

However, since Collier's has asked me to, I should like to explain my choices and, in the interest of unity, revise the list somewhat to include only performances of the legitimate stage. (And I wish there were a better word for it than "legitimate." Considering some of the plays presented under that heading, the word is a mockery.)

I should like also to add that, as an actress who has been playing eight shows a week, on and off for the last 30 or so years, I have obviously not been able to see all the plays, or anywhere near all of them. There are undoubtedly several magnificent performances that I have missed, but there is very little I can do about that now. This is simply a list of portrayals that have seemed memorable to me—not necessarily the *greatest* I have seen, but the ones that stand out most brightly in my memory.

I have tried to figure out why these 10 performances have stayed with me, some of them for many years. It is not enough that they were all examples of fine acting, because I have seen a lot of others that were equally fine and, in some cases, even more remarkable. Perhaps the explanation lies in a certain incandescence that these people had, and above all, in the fact that, in these performances I never thought I was seeing the actor at work: I accepted completely the character as it was being delivered on the stage. All the following have that quality in common, in addition to various other qualities that impressed me, or moved me, or did to me whatever it was the actor had in mind.

And, finally, I should like to stress that this list is not in any particular order of importance; Heaven forbid that I should presume to rank one good actor against another, especially in print. This is a ticklish enough business as it is.

At random, then, let's begin with John Barrymore in Hamlet. It was 30 years ago, but I still remember every detail of his performance. For me, Barrymore simply *was* the Prince of Denmark; he was a true prince, with a special nobility and casualness, and he was never cautiously trying to be the "sweet prince." He never lost the poetry of his lines, and at the same time he didn't put any of them in italics, and he gave the impression that he was speaking exactly as he thought. Other Hamlets I have seen have had some of that quality, but all of them except Barrymore have, at one point or another, lost their hold on me by dropping slightly out of character.

There is the scene, for instance, where Hamlet plays the fool in front of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, which is a mildly comic scene and is accepted by most Hamlets as a welcome relief from the heavy drama. Even John Gielgud succumbed to the temptation to play the scene for laughs, and his Hamlet seemed almost to relish the idea of being thought a fool. His antics were undeniably amusing, but even while I was laughing at him, I was aware of the superficiality of his conception.

In Barrymore's hands that scene made me cry, which was as it should have been, and the way, I am sure, Shakespeare intended it. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern had been Hamlet's close friends; they had known him well and had loved him, and yet they had been easily won over to the side that doubted him and thought him mad. There was something inexpressibly tragic in Barrymore's tortured prince, contemptuously playing the fool for a world that expected it of him. It is just possible that there was something prophetic in that scene, too, because the last few years of Barrymore's life were certainly an extension of it and all it implied.

Laurence Olivier's portrayal of the king, a few years ago, in the Old Vic's production of Oedipus, was acting of a stature rarely seen in the present-day, or "repressed," school of performing. I have had nothing so stimulating in a long while as the taste he gave me of strong, undiluted emotion as Sophocles' doomed monarch, and although I blinked and gasped at the impact of it, I left the theater in a fine state of intoxication. One moment, particularly, stood out like a big elm in a thunderstorm, and that was the shattering, agonized shriek he gave when he learned that his wife was also his mother.

It is impossible to describe this cry of Olivier's to anyone who did not *(Continued on page 80)*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

Memorable Stage Performances

FRANK FAY
Harvey

PAULINE LORD
They Knew What They Wanted

LAURENCE OLIVIER
Oedipus

MARY MARTIN
South Pacific

W. C. FIELDS
Poppy

JANE COWL
Romeo and Juliet

MARLON BRANDO
A Streetcar Named Desire

SHIRLEY BOOTH
Come Back, Little Sheba

LAURETTE TAYLOR
The Glass Menagerie

JOHN BARRYMORE
Hamlet

Big Top clowns Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan cavort on screen each week. Substitute clown Ted Develin is "mermaid" caught in the angling skit above. According to tradition, circus buffoons never utter a sound. Keegan has yet to say his first word on TV

Ringmaster Jack Sterling is man with mike who guides performers through weekly stunts

Show trade-mark is Dapper Dan (Lurie) the Muscle Man, three-time Mr. America titlist

Joe Basile's trumpet sets pace for regular band, the Brass Kings, which leads parade

CIRCUS Every Week

You can pull up a chair, break out the peanuts and sit down to an hour of comfortable carnival on TV

TIME was when anyone in search of clowns and elephants, peanuts and pink lemonade had to climb to a wooden bench in a drafty auditorium, or look in on a roadside tent show—if there happened to be one near by.

Now, by the simple expedient of pulling up an overstuffed chair and settling down in front of a television set, you can have your circus in comfort. A spin of the dial to most any one of the CBS stations at high noon on a Saturday brings a full hour of soaring trapeze artists, rag-tag clowns and assorted animals of spectacular intelligence into your front parlor.

From the first oom-pah-pah of Joe Basile's 12-piece band, Big Top crackles with all the excitement of an old-fashioned tent show. The performers are real carnival and circus folk who have grown up in the atmosphere of the big tent.

Mainstays of each show are Dapper Dan the Muscle Man, who flexes his biceps as an accompaniment to the commercials, and the three clowns, Ed McMahon, Dean (Jingle) Crane and Chris Keegan.

Presiding over this colorful chaos is thirty-six-year-old Jack Sterling, a black-mustachioed ringmaster who has hankered to take up with a circus ever since he was old enough to think about it. After a succession of vaudeville, stock-company, nightclub and radio stints, the jinx was broken by a trial run as ringmaster in a charity circus. Sterling proved to be a natural choice for the man in top hat and tail coat when producer Charles Vanda decided to stage a TV tent show.

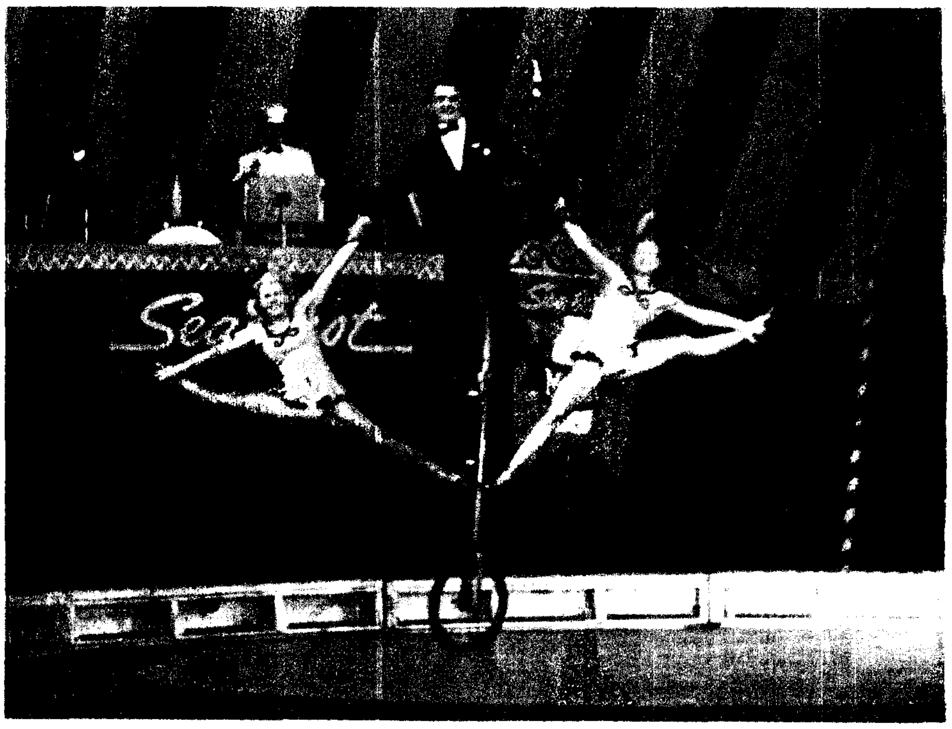
Touted as the biggest daytime show on television, Big Top requires a staggering total of 475 technicians, script writers, regular performers and cameramen whose special problems include swaying with the high wire acts and guessing what the elephants are going to do next. Night and day crews are needed to set up the giant shocking-pink-and-white striped tent and see that things go off smoothly at the Convention Hall in Camden, New Jersey, where the program originates.

Big Top even has its bleachers. At the ringside are some 500 children and grownups, who fill up on ice cream and soda pop, and generally behave like any circus crowd anywhere.

EVELYN HARVEY

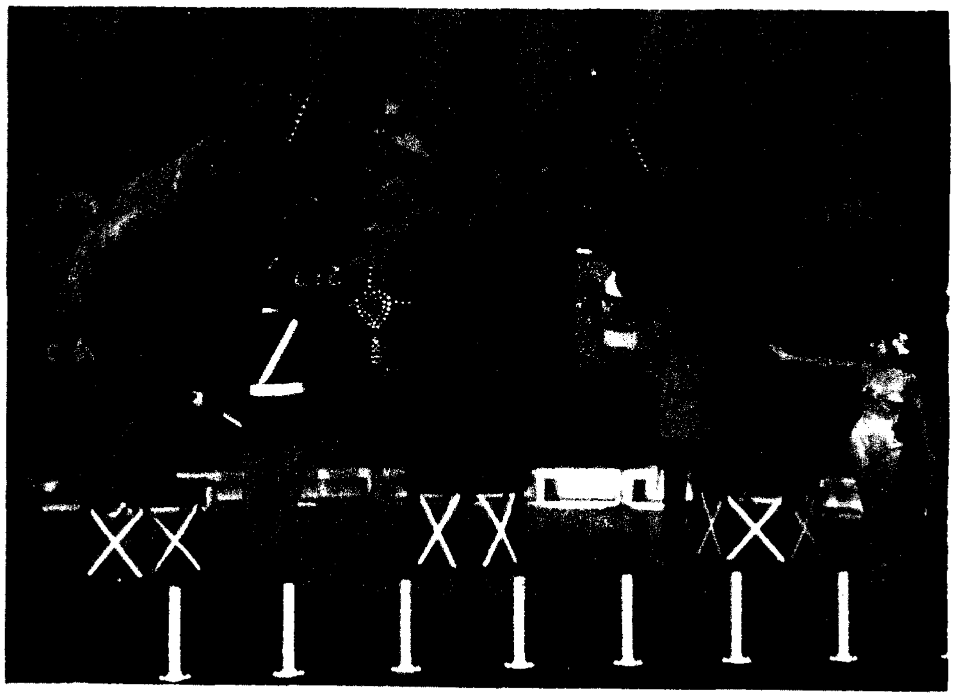
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN

Children from audience are questioned about opinion of show by Jack Sterling. Clowns are reading Big Top's own comic book



Three Sidneys carry off a rugged balance feat with customary ease. Big Top features six new circus acts on every program

Miniature equestrian with scaled-down steed is a trained black and white terrier who joins actual ponies and dummy jockeys in horseback-riding act



Stars of recent show were Hamid-Morton's Baby Elephants who take to their toes, above, in a characteristic Big Top tableau

The House Where My Heart Lives

By JOHN CLARE

Julie thought it was enough to save their house. It took the forest fire to make her see that Bruce was trying to save something bigger

THE cabin shifted and creaked, as though it, too, couldn't get to sleep. On the point, down by the lake a breeze brushed past the heavy branches of the pines, pushing ahead of it the wild, smoky smell of September in the woods.

Julie pushed her blankets down, clasped her hands behind her head and stared at the dark ceiling, mottled by the reflected light from the last embers of the birch logs in the fireplace.

"Me too," her husband Bruce muttered, without moving. He was curled up, facing the wall, with his back to Julie.

Julie shook her head hard, once. "This is ridiculous. You know that, of course," she said sternly. She had a feeling that a practical approach to the problem might help. "We'll both be dead tomorrow. And we have that long drive ahead of us."

But her mind stayed maddeningly alert, when it should have been relaxing into drowsiness. She could plan tomorrow's trip again. That would give her something to think about, something safe.

Her mind raced ahead through the night and to the morning. They would have a leisurely breakfast here at the cabin, and then close it up. They would load their bags in the outboard and go down the lake to the landing where they had left the car, and then they would start south down the winding road, through the bright beauty of the northern Ontario bush.

The two boys were with her sister Ellen, in Toronto, and she and Bruce would stay there for the night. The next day the four of them would drive back home to Detroit. And the next morning Bruce would put on a naval lieutenant's uniform instead of a business suit, and say good-by to all of them.

Julie's small, twisted smile was at herself. So it hadn't even been safe to think about the trip back home. Always her thoughts returned to Bruce and how he had been called back by the Navy. Neither of them had mentioned it all through this week end. But it had been there, like the smell of smoke in the air. Julie had been aware of the harsh, musky fragrance all through the long wakeful night. It was an ominous, bitter smell that seemed to express her mood.

It was always like this at the end. It was as though they were separated by a thick glass partition, and through it they smiled and made gestures and yet could not make each other hear any of the important things they were trying to say.

It had been like this before, when Bruce had gone to that other war. And this time the feeling of frustration was even more intense; the brooding mood that hung over their vanishing minutes together seemed filled with greater danger to them and all the world.

Bruce stirred. "I can hear the gears of your mind clicking," he mumbled.

"I can't turn it off," Julie said.

He turned over, and she could tell without looking that he was lying in the same position as she was. And she could tell by the way he spoke, clearly, without any sleepy huskiness, that he hadn't slept at all, either. The reflection of the fire was a pink stain on the ceiling now. The smell of smoke was strong in the room. They both stirred uneasily.

"Let's play a game," Julie said brightly. "That will help us get to sleep. What time is it, anyway?"

Bruce raised his arm. "Just a little past three. A game? Now let me see."

Julie wriggled away from him, laughing.

"A *guessing* game, you fool. I know. Let's play twenty questions. You think of the first one."

"Oh, that kind of game," he said. He paused. "Well, let me see. All right, I've got a good one, and it's animal."

"Human?"

"That's right. One question."

"Living American?" she asked.

"No. Two. You could have asked all that in one question."

"All you're supposed to say is yes or no. I'll get it my own way," Julie said. "Is it a warrior?"

"No, not a warrior. Not even me. Three."

Julie was silent for a long moment.

"That's right. You're alive."

Bruce snorted. "Is that a question?"

SHE turned away from him and closed her eyes against the darkness. It was no use. They had come to the cabin so they would be alone. But they hadn't been alone. Not really. They had been followed.

"Go on, ask another question," Bruce urged.

"I don't want to play any more."

Bruce turned toward her and put a hand on her shoulder and then, casually, brushed her cheek.

"I'm not crying," Julie said. "What do you think I am?"

"You guess what *I* am," said Bruce gently. "You only have seventeen questions left."

"Bruce," she said, "why does this have to happen to us again? It's been such a short time. Just time enough to have our sons and get to know them and have a little time together. Such a little time."

"I was a European. There, I've told you that much."

"You haven't answered my question, Bruce. There must be something we can do."

"I was an Englishman and I wrote poems," Bruce said. "Hey, I'm giving you a lot of help."

Julie sat up suddenly, and she spoke in a rush: "Why can't we stay right here, Bruce? Right here in the cabin. We could (*Continued on page* 70)

The fires on both sides of the creek were one now, meeting in a flaming arch above them. The air was hot in her throat. She could feel it sear her lungs as she paddled

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

POWER POLITICS at the PEACE

"I came out of all my experiences in Europe," he writes, "with one absolute conviction: America . . . could win great

By HERBERT HOOVER

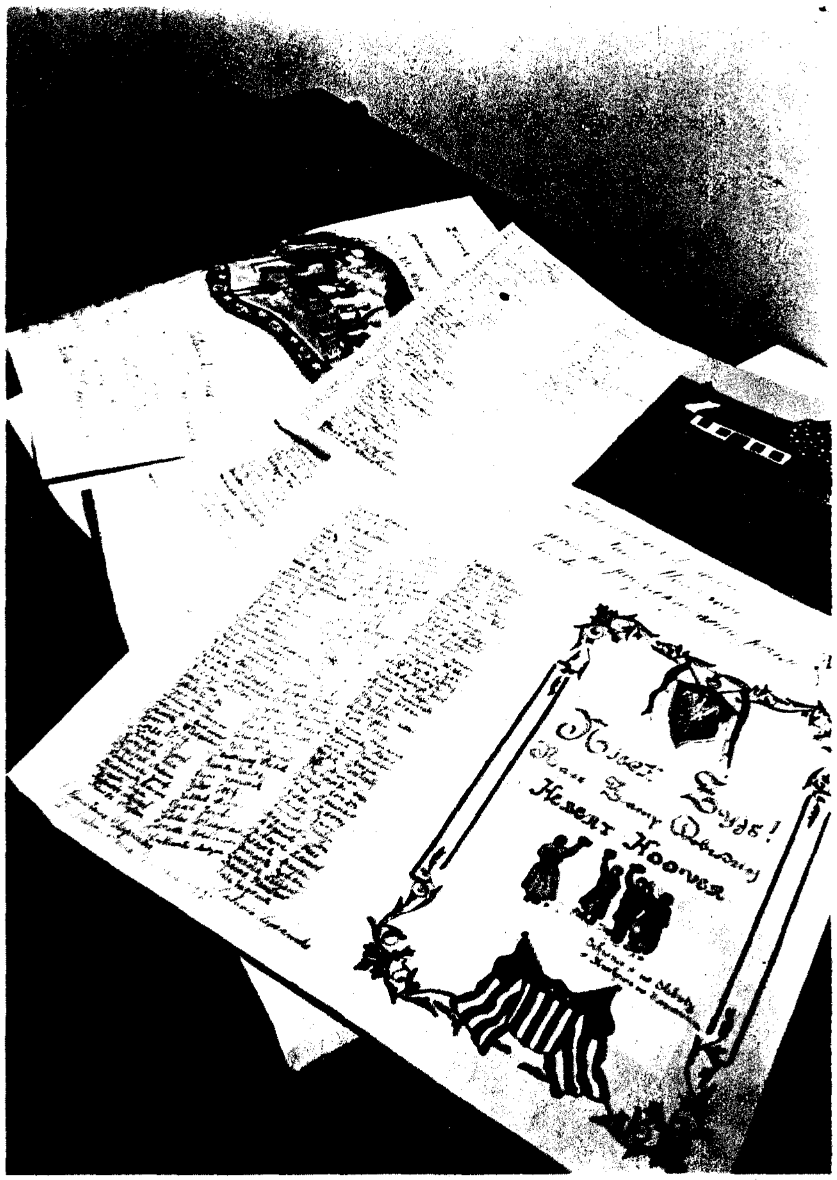
VII

DURING the Armistice of 1918-'19 and for many years to follow, I was destined to have some relation to the peace of the world. I fully realize that in a recital a few years later of one's own part in historical action, there is always a danger of coloring from subsequent events what one's views were at the time. That my views on American relations to the Treaty of Versailles and to Europe were those I held at the time can be evidenced by contemporary documents.

I was not a member of the five-man American peace delegation to Paris in 1918. As director of Europe's post-Armistice relief and rehabilitation, I dealt with the gaunt realities which prowled outside. But I had rooms with the American delegates at their chartered hotel, the Crillon, and talked with them daily. I served on several committees of the peace delegation. I and my staff were constantly called on—sometimes hourly—for information, not only by the Americans but by the Allied councils and committees engaged in formulating the peace. Frequently I was called before the Big Four—Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando—for information and advice.

My organization of necessity had more contact with what was currently taking place over Europe than any of the peace delegations; the men on my staff knew every political and economic back alley of the Continent.

My mission had large political implications besides its transcendent purpose of saving millions from starvation and bringing about measures of reconstruction. Also implicit in my job was the nurturing of the feeble plants of democracy in Europe against the withering blasts of unemployment, anarchy or Communism.



MASON WEYMOUTH

Thousands of Polish children who had been kept alive by the Hoover Relief Mission signed statements expressing their gratitude to him

If there was to be peace in the world, our one hope was to give all possible support to representative governments. Indeed, beyond the need for national defense, it was this ideal—representative governments of free men—for which the United States was led to violate 140 years of American tradition by a military intervention outside our own hemisphere. It was for this ideal that Americans had died.

Students of the 1918-'19 peacemaking, to understand its processes and incidents, must keep in mind that the British, French and Italians had determined to bring about a peace treaty by which they would dominate Europe politically and economically. So that the preoccupation of Allied statesmen was necessarily to asphyxiate whatever of President Wilson's "Fourteen Points" and the 11 more "Points" of his "subsequent addresses" might stand in their way.

I well recall a conversation I had with the President shortly after he arrived in Paris in December, 1918. Mr. Wilson asked my opinion of the current situation as regarded the peacemaking. I told him that I felt that integrity, generosity and sportsmanship would play no role in the forthcoming battle of the peace table; that there was already little respect for American views and aims; that Europe saw us as the goose which laid the golden eggs; and that, as such, our life would be safe—but not the eggs.

Although the President was shocked, and expressed disagreement, two months later he brought up that talk and said to me: "I have often agreed with you."

The fact is that Europe ran out on the United States in the peace.

Mr. Wilson's expression of American ideals was the only spiritual expression at the peace conference. It was his force that carried through the League of Nations. But the League was shackled to the treaty. Mr. Wilson's concept of it as an independent and reviewing agency was lost.

Nevertheless, the League idea left an inheritance to the world; it reinforced the idea of international co-operation to preserve peace—an idea which will not die if civilization is to endure.

I came out of all my experiences in Europe with one absolute conviction: America, with its skill in organization and the valor of its sons, could win great wars—but it could not make lasting peace.

I was convinced that we must keep out of Old World wars and lend ourselves to measures preventing war, maintaining peace and healing the wounds of war.

I came to this conclusion because of irreconcilable conflicts of concepts and historical experience between the New World and the Old. These conflicts reached into the depths of our international relations, government, social and economic life. They confronted me daily in dealing with problems of the war, during the Armistice, and during the confusion of the peacemaking.

The two worlds were indeed strangers. We had drifted further and further apart over 300 years. And the departure was more than merely chronological, for our ancestors had fled Europe because they opposed its ideas of religion and freedom.

During the war and Armistice I had made notes on the fundamental difference between the Old and New Worlds, with a multitude of examples. I here reproduce a condensation of them as they were written at the time of and a few years after the Versailles Treaty, in order to indicate the background of those times. Students of our relations with Europe in later years may disagree, but at least these differences indicate the causes which led to the failure of the Peace of Versailles.

The memorandum follows:

* * *

We differ fundamentally on our views of imperialism.

Prior to the war, every one of the European states except Sweden and Switzerland was an empire, holding colonies or to some degree exploiting other races and their resources. The standards of living of the people in the "mother country" in each empire had been built up on, and their economies geared to, returns from these possessions.

Although the war and the peace stripped the enemy nations of their possessions, the victors either liberated or annexed these through "mandates" or otherwise. Therefore the theory and practice of "empire" was by no means uprooted by the war or the peace.

The New World nations had no empires or spirit of empire. With abundant resources and a paucity of population, there was no pressure or inspiration to imperialism. Indeed we had stopped the expansion of empires in the Western Hemisphere. We had freed Cuba and were freeing the Philippines.

The conflict of these concepts reached to the very base of our ideas of freedom.

We differ fundamentally on our ideas of racial independence.

In more than 140 years of national life, the United States had learned the value of the independence of nations. We were proud of the blessings of freedom which sprang from it. We naturally wished them for all other peoples. We instinctively sympathized with every race struggling for these ideals. Ours was a concept of the "self-determination" and freedom of states built on

TABLE

wars but could not make lasting peace"

racial boundaries—all of which was in conflict with Old World ideas in this field.

The areas of Europe occupied by mixed populations—the "irredentas"—have been the scene of constant agitation and conflict for centuries. In every one of them some nationals were separated from their fatherlands, and in every one, too, the dominating government unceasingly sought to impose its language and customs on these minorities. Their appeals for the sympathies of their racial brothers across the borders were an unceasing stimulant to friction.

The "irredentas" were awarded from expediency or as a favor for some ally. In many cases, these assignments of territory came into sharp conflict with America's ideas of "self-determination." The appeals of minorities in the "irredentas" to their racial brothers in America brought further conflict to beset our peacemakers.

We differ fundamentally in the matter of dictatorships.

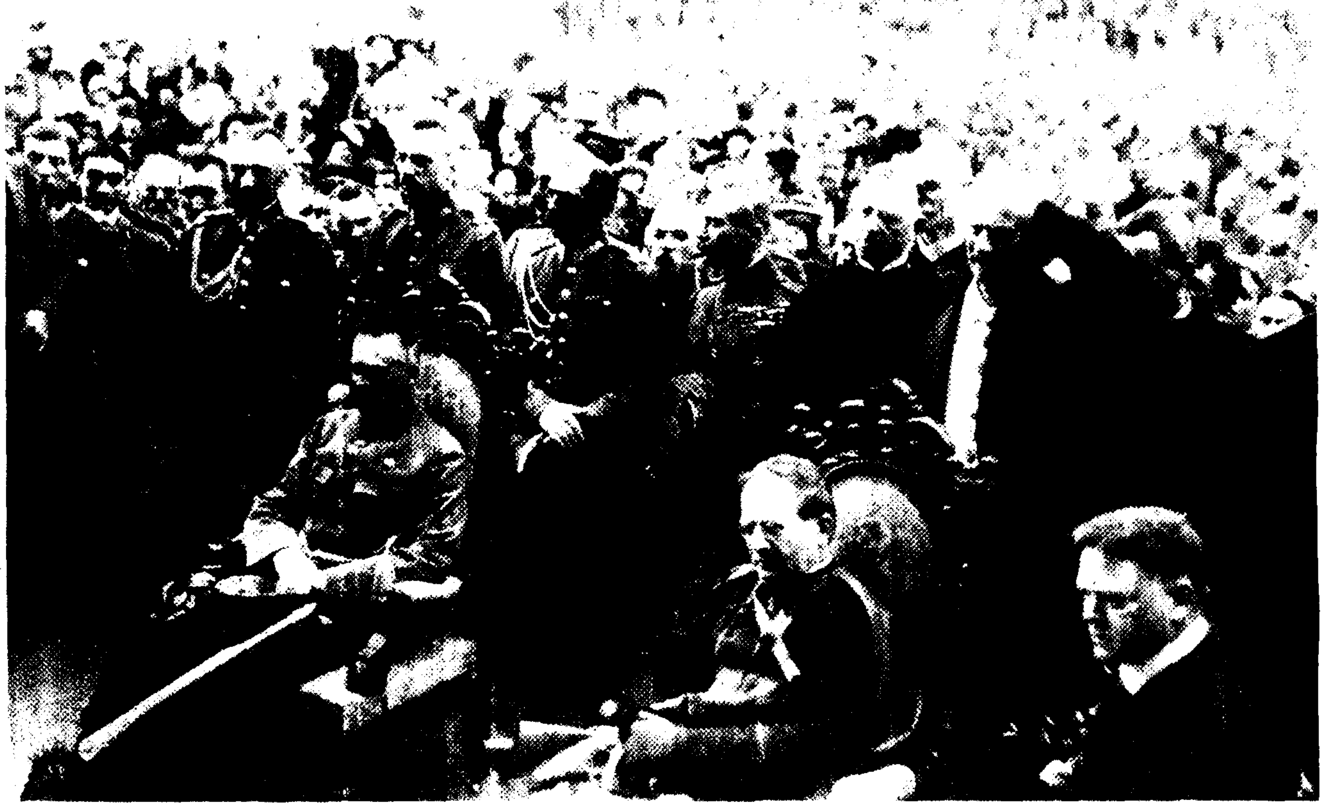
The continent of Europe has had another constant experience strange to the United States. Out of the political pressures, miseries, revolutions and ambitions of men, Europeans have had to endure the periodic rise of militant dictators who at once endanger the peace—Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm and Lenin (and later Mussolini and Stalin). The processes which give rise to these disasters involve forces from which we in the United States have long since departed, and they make a stable peace at least doubtful.

We differ fundamentally in the matters of Communism, Socialism and Fascism.

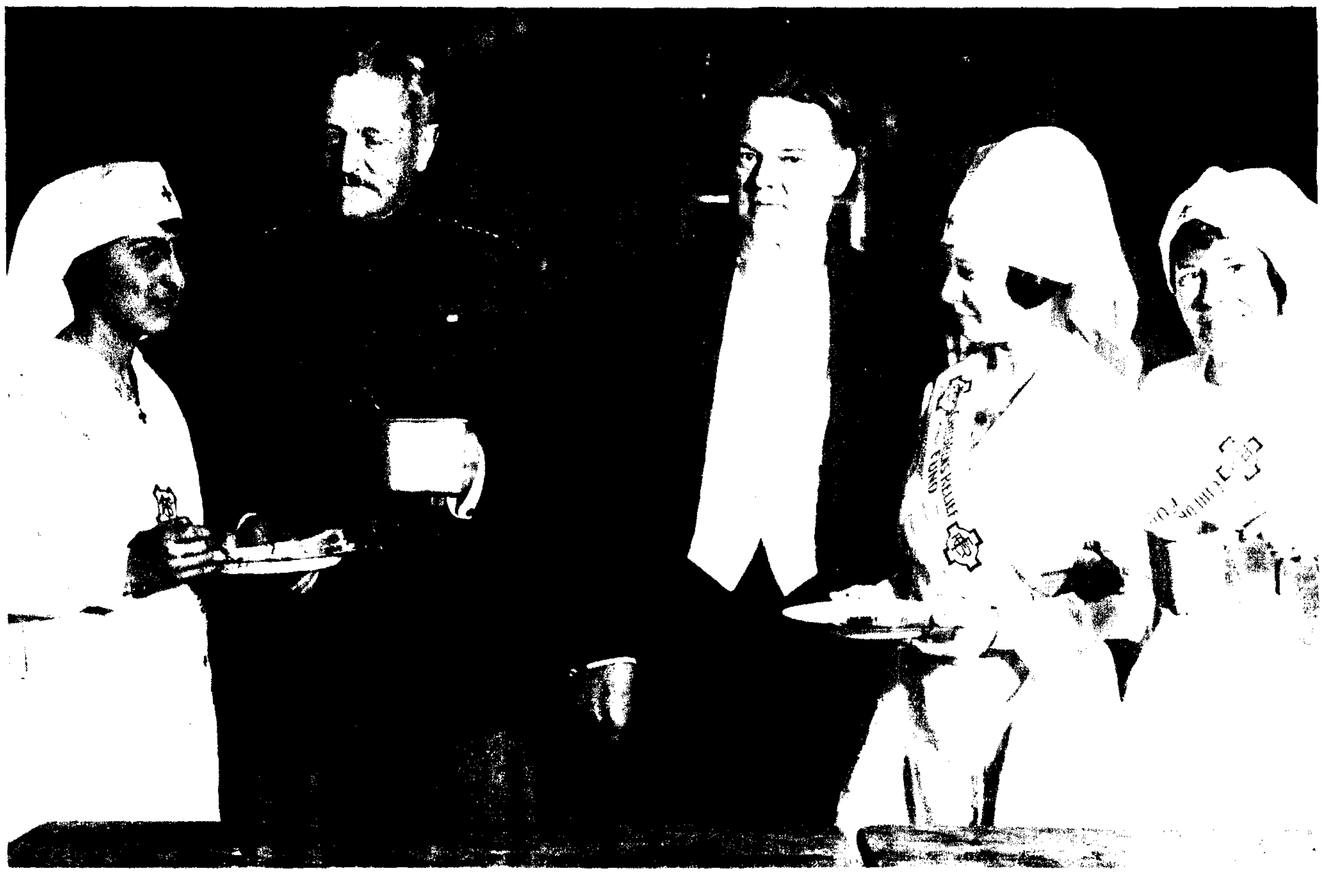
With the war new explosives were planted in Europe—Communism, Socialism and what we later called Fascism. These infections, with their propaganda and actual militant organizations, added to the disintegrating forces engendered by the war itself.

We differ fundamentally in the matter of national hates.

We in the New World were strangers to the Old World's inherited hates, jealousies, and fears of military invasion. The United States had never been subject to the fear of military attack. There had been no accumulated national wrongs, and consequently no national hates, on this side of the ocean. America's had been a security from aggression which no nation in Europe—even those which shared our ideas about *(Continued on page 39)*



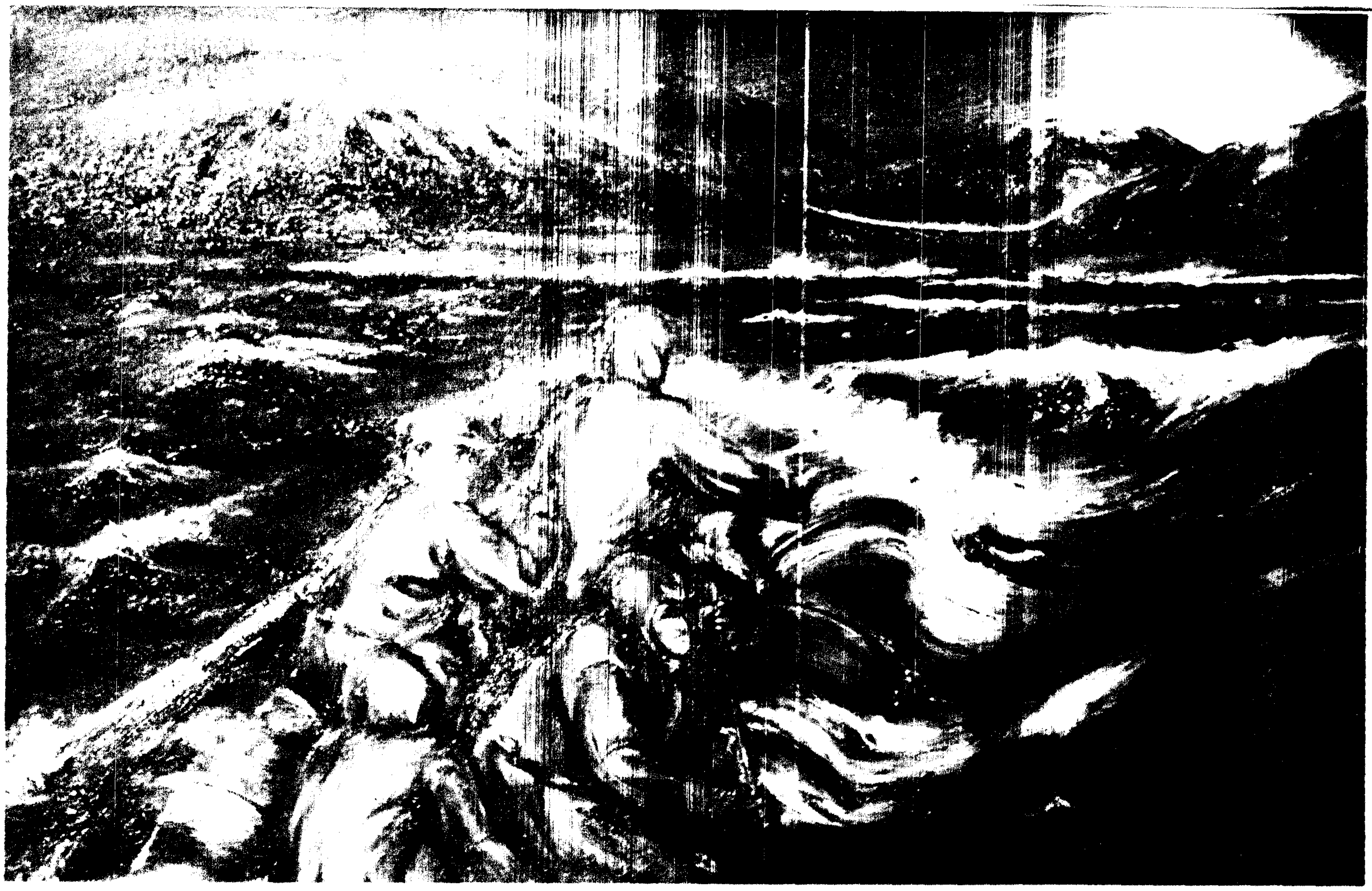
To show U.S. support for Poland, then battling Reds, Hoover visited Warsaw in 1919. Seated are Marshal Pilsudski, Papal Nuncio Ratti (later Pius XI), Hoover. Behind him is Paderewski



INTERNATIONAL

In Relief Fund drive, guests paid $1,000 each for food, served by Red Cross nurses, similar to Europeans' menu. Pershing, Hoover spoke at this 1920 New York dinner, raised $3,000,000

Russian children (left) eat food supplied by Relief group, and Polish youngsters (right) wait for their rations. Reds later smeared Hoover



In bitter cold, they neared the coast—and possible murder by the Reds. This is a Japanese artist's conception

DOCTOR COMMANDO

Plague was sweeping North Korea. Was it true or false? Our Army had to know. So a daring medic landed behind enemy lines

By PETER KALISCHER

BILL STAPLETON

Gen. Sams relaxes in Japan after completing the mission which won him a D.S.C. citation

EARLY last March reports reached General MacArthur's headquarters of a new and terrible enemy stalking United Nations troops in Korea. It had already struck down hundreds of thousands of North Korean and Chinese Communist soldiers and was running wild among the civilian population. Men and women were dying of an epidemic that turned the face black and killed in 72 hours. The Koreans called it *huksa pyung*—"the black death."

The Communists were apparently helpless to stop it. They quartered their sick in muddy, rat-ridden villages, while the dispossessed, carrying the pest with them, joined the miserable tide of refugees flowing south toward Allied lines. It spread like the plague—bubonic plague—which was what a gray-haired, middle-aged Army doctor in Tokyo suspected it to be.

The doctor was Brigadier General Crawford F. Sams, Chief of the Public Health and Welfare Section of the United Nations Command in the Far East. Sams looked at a war map. The Eighth Army was moving north, and might soon reach infected areas. Soldiers would take cover from the snow and cold in Korean houses, even occupy abandoned enemy foxholes padded with flea-ridden rice sacks. The disease might jump the front lines and sweep through 20,000,000 South Koreans who, after nine months of war and semi-starvation, were fertile for any epidemic. The crowded Allied supply centers in the rear areas might then become untenable.

Sams faced the choice of sitting tight until the *huksa pyung* broke out in Allied-held territory or sending a qualified doctor behind enemy lines to find out what it was. He decided someone had to get the information in advance. After mature consideration, he picked Crawford F. Sams as the man best suited for the job.

Before he could go plague-hunting, however, Sams had to sell General Douglas MacArthur on the idea. Sams argued that if there was plague in North Korea it would be necessary to manufacture several million dollars' worth of antiplague vaccine (good for only a few months' immunization) and vaccinate every Allied soldier, sailor and airman in Korea, and as many civilians as possible.

Sams didn't want to recommend this stupendous program on skimpy evidence. MacArthur approved of the operation, but was reluctant to let the forty-nine-year-old general undertake it. Sams had already been awarded the Silver Star for a risky mission in the Naktong River guerrilla country. He had also suffered a personal tragedy when his son-in-law, Captain Charles M. Struthers, a battalion surgeon, was reported missing in action last November. But Sams firmly pointed out that he had fought plague while chief surgeon of the Army's Middle East Command in 1943. Why send someone else who might not recognize the symptoms? MacArthur consented.

Medical qualification aside, Sams *was* the best man for the job, although few people in Tokyo suspected it. To his fellow officers, he was a deceptively mild general. To the grateful and sometimes bewildered Japanese, he was a human hypodermic needle, the embodiment of American wonder drugs, who in six years of pleading and nagging had cut their death rate to the lowest in the nation's history and saved seven times more lives than Japan lost in World War II.

Most important of all, for this kind of test-tube commando raid, Sams was literally a soldier first and a doctor second. *(Continued on page 60)*

Can You Pass This BASEBALL QUIZ?

By DAN DANIEL

With baseball fever rising as the World Series approaches, Dan Daniel, a sports writer for the New York World-Telegram and Sun, decided to compile a list of 20 intriguing baseball questions. Dan has been answering knotty baseball queries in his weekly column for 25 years. He is widely considered one of the nation's top experts on the game. If you get twelve of these puzzlers right, you're an expert too

QUESTIONS

1. Who has the power to call off a game if it is raining—the chief umpire or the home club?

2. What is the greatest number of runs ever made in a major-league game?

3. Has any pitcher ever won two games in one day more than once in a season?

4. Who holds the batting championship for a single season in the big leagues?

5. What was the longest game in World Series play, and who was the winning pitcher?

6. Who pitched the greatest number of consecutive innings without giving a base on balls?

7. When Ty Cobb set the modern base-stealing mark of 96, how many times did he steal home?

8. Do the baseball rules specify a minimum distance between home plate and the right- and left-field fences?

9. When Joe DiMaggio had his record batting streak of 56 consecutive games in 1941, how many homers did he hit?

10. Did Walter Johnson, with Washington, shut out the Yankees in three successive games in 1908?

11. Who is the shortest player in the major leagues? Who is the tallest?

12. Has any club in the big leagues ever won every game from a rival team during a season?

13. Is it possible for a club to get six hits in one inning, and yet fail to score?

14. Who got the longest homer ever hit?

15. Why is the Giants' ball park called the Polo Grounds?

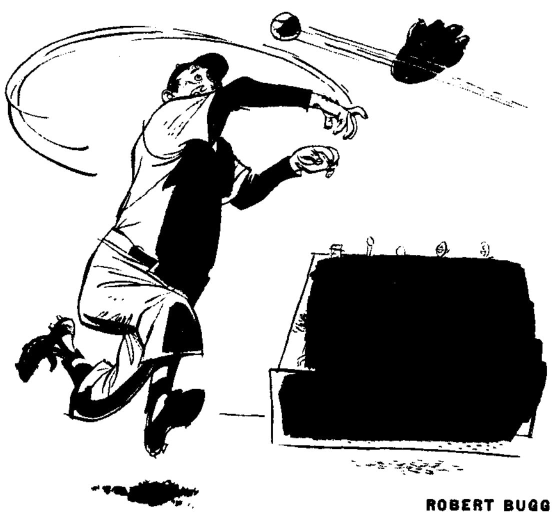
16. Was the 1914 World Series victory of the Braves over the Philadelphia Athletics the first to be achieved in four straight games?

17. Is a major-league club permitted to play three games in one day?

18. Has a pitcher ever won 25 games during his first year in the big leagues?

19. With an opportunity for an easy double play, the shortstop steps on second base, then loses the batter with a poor throw to first. Is he charged with an error?

20. When an outfielder throws his glove at a fair fly ball and misses, should the umpire penalize the fielder's team?



ROBERT BUGG

ANSWERS

1. Up until the time set for the game to start, the home management has the right to decide whether to play or postpone. Once play has started, the umpire makes the decision.

2. The record is 49 runs. It was set August 25, 1922, when the Chicago Cubs defeated the Philadelphia Phillies, 26 to 23.

3. Yes. Iron Man Joe McGinnity did it three times for the Giants in 1903.

4. Hugh Duffy, of the Boston National League club, who hit .438 in 1894, holds the record by six points over Willie Keeler, of the Baltimore Orioles, who batted .432 in 1897. Playing in 124 games, Duffy got 236 hits in 539 trips to the plate.

5. The record is 14 innings, set in 1916 when the Red Sox defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers, 2 to 1. Babe Ruth, holding Brooklyn to six hits, got the decision over Sherry Smith.

6. Christy Mathewson, with the 1913 New York Giants, hurled 68 innings in a row without issuing a pass. His string went from June 19th to July 18th, for nearly eight full games.

7. The year was 1915 and Cobb swiped the plate four times. He stole second 74 times and third 18 times. He was also thrown out 38 times trying to steal—and that, too, is a record for the majors.

8. Yes. The distance must be at least 250 feet. The shortest distances are 257 feet at the Polo Grounds, 296 feet in Yankee Stadium and 297 feet at Ebbets Field—all to the right-field line and all in New York.

9. The streak—which started May 15th against Chicago and ended July 17th against Cleveland—included 15 homers, four triples and 16 doubles. In 223 trips to the plate, DiMaggio hit safely 91 times for a .408 average.

10. Yes. The Big Train blanked the New York club on Friday and Saturday, had Sunday off because Sabbath baseball then was illegal in New York, and did it again on Monday.

11. Phil Rizzuto, Yankee shortstop, is the shortest, standing five feet six inches. Ewell Blackwell, Red pitcher, is the tallest—six feet six inches. Many fans would probably guess Luke Easter, Indian first sacker, to be the tallest. Big Luke stands six feet four inches.

12. No. However, there have been four 21-to-1 outcomes, three in the National League and one in the American. The 1927 Yankees took 21 straight from the St. Louis Browns and, with the great Herb Pennock pitching for them in the last game, seemed sure to make the sweep. But Pennock was beaten, 6 to 2.

13. Yes. Three consecutive singles load the bases. The next three batters also hit safely, but each time the ball strikes a base runner.

14. The daddy of all homers was slammed by a pitcher—Babe Ruth of the Red Sox in an exhibition game against the Giants at Tampa, Florida, in 1919. Mel Webb, a Boston baseball writer, measured the distance. It was 540 feet.

15. The original park of the New York National League club, at Fifth Avenue and West 110th Street, had been one of America's first polo fields. The ball club retained the name when it took over the grounds and carried it along to its present park on the Harlem River.

16. It was, but actually the first sweep was registered by the Cubs over the Tigers in 1907. However, this series went five games, the opener having ended in a 3-3 tie in 12 innings.

17. Not any more. But there have been three three-game days in National League history. The most recent was October 2, 1920, when the Pirates and the Reds played a triple-header.

18. In 1911, Grover Cleveland Alexander broke in with the Phillies and won 28 victories. In 1876, first year of the National League, Al Spalding won 47 for Chicago.

19. No. Failure to complete a double play does not mean that an error will be called—unless the shortstop's throw is wild enough to give the runner an extra base. However, the first baseman can be charged with an error—if he drops the ball after the umpire has called the batter out.

20. No. There is no penalty for throwing a glove or cap at a ball—if it misses. If the ball is hit, however, the batter gets three bases, and may try to score if he wants to.

THE END

The author of this story informs the editors that the incidents described are wholly imaginary. He ought to know. He was there

Monkey Business at Mers el Kebir

By REAR ADMIRAL DANIEL V. GALLERY

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER "CURLY" CUE, U.S. Navy, eased back the throttles on his twin-jet Banshee fighter and put her into a gentle turn at twenty thousand feet. Glancing down over the portside of his sleek plane at the bright blue water of the Mediterranean, Curly could see what looked like a bunch of toy ships in circular formation trailing long white wakes behind them. Those toys were a task force of the U.S. Mediterranean Fleet. The biggest toy, in the center of the formation was the U.S.S. Okinawa, the flagship, one of the Navy's three giant battle carriers, and currently the home of Curly's squadron.

Looking back over his right shoulder, Curly saw fifteen more Banshees flying in perfect echelon formation on him. That group of alert young eagles was the hottest fighter squadron in the U.S. Navy—if you asked Curly. For that matter, if you twisted his arm he would admit it was the hottest fighter outfit in the world.

Curly squeezed the radio transmitter button on his throttle and growled into the lip microphone fastened to his helmet, "Cowshed, this is Whambo with sixteen Banshees orbiting Cowshed at angles twenty, ready for landing. Over."

From the Combat Information Center deep inside the Okinawa the reply came back, "Whambo, this is Cowshed. Roger. Wait."

"Wait," Curly sneered to himself impatiently, cocking his turn up a little steeper. "Those feather merchants down there must think I've got a direct hookup to the Big Inch. Wait, I suppose, until we haven't even got enough gas left to take a wave-off. And that dizzy guy with the paddles would wave his own grandmother off if she came in a half a knot fast. Now if *I* was the admiral of this task group . . ."

One of the factors, which had helped to get Lieutenant Commander Cue that nickname of Curly, was beginning to make itself felt. Of course, anyone by the name of Cue was bound to be known as Curly, even if he were bald. And Curly wasn't bald. He had a big mop of brilliant red hair that had made feminine hearts do flip-flops all the way from Jacksonville to Coronado and from Quonset Point to Seattle. He also had the temper that went with it.

He was in a foul mood this morning because he had just led his troops on a wild-goose chase that took them five hundred miles west of Gibraltar out over the Atlantic Ocean, searching vainly for the Okinawa's sister ship, the Woodrow Wilson. The Okinawa had been in the Mediterranean for eight months and the Wilson was currently en route from Norfolk to relieve her.

In a few days the two great ships would meet in the harbor of Oran, Algiers, on the Barbary Coast of Africa. There the admiral on the Wilson would take over command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and the Okinawa would hoist the homeward-bound pennant and be on her way to Norfolk. Curly's host of feminine admirers in the United States would soon be in a flat spin again.

Meantime, Admiral Day on the Okinawa, otherwise known as Windy, had determined to give his naval academy classmate, Admiral "Bugler" Bates on the Wilson, a proper reception when he arrived in European waters. Windy's nickname was a fairly accurate characterization of the man. "Bugler" had acquired his because he was such a stickler for military etiquette, and always kept a bugler handy to sound Attention, or whatever other call might be required.

These two had been friendly rivals throughout their naval careers, so Curly's admiral had sent him and his squadron out beyond Gibraltar to find the eastbound Wilson, welcome her to the Mediterranean, and, if possible, to surprise her with all her planes on deck and give her a thorough mock strafing. The admiral could always claim such a maneuver was part of his operational training program.

Curly and his covey of intrepid birdmen also had many contemporaries on the Wilson so they entered into the spirit of the game gleefully. But on this current sortie they had found nothing but the Atlantic Ocean.

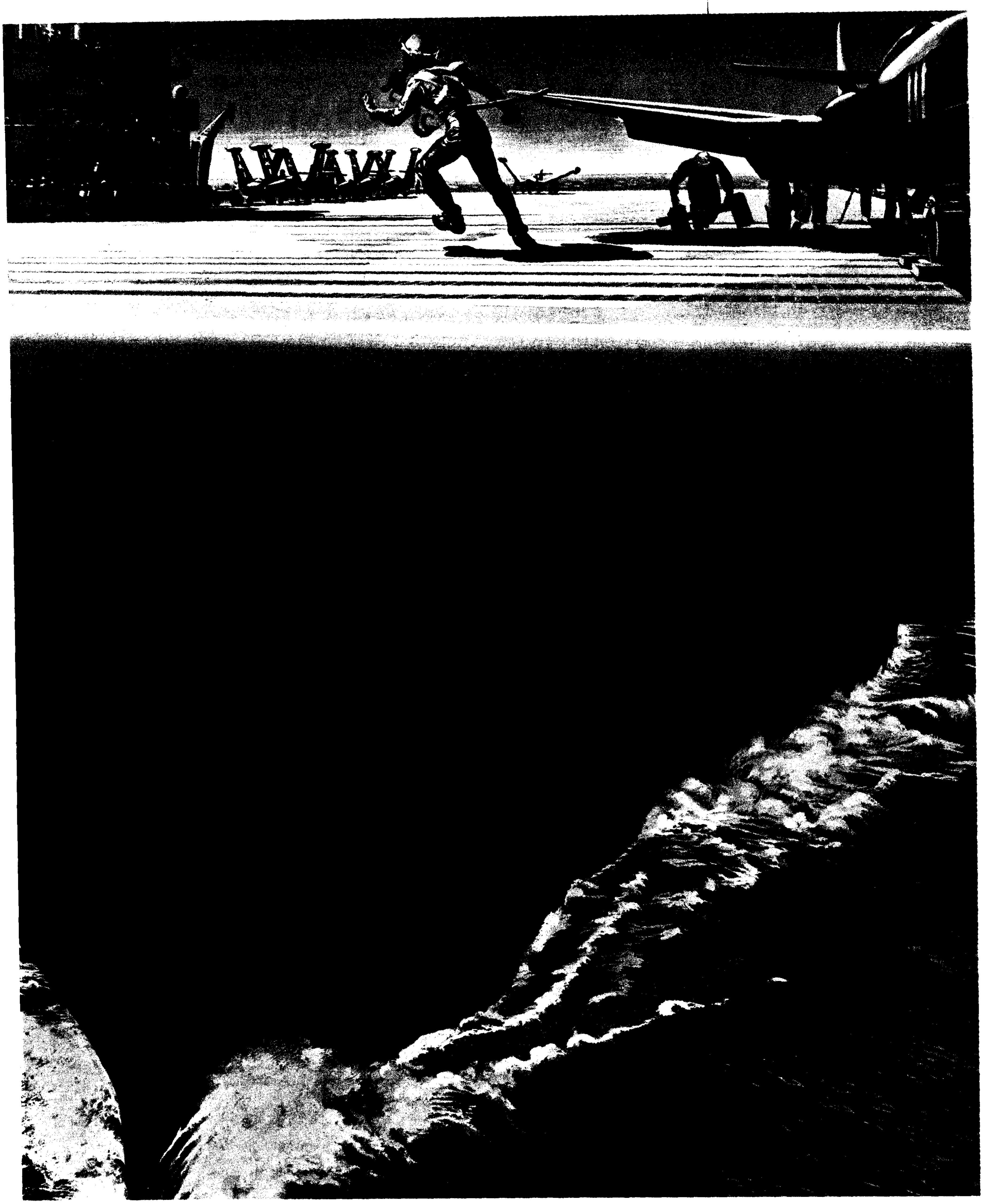
After circling for a few minutes, Curly noticed that the wakes of the ships in the task group were curving into the wind. Presently the voice from CIC said, "Whambo, this is Cowshed, we are turning into the wind. Your squadron is number one to land. Over."

"This is Whambo. Wilco. Out," Curly said, passing the breakup signal back along the echelon, and throttling carefully down to the minimum power at which you can idle one of those hot-air mills without the danger of blowing your fire out. Then, popping his dive brakes open and rolling gently away from the echelon, he pointed the nose of his Banshee almost straight down.

Even at idling power and with dive brakes lousing up the streamlining, it doesn't take long for a Banshee to come down twenty thousand feet. As the altimeter spun around in one direction, the airspeed meter wound itself up in the other. Before the Okinawa had completed *(Continued on page 74)*

As Curly scrambled out of the cockpit and heade

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN



the flag bridge, the admiral said, "Curly's awfully mad, but I don't see why he should be that mad. It might have happened to anybody"

If You Want to Hunt Pheasant...

Haunt the Swale and

The gaudy ringneck, big and deceptive, provides great sport for hunters. First step:

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

JOSEPH DESIDERIO

ANY man who has tramped the meadows or the stubble fields behind his dog on a crisp October morning, and sighted a ringneck pheasant over the barrels of his gun, will understand why this big, gaudy creature has brought satisfaction to more hunters, and confusion to more good bird dogs, than any other game bird on this continent.

Of the many fish and game species imported to these shores to improve the lot of the American sportsman, only the pheasant and the brown trout have proved widely adaptable. To the hunter and the angler, these two have become so firmly rooted in the American wildlife scene that they constitute the major prizes for the game bag and fish creel throughout a large part of the country.

Springing from the first successful introduction of 28 Chinese ringnecks in Oregon 70 years ago, millions of plump pheasants now cackle from the fields and meadows of 39 states, in many of which the bird heads the upland game list. Call him Chink, ringneck, pheasant or longtail, the brightly plumaged, long-tailed cock pheasant has provided wing shooting for thousands of American gunners who, without him, would be relegated to beating the thickets for cottontails. The pheasant, long may he flourish, has made a sporting gentleman of many a one-gallus hunter.

You will find hunters who insist that the ruffed grouse is a more sporting bird, the quail more challenging, and the woodcock more interesting to hunt, but the pheasant enthusiast has a number of sound arguments to back his choice. For one thing—and in these days of great hunting pressures and reduced hunting areas it is important—the ringneck will thrive and multiply in areas where other game birds could not exist. Furthermore, through simple, inexpensive, artificial propagation, these birds can be reared for release on barren or depleted covers with better results than those provided by any other game bird.

Although there has always been some prejudice here against what is termed an "imported exotic," no one who has hunted this handsome bird will ever offer testimony for the banishment of the pheasant. And not every pull on the trigger is followed by the familiar command to the dog: "Fetch dead." The pheasant is a large bird, and not renowned for his great speed or length of flight, but the man who hunts it has no assurance that the odor of burned cordite will blend into the mouth-watering aroma of roasting pheasant. Many an experienced wing shot has been deceived by the Chink.

Not too long ago, I conducted a confirmed grouse shooter on his first pheasant hunt. I had a real respect for this man's ability to bring down his favorite bird under difficult conditions, but his somewhat patronizing air at the prospect of the pheasant hunt was a little overpowering. To make sure success would not come too easily, I switched from a pointer to a spaniel at the last moment. With the pointing dog, the pheasant normally can be flushed into flight from a known, even visible, position. With the spaniel, which springs the bird unheralded somewhere ahead of the hunter, I hoped to make the shooting more interesting.

For the initial excursion I had decided on a thicket-studded meadow which I knew held a half-dozen pheasants, at least two of them legal cockbirds. (The hen has been protected by law since the ringnecks first came to this country.) We arrived while the frost was still white on the ground, and after we had moved only 100 yards up-wind the springer's sawed-off tail began wagging furiously. I knew action was imminent. My guest, an experienced shooter, had interpreted the dog's actions as I did, but his gun still rested comfortably in the crook of his arm. He seemed convinced that there would be plenty of time to bring the gun up and knock one of these big, lumbering birds out of the air.

He was in mid-stride when the bird flushed, and if it had been a cock his self-assurance might have been justified. But it was a hen—as illegal as Ozark mountain dew. The bird towered almost straight up for about 30 feet, then scaled lazily down-wind. I shouted a warning as my guest swept his gun to his shoulder with practiced smoothness.

"Whoa, that's a hen!"

Meadow

throw away the standard rule book

My friend lowered his gun with visible regret.

"That one would have been money for old rope," he announced. "A grouse would have been out of range in the time it took that pheasant to level off."

I nodded and urged the springer forward.

The next bird was a big, brilliant cock, and he erupted from a thick clump of broomstraw with a roaring of stubby wings and a shrill cackle of alarm—almost in my companion's face. Although he recovered quickly, and pivoted, the footing was bad and the pheasant was really making time down and across the wind. The two shots the grouse expert sent after him did not loosen a feather on the ringneck. Aided by the wind, which was quite strong, the bird's speed was deceptive, and my friend had failed to lead his target enough.

After flapping vigorously for about 200 yards, the pheasant coasted down, swerved sharply into the wind and settled in another thicket.

"Let's go back and rout him out," my companion suggested, frowning. "He can't do that to me."

This time, apparently connecting the approach of the springer with danger, the pheasant flushed wild, a good 25 yards ahead of the shooter, who, misled by the earlier flight pattern, was disconcerted when the bird flew low and straight across the wind. The first shot was made just as the ringneck leveled off a few feet over the brush, and the next shot did not blast out until the bird was at extreme range. A second later, the pheasant passed almost straight over my head, an easy target, but I did not even raise the gun. It would have been like killing an old friend.

Hunter Makes Show of Remorse

When I called in the spaniel and joined my friend, he did not have a word to say. As I arrived, he ejected the empty shells and placed the gun carefully on the ground. He then raised the tails of his shooting coat above his hips, bent over, grasping his ankles with both hands, and looked up at me from this position.

"Go ahead," he suggested, "and make it a hard one. If ever a man had a good swift kick coming, you see him before you."

At this show of remorse I had to admit that the recent sample of pheasant technique was not routine, or even what might be termed "typical." It did, however, point up the unpredictable qualities of the bird. Ten pheasants, I explained, may flush straightaway, offering an easy shot. The eleventh may follow a flight pattern that would confound a veteran.

As with other upland game shooting, there is considerable argument as to the type of dog most suited to the sport. Also, there is no little debate involving the proper method of training this dog. Most of this, of course, can be marked down to personal preference. The spaniel fancier will insist that the cocker or springer offers the highest degree of sport, a contention supported in principle by the owners of retrieving breeds such as the Chesapeake, Golden or Labrador. I even know a few beagle enthusiasts who have trained these hounds to work pheasants in addition to the rabbits which constitute their major purpose in life, and with amazing success. Needless to say, the pheasant is the only game bird that could be handled with any satisfactory results by one of these hounds.

Devotees of the pointing breeds contend that the man who enjoys watching real dog work will be satisfied by nothing but a pointer, setter or Brittany if he wants to get the ultimate pleasure from his pursuit of the ringneck. As for the Weimaraner owners, they will tell you at the first opportunity that this breed brings pheasant shooting to its real pinnacle of delight.

On the other hand, many a shooter with a "bragging" quail dog has been known to foam at the mouth at the mere mention of the word "pheasant." And not without justification.

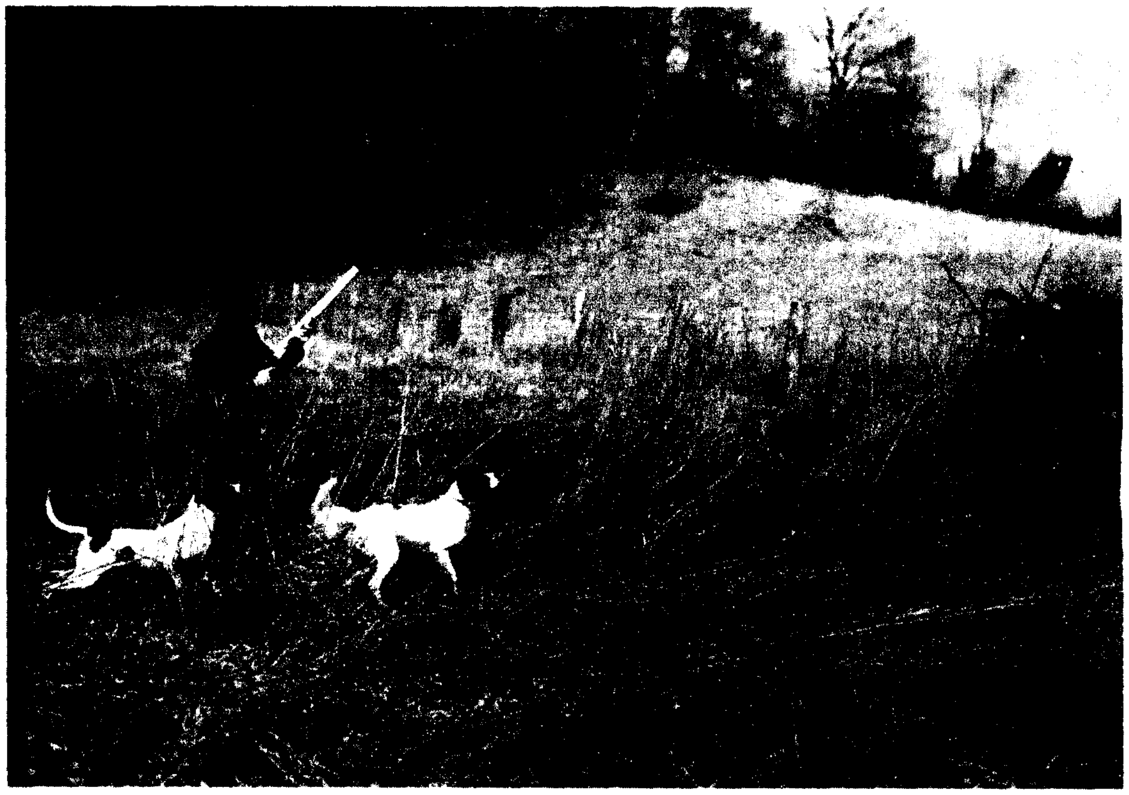
"After three days on pheasants," one quail enthusiast complained, "I had to send my dog back to the trainer for two months, to break him of the bad habits he had picked up on those running ringnecks."

Many a shooter feels that if it had no legs, the pheasant would be a more satisfactory game bird. It is his tendency to run ahead of dog or hunter that has given the pheasant a bad name with some sportsmen. Other upland birds, such as grouse, quail, woodcock or Hungarian partridge, will "lie" to the average pointer. But not John Pheasant. He will wait until

(Continued on page 52)

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GIL PAUST

Pheasant "freezes" at author's approach, as pointer (left) and setter show the way



As the two dogs hold a perfect, tense point, the bird flushes, making fine target

The pheasant dog must be a good retriever, for wounded birds may hide, die later

A Town Takes Its Own Picture

THE houses of Levittown, Long Island, New York, mass-produced by superenergetic Levitt & Sons, Inc., contain 16,746 families nourished on national publicity. Welcoming every chance to make news with the enthusiasm of a starlet, the town got a whopping new opportunity some weeks ago, when photographer Leo Choplin asked it to help him take the biggest flash photograph ever attempted.

For his stunt, Choplin consulted with Sylvania Electric Products, Inc., and they let him have 1,500 of their largest flash bulbs, lighting engineers and a brace of walkie-talkies. Thus prepared, he climbed a 200-foot water tower near the west side of town and got set.

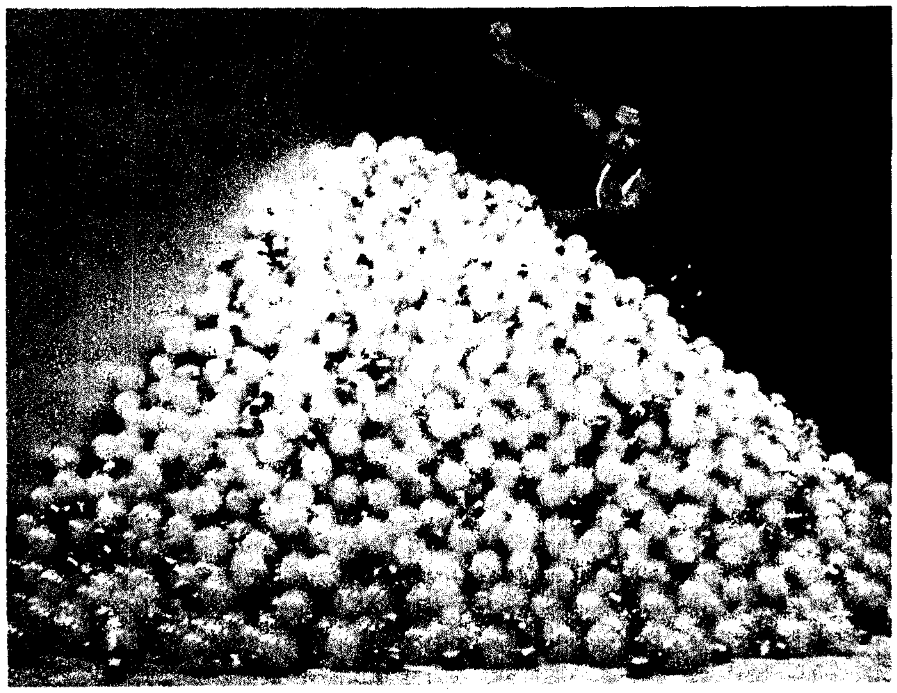
The suburbanites pitched in. Levittown's director of civil defense, Robert E. Lackey, a veteran blinded on Saipan, assigned a group of his auxiliary police to alert the town to the huge flashes, block off the affected streets and handle the flash bulbs under the direction of Sylvania's engineers. Keeping in touch with Choplin via walkie-talkie, a 20-man crew set off the bulbs in batches of 20, some 70-odd times. As the bulbs flashed in area after area, Choplin simultaneously opened and closed shutters of three different cameras.

After four hours of blinding flashes, astounded couples and kids went to bed; Bob Lackey had proved that his civil defense team could give and take complicated orders, and Leo Choplin had the amazing color photograph on these pages. One question remained: What was the big idea? Well, next month is Levittown's birthday, and if this isn't the biggest, brightest, most ambitious birthday card ever presented to a four-year-old, what is?

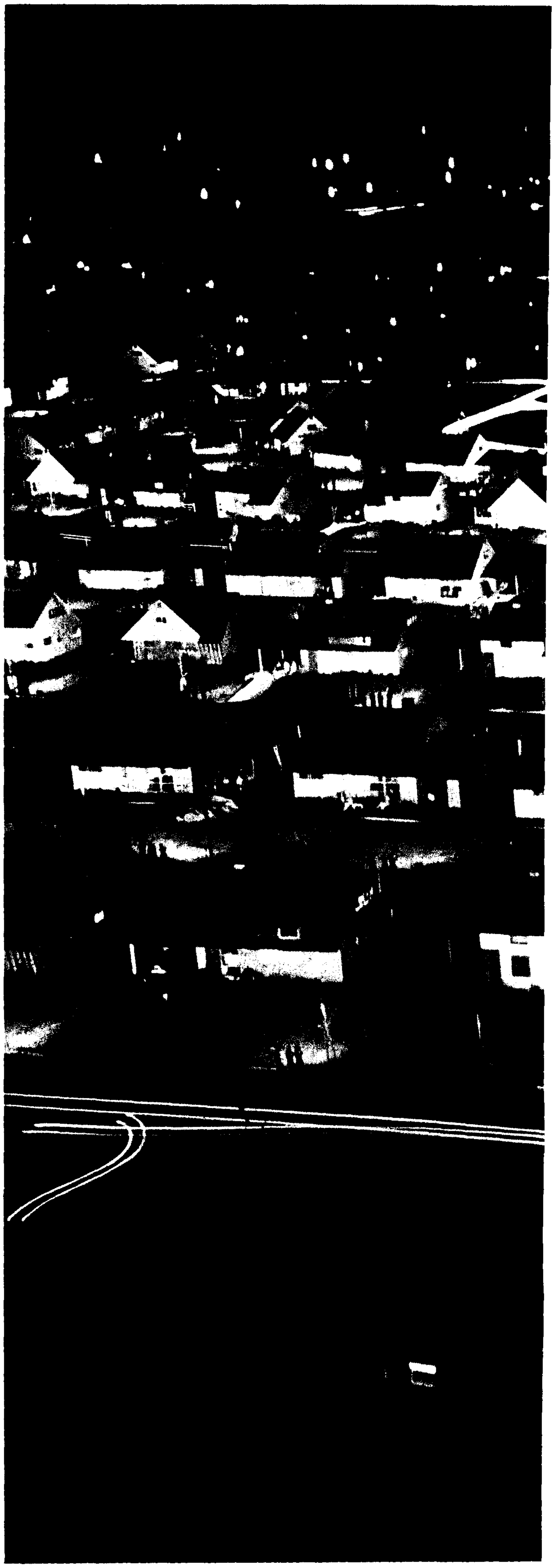
SEY CHASSLER

Engineer Dick Martensen instructs town civil defense boss Bob Lackey

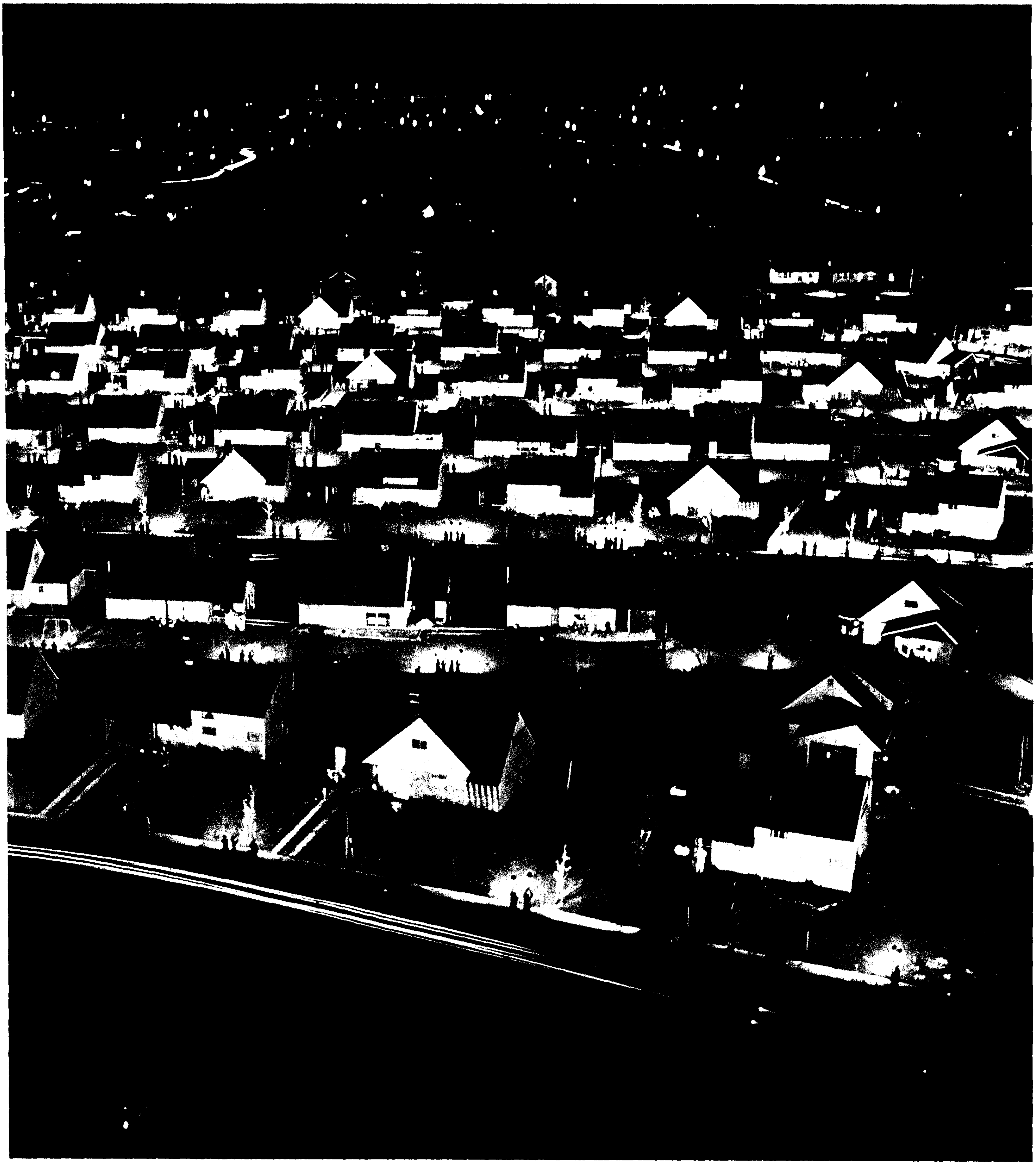
Photographer worked three cameras at same time, got but one good shot



Photographer's aid counts 1,500 flash bulbs used for Levittown's snapshot

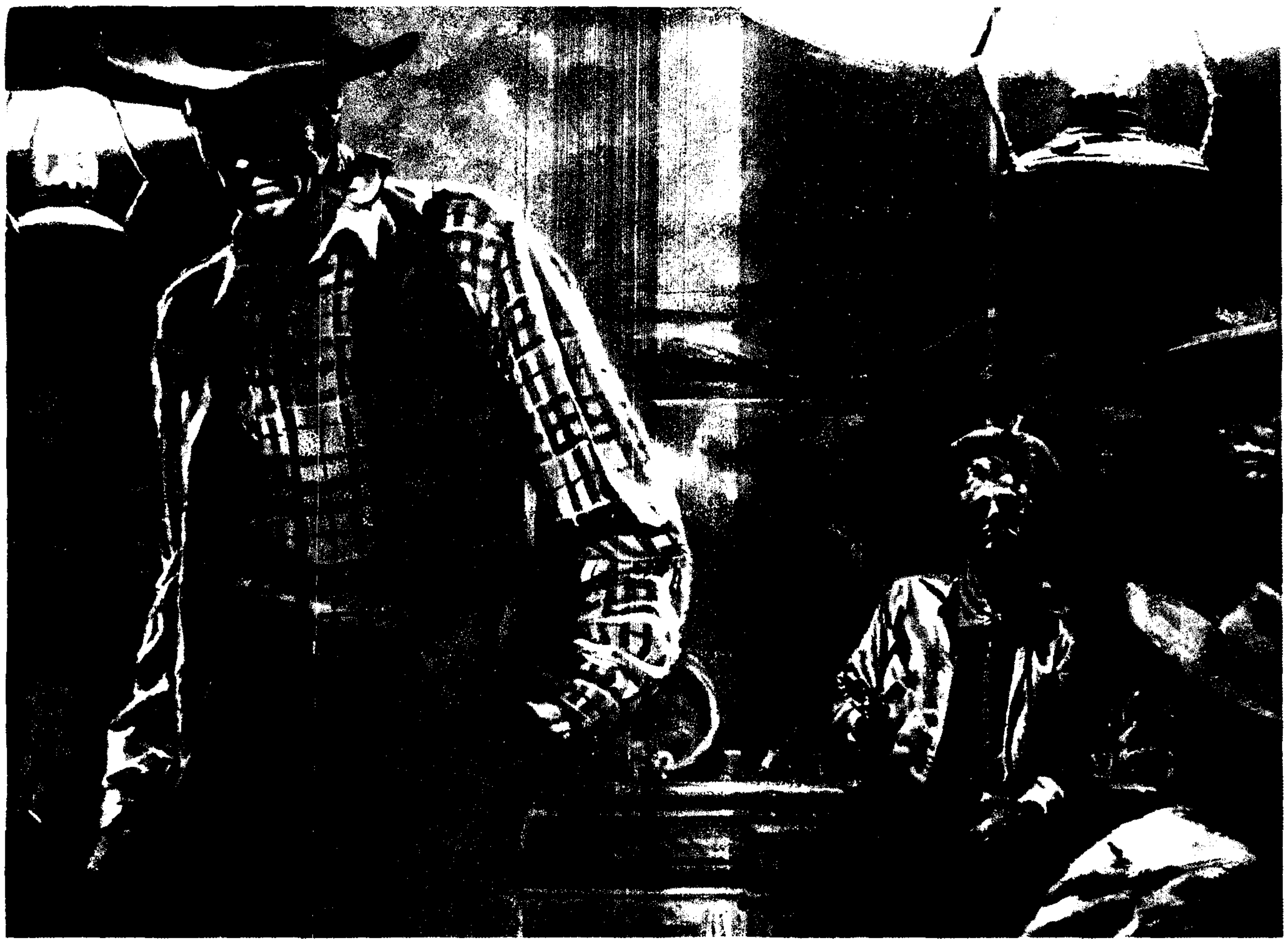


Biggest flash picture ever made celebrate



evittown's fourth birthday. It took four hours, covered 600,000 sq. ft., used light output equal to 3,688,580 standard 60-watt bulbs

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN



FRANK McCARTHY

Dave Brock had tangled with Duff one Saturday night. Duff was full of whisky and carrying his gun

THE BRAGGART

[illegible] GHAN ELSTON

SHERIFF CLEM LOGAN leaned comfortably back against the porch post of the Bitter Creek courthouse. When a man neared sixty, it was well to cater a bit to himself and let his breakfast settle before a day's work.

Clem was making small mounds in the dirt road with his boot when he heard the resounding footsteps move up the boardwalk in back of him. He knew from the gait who it was, and he didn't turn. He liked to neighbor in the sun with most folk, but Bill Duff he could do without.

Duff stood beside Clem, his heavy thumbs hooked into his gun belt. For a man of all work to be toting a shooting iron around town displeased Clem. A rancher carrying a .45 on the range was one thing, a town bum wearing one was another.

Duff looked down with black, glistening eyes at the white-haired sheriff. Then, uninvited, he squatted beside Clem. He pushed his worn black hat back from a pock-marked brow. "Mornin', Sheriff," he said. Clem grunted and nodded.

"Just been listenin' to Herm Brock tell about his ranch," Duff said with a sneer.

Clem did not reply.

"I swear, that old fool's got the wettest water, the greenest alfalfa, and the biggest ranch in the county, to hear him tell it."

Clem was annoyed. He disliked Duff. Yet he knew that Herm Brock's bragging did wear on everyone in town.

"I don't reckon it's all braggin'," he answered coldly. "Herm keeps a right fine layout and takes a heap of pride in it."

Duff spit and let his thick lip curl into a sneer. "Me, I back up what I say," he said.

Clem turned. "Yeah, I reckon all of us can do that," he said. "Take me, I got a pride in the way I handle this." Clem's black, bone-handled .45 pointed at a spot an inch from Duff's ear. Clem let the gun slide back to its holster. "I reckon every man's got a skinful of pride if you look deep enough," he added.

Duff rubbed a dirty hand over his unshaved jaw. "Guess I'll see if there's any work in sight over at the yard," he muttered. That's all he's good for, Clem thought, as he watched the gun-slung figure move away, just to ride cattle cars between here and market.

And what did Duff have to talk about as far as bragging went? He spent all his time boasting of his fights, how he'd bluffed some cow-poke down, how good a shot he was. At least old Herm just worked his ranch and came into town to tell what a fine layout he had. Duff was a bully and a coward, while old Herm was just proud. There was a difference, sure enough, but Clem just couldn't quite put his finger on the exact reasons behind it.

Virgie McBride came out to pin a notice on the board on the front of the building. "Any work today, Clem?" she asked. Virgie handled the paper work for all the county officers. There was just enough work to keep one girl busy, and she moved from one county office to the other during the day, keeping things up to date.

"Don't know yet, Virgie," Clem said, standing up and stretching. "Let's go see."

Inside, he dictated a few letters to sheriffs in neighboring counties, and then sat back for the morning's report. Virgie made it a duty to keep him up to date on what was going on in the other offices.

"Jim Hendricks says he's going to retire at the end of this term," she said.

Clem ran his hand through his shaggy, white hair. "Well, Jim's getting along and that county supervisor job is a chore. Who they got in mind?"

"Jim wants Herm Brock," Virgie answered.

Clem leaned slowly back in his swivel chair. "Herm's a nice enough fella," he said slowly, "but I don't think they'd elect him."

"Why?" Virgie asked.

"It's that constant braggin' these last few years. Folks don't take to it."

Virgie sat quiet, fingering her notebook. Finally she said softly: "Clem, don't you know why Herm Brock boasts?"

The sheriff grunted and leaned forward.

"Remember when Dave had the fight with Bill Duff?" she asked.

Clem nodded. How well he remembered. Dave Brock, Herm's boy, had tangled with Duff one Saturday night. Duff was full of whisky, and carrying his gun. In the middle of the argument, he'd pulled the gun on Dave Brock and told him to ride, and that the next time they met he'd kill him on sight. That night Dave Brock had ridden out of town for good. Herman Brock had hidden his shame and only once had he ever mentioned Dave to Clem. That had been when he'd shown the sheriff an initialed gold watch. "The boy mailed me this from Kansas," he'd said. Then he'd added, "I always loaned it to him when he rode into town on a Saturday night. He's a good lad even—even if . . ."

That was all. Clem had never mentioned the incident to Herm again, and no one else had. You don't talk to a man about his son being a coward.

"Sure, Virgie, I recollect clear enough," Clem said.

"Well, don't you see?" Virgie said. "Herm Brock brags about his ranch because he hasn't got a son to be proud of any more. He's just hiding what is inside him—and bragging is his way of doing it."

Of course, Clem thought, that was the difference between Duff and Herm. That was why Herm boasted about his ranch while Duff bragged about who he had whipped, who he'd bluffed—how he'd run Dave Brock out of town.

Wait! Duff never *had* bragged about chasing young Brock out of the valley!

Clem leaned back in his chair and stared at the cracked ceiling. In a few minutes he said: "Virgie, go down to the livery stable and tell them to saddle my horse."

THE white-haired sheriff packed his saddle bags carefully. When he walked out into the morning brightness, he was carrying his rifle, two ropes and a kerosene lamp.

"I may not be back for a spell, Virgie," he called. "Maybe three, four days."

He rode slowly toward the freight depot. He was sure, but he wanted to check the records. He came out of the depot straight and silent and climbed onto his horse. He turned toward the north, toward the foothills that lay between town and the Brock ranch. . . .

It was a sultry afternoon a week later when Clem rode back into town. The courthouse clock showed a few minutes past three. He looked gaunt, haggard, angry.

Down the street, a dozen men lounged in front of the hardware store. Clem dismounted and walked toward them slowly, his arms loose and free-swinging.

Bill Duff's back was to him. He could hear the loud, boasting voice, "And so this Texas waddie started for his gun and I . . ."

Clem's voice cut into the group like a bullet. "You're under arrest, Duff!"

The sullen braggart turned. "Me?" he sneered. "What for?"

"For dry-gulching Dave Brock," Clem said, "on the night three years ago when we thought he left town."

"You're loco," Duff blustered.

Clem's shoulders seemed to sag. He said, "I've found the skeleton."

Duff's manner changed. He took a step forward. "Now, Clem," he whined. And then he reached for his .45.

It was what the sheriff was waiting for, hoping for. He fired from the hip.

Virgie McBride saw Duff's body fall. She turned from the courthouse window and sat down beside the desk. When the sheriff came in, he seemed beaten, weary.

Virgie's eyes questioned him, and Clem spoke softly. "He ambushed Dave Brock that night in the foothills. I found the skeleton in a deserted mine shaft—with a bullet hole in the back of the skull. Duff sent Herman Brock the watch he'd stolen from the body, when he rode a cattle car to Kansas City six months later."

"But what made you suspect him?"

Clem smiled down at her. "You did, Virgie. If Duff had scared Dave out of town, he never would have stopped braggin' about it. But he never mentioned it."

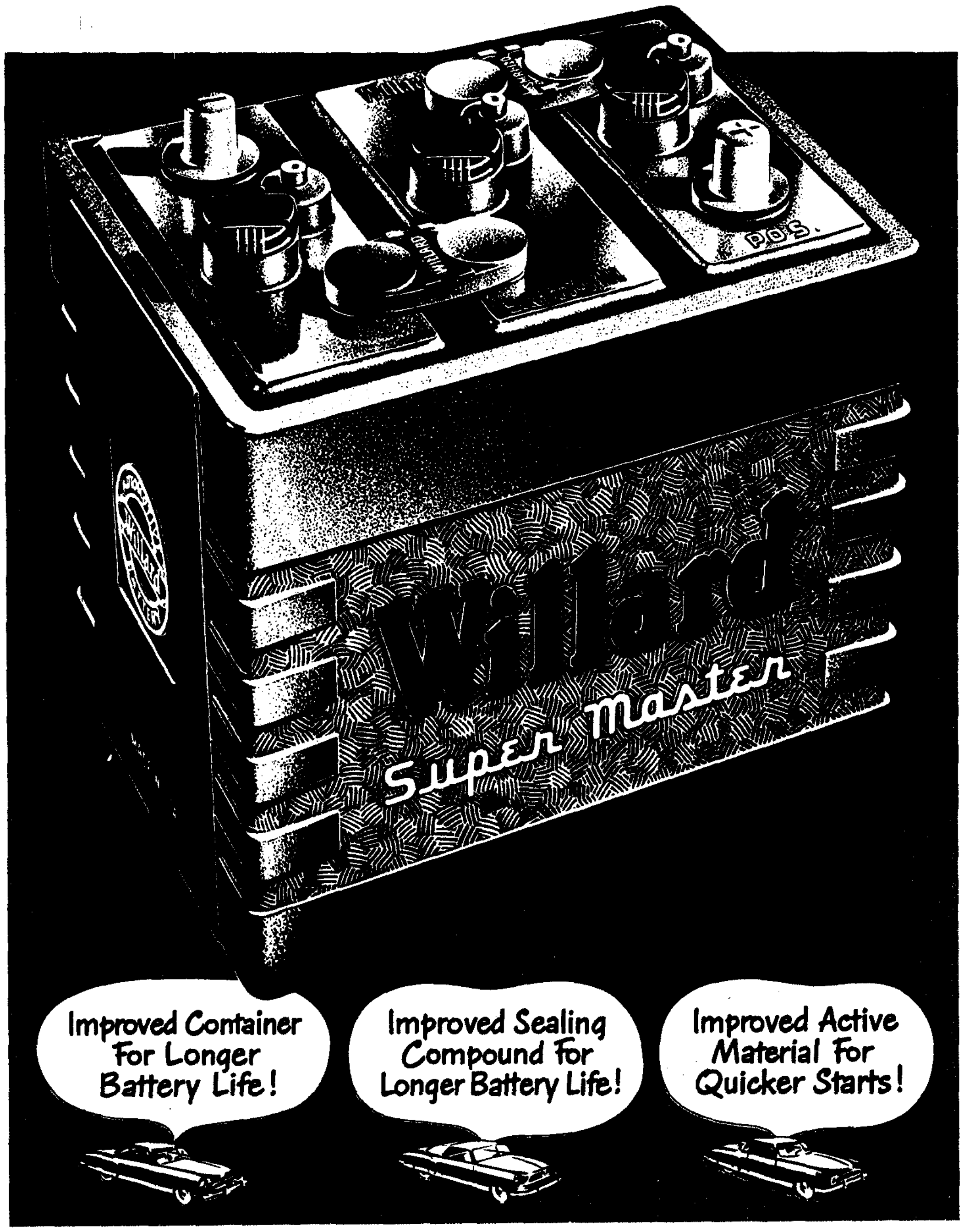
He went over to his desk and sat down. "When you told me why one man bragged, it set me to wondering why the other man didn't." THE END

Old Gold
Cigarettes
Made by Lorillard, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years
Old Gold
We stick to our knittin'...
We're tobacco men
not medicine men
cures just one thing:
World's Best Tobacco!

If you're all balled up by medical claims for cigarettes, remember this: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the U. S. Government.

Sensational Willard Discovery is giving Thousands of car owners

100% more protection against the Nº1 Battery Killer!


Willard
Super Master
POS.
Improved Container For Longer Battery Life!
Improved Sealing Compound For Longer Battery Life!
Improved Active Material For Quicker Starts!

METALEX

- An Exclusive Feature of the Willard Super Master!
- Greatest Battery Improvement in 25 Years!

OVERCHARGING is the No. 1 battery killer. More batteries are worn out from this one cause than from all other causes combined! Overcharging strikes directly at the grids . . . the lead-alloy framework which holds in place the current-producing active material. Overcharging *corrodes* the grids—*fractures* them—*destroys* their ability to retain active material—*destroys* their utility as current conductors.

But now you can have the protection of METALEX, the vastly superior grid metal discovered by Willard metallurgists and proved in thousands of cars since its introduction over a year ago. METALEX combats damage by overcharging—stubbornly and effectively. METALEX provides a *full 100% more protection* against the No. 1 battery killer to l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n battery life. *Available exclusively in Willard Super Master Batteries!*

Get the ultimate in battery performance now . . . buy a

Willard Super Master *with* METALEX

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • Cleveland • Los Angeles • Dallas • Memphis • Portland • Toronto • A Subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

Herbert Hoover: Power Politics at the Peace Table

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

disarmament—had ever experienced. Consequently the United States had no conception of Europe's needs for military protection.

We differ fundamentally in our methods of diplomacy.

The practices of imperialism in securing its expansion and protection—together with the perpetually disquieting "irredentas," fears of aggression, dictators and frictions generally—have made "power politics," "balances of power" and military alliances a national necessity for the major nations of Europe.

It is the duty of European statesmen of good will to engage incessantly in adroit power politics—by which aggression is checked and malign forces allayed—in the hope that a tenuous peace can be extended a little longer. It is a delicate job in which national honor and loyalty to agreements are regularly sacrificed to expediency and self-preservation.

The United States is ill equipped to engage successfully in these practices—or even to understand them. Our form of representative government gives us the opportunity neither to learn the skills of power politics, nor to practice them if we did. Our government, with its shifting administration and policies, prevents us from developing the experienced personnel which could acquire such skills.

With our changing elections, we can never have the continuity in foreign policy on which such men could act with assurance in these fields. Moreover, our population is made up of these many races of Europe, and each such group in our country retains a subcurrent of sympathy with their origins which exerts a clouding influence on objective action. To participate successfully in foreign power politics, we must become something other than a free people as we conceive it.

If anyone wants confirmation of all this, he need only analyze our group of peacemakers at Versailles, who, with little experience in foreign affairs, worked in a sort of daze against the forces they met.

We differ fundamentally in our ideas of representative government.

America's concept of representative government has departed widely from that of Europe's democracies. Their representative governments are all of the parliamentary form, where the government is administered, in actual fact, by a committee of the parliament, reinforced by long-trained and skilled bureaucracies. This contrasts with our single executive, elected for a fixed term of years, and our changing public servants.

Thus Europe's democracies have no separation of the executive from the legislature. Their Prime Ministers and Cabinets could speak for the legislative arm. Our President could not, and therefore he could not bind our country in complicated peace negotiations.

Another European force which is a constant menace to stability and peace is the growth of multiple parties in Continental parliaments. They are frequently compromise affairs based on negative policies—and often they work together only because of their mutual fears and hates.

We differ fundamentally in our social structures.

America's departure from Western European social concepts is the full distance of 300 years. It is true that we owe much to Europe in our original concepts of life, but possibly we owe still more to the ancient Greeks. Anyway, we separated from Western Europe because we did not like their ideas, and the breach constantly widened.

Europe's class stratifications clog the free rise of particles in the social solution. In America's widespread opportunities—and at least an ideal of equal opportunity—there has developed a genuine fellowship among our people that brings a deep sense of equality. For this there is no European counterpart except in some of the smaller states.

We differ fundamentally in our economic concepts.

America's departures from the Old World are equally great on the economic side. We have not only been free of the need to exploit other nations in order to give economic support to our daily living, but in the eighties we brought about a revolution in our economic system which has been a major departure from the laissez-faire economics of Europe. At that time we passed the Interstate Commerce Act establishing the public regulation of natural monopolies, and, of far greater importance, we enacted the antitrust laws.

Europe has never adopted this antitrust concept. Its national economies are honeycombed with cartels, trusts and agreements in restraint of trade—the object of which is to make profits by controlling price and distribution. By maintaining competition, the United States has compelled profits to come from improved technology, new inventions, laborsaving devices and more skilled labor. Thus we steadily have reduced costs and prices.

SISTER

SUPERMARKET

"... a dozen oranges, cabbage, spinach, lettuce, lemons, tomatoes, pot— . . . uh-oh, I forgot potatoes—oh well . . . can of tomato paste, shortening, soap flakes, starch, bre— . . . uh-oh, I forgot bread; . . . let's see, milk, eggs, butter, marshmallows—MARSHMALLOWS! WE HAVE TO GO BACK! I FORGOT MARSHMALLOWS!"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

With these dynamic forces, we have lifted our standards of living far beyond anything known to Europe's masses. In consequence, sharp conflicts have arisen between the two worlds in our economic relations. Such conflicts reared up in the treaty making.

Too many Americans do not realize to what extent our ideas and our way of life have grown apart from Europe in these 300 years of separation. American Society—with a capital S—and many of our Intellectuals—with a capital I—have made a sort of fetish of Europe as their spiritual home.

They have been much influenced by Europe's magnificent cities, historic cathedrals, art, music, literature, great universities, monuments of human heroism and progress. They have met people of fine hospitality and of the widest cultivation and attainments. It is easy to recall that in Europe, ever since the Renaissance, men have fought and died to build the structure of personal liberties, to lift man's dignity, to bring security and peace. It is easy to recall that from every country—England, Germany, France, Russia and all the others—we have received magnificent inheritances of human thought.

But these Americans have too often seen little of the gigantic explosive forces constant among the peoples of Europe. The reality is that there are 26 races of 400,000,000 people, living cheek by jowl in an area two thirds the size of the United States. Through them surge the deep-seated tribal instincts of nationalism, imperialism, hates, memories of deep wrongs, fierce distrusts and impellent fears. There are conflicts of religion and race. Even before the World War, these forces received added ferment from Socialism; to this, after the war, were added the new and fierce ideologies of Communism and later of Fascism.

Our basic conflicts in concepts, and our experience in the treaty making, should indicate how impossible it is for America to resolve Europe's problems. In sum, the forces which lay behind the rejection of American ideas at Paris in 1918 were far deeper than the intrigues of diplomacy or the foibles of European statesmen. Here was the collision of civilizations grown 300 years apart. The ideas and idealism of the New World were in clash with deep forces in Europe, its racial mores and the grim necessities of its 26 races.

* * *

On June 5, 1919, at the request of Secretary Robert Lansing, I drew up a long memorandum of my views of the weaknesses of the peace treaty.

Mr. Lansing sent a copy to President Wilson, who, a few days later, sent for me to discuss it. This caused the only break I ever had with him.

In going over the points of my memorandum, I argued again the disaster implicit in the indeterminate amount of the vast reparations to be exacted of Germany, and in the transfer of large sections of German, Russian and Hungarian nationals to the liberated states. I pointed out that there was to be no disarmament—other than for the Germans.

Possibly my language was too strong, but at any rate Mr. Wilson seemed to take my remarks as personal accusations—which I had not, of course, intended. Like all of us, he was strained and exhausted; his nerves were on edge. But I was no longer invited into his private counsels and I never saw him again while he was President except for formal good-bys when he left Paris. In later years we lived on the same block in Washington and again became sociable.

On June 28, 1919, I attended the treaty-signing ceremonies at the Palace of Versailles, at the same spot where the French almost 50 years earlier—after their defeat in the Franco-Prussian War—had been humiliated by the German victors. Obviously the French were getting a lift out of this ironic circumstance, and I derived some satisfaction from that. But I kept thinking of the fearful consequences of the treaty now being signed with such flourish, and I came away depressed.

Under the law, my organization officially ceased either with the date of peace or on the first of July, 1919. To prepare for our possible withdrawal, I had in April recommended to each of the weaker governments that they study their needs and resources for the following year and establish commercial agencies abroad through which they could negotiate for export sales, credit and purchase of supplies.

Before finally deciding on our course of action, we waited until we could be certain of the harvest prospects of the 1919 crop. When evidences of a good crop came, we determined to withdraw.

Sound Advice for Europeans

At the request of the Allied Supreme Economic Council, I wrote a review of the whole economic situation on the Continent, the gist of which was that we forget artificial controls and governmental manipulation; that it was time for Europeans to get to work and produce, and that if they did, they could support themselves and secure private credits abroad.

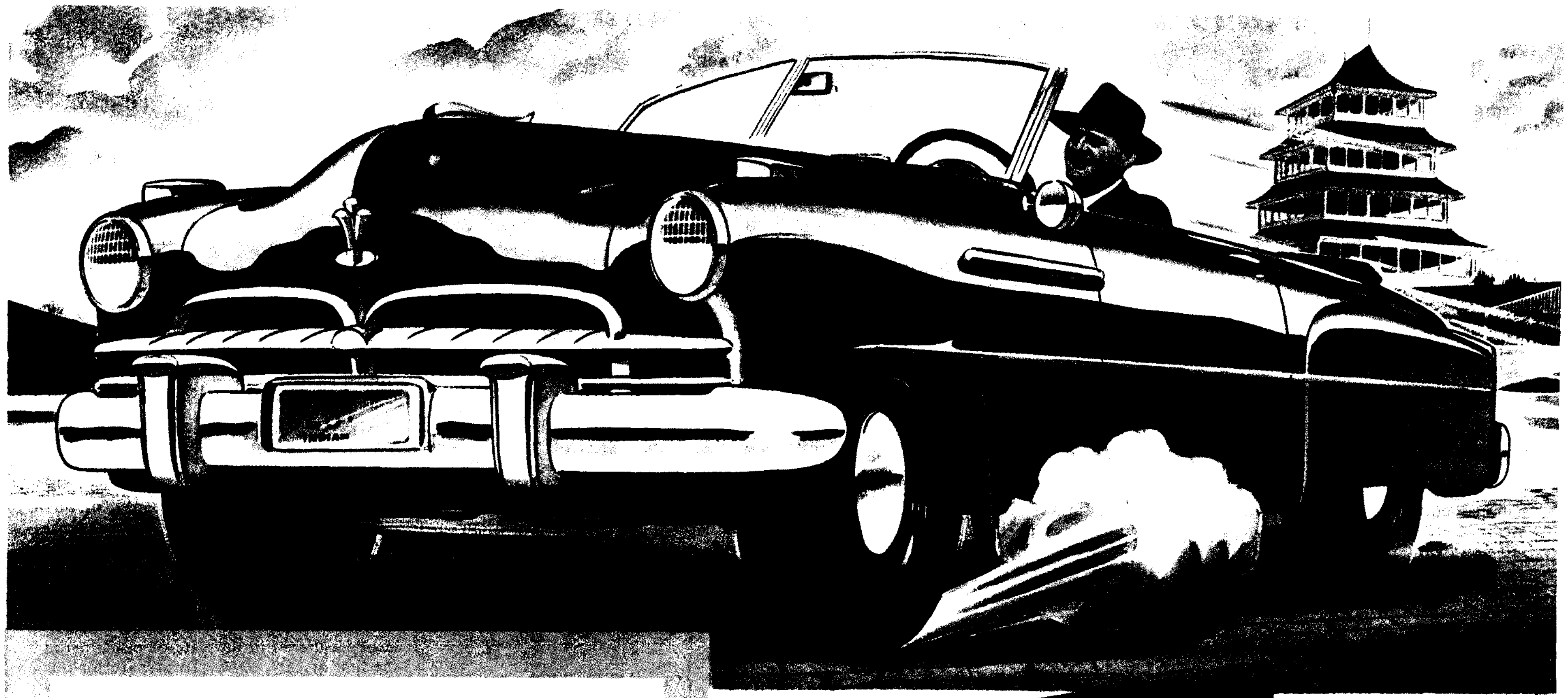
The Allied governments did not take kindly to these recommendations; the old ideas of economic pools, joint action and the like were by no means dead.

I did wish to see broad co-operation in remedying the world's ills—but felt that the United States should be free to decide every question on its own merits.

When the date of my departure from Europe was announced, I received a deluge of letters and telegrams of appreciation for my relief and rehabilitation work. They came from chiefs of state and the Prime Ministers of Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and the more than 20 other countries we had served. They came from His Holiness the Pope and from the heads of the Greek Orthodox, Armenian and Lutheran Churches. Most touching of all were the volumes containing literally millions of signatures of children and illustrated by them. These volumes kept coming over the years.

My last call before leaving Paris was on Premier Clemenceau of France, to express my appreciation for his undeviating support. The Old Tiger was in a gloomy mood. He told me: "There will be another world war in your time and you will be needed back in Europe." We would not have agreed on the methods of preventing another war, so I did not pursue the subject.

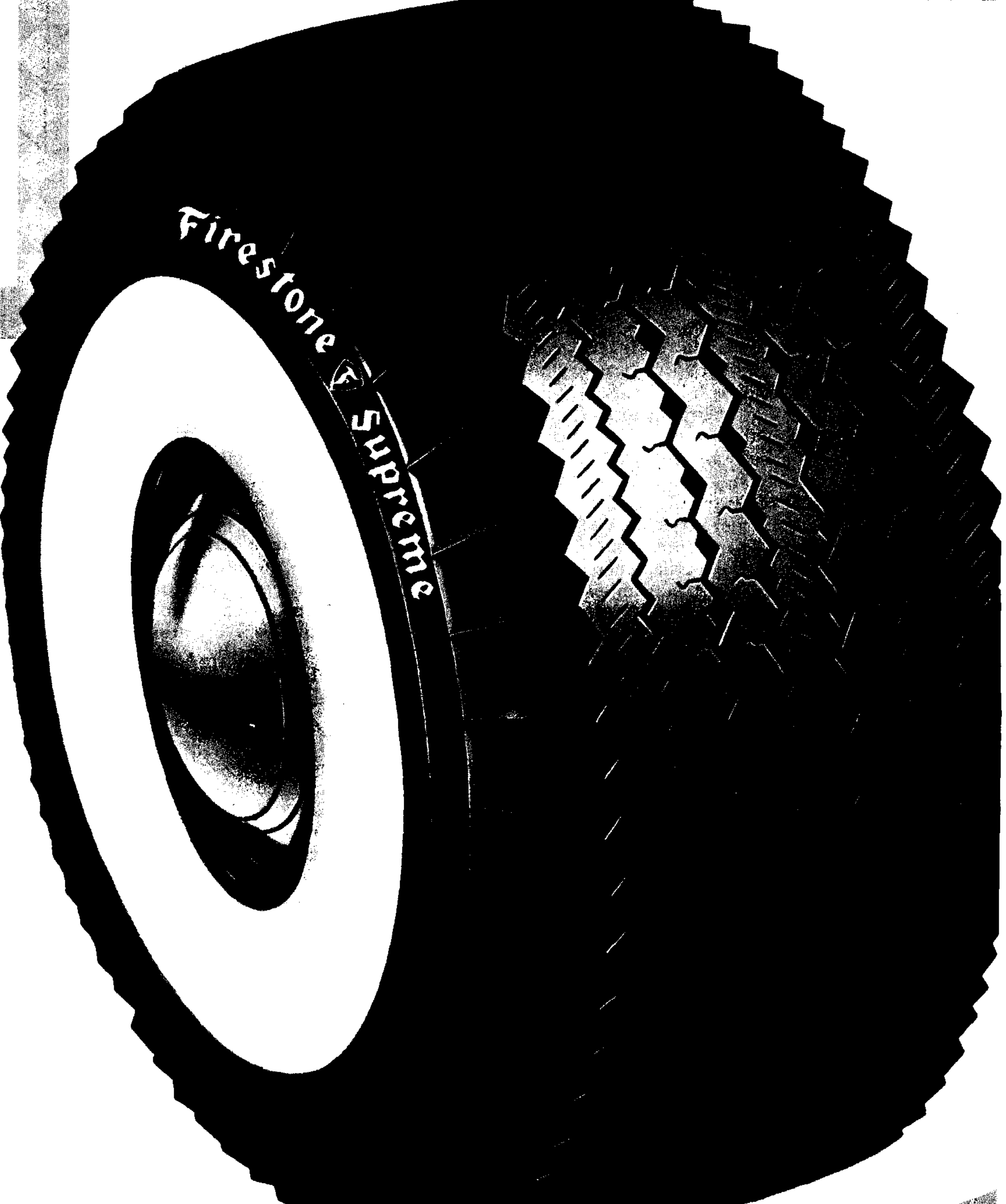
Another sort of leave-taking took place in Poland several weeks before I sailed for home. Premier Paderewski had implored President Wilson to visit Poland before he went back to the United States in June, declaring that despite all that we had done—we had, among other help, sent Poland 750,000 tons of food, clothing and medical supplies, and 60,000,000 pounds of raw cot-



SAFETY PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY

by Wilbur Shaw

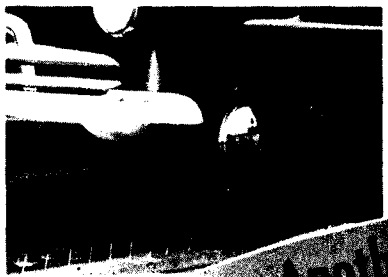
For Your Protection on the Highway



The new Firestone Supreme has been thoroughly tested under all service conditions on the highway. In Speedway tests, tire was first purposely damaged so it would blow out, then inflated to 24 pounds.

With Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of the Indianapolis Race, now president of the Speedway, at the wheel, tire was blown to shreds at 90 mph, yet there was no swerve, no tug at the steering wheel!

After driving over a mile at high speed on the blown-out tire, Shaw brought the car to a normal stop and there were still 18 pounds of air in the tire, proof that Firestone Supreme is the safest tire ever built.



In another amazing safety test, Shaw drove the new Firestone Supreme over a board full of 4-inch spikes, yet there was no loss of air, because the Firestone Supreme seals punctures instantly and permanently.

Another Proof that Your Safety is Our Business at Firestone

Copyright, 1951, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over NBC

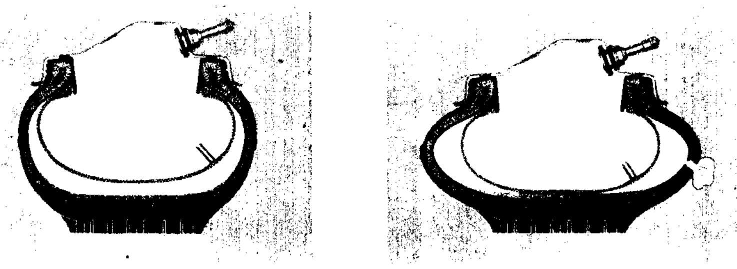
Announcing THE WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY BLOWOUT-SAFE, PUNCTURE-PROOF, TUBELESS TIRE

The Revolutionary New Firestone Supreme

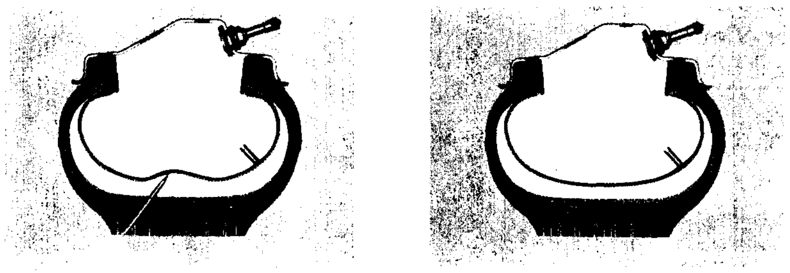
HERE is a tire so completely safe that it marks the beginning of a new era in highway safety. Any tire, even of the tubeless, puncture-proof type, will blow out if the tire body is torn open by a large, sharp object. But the new Firestone Supreme has a patented construction that gives you the protection you have always wanted against the dangers of all blowouts and punctures.

Firestone is cooperating with the Government in conserving critical materials, so production of the Firestone Supreme is now limited. But when the present national emergency ends, you will be able to equip your car with the world's first and ONLY blowout-safe, puncture-proof, tubeless tire, the Firestone Supreme, the ultimate in tire safety, strength, economy and mileage.

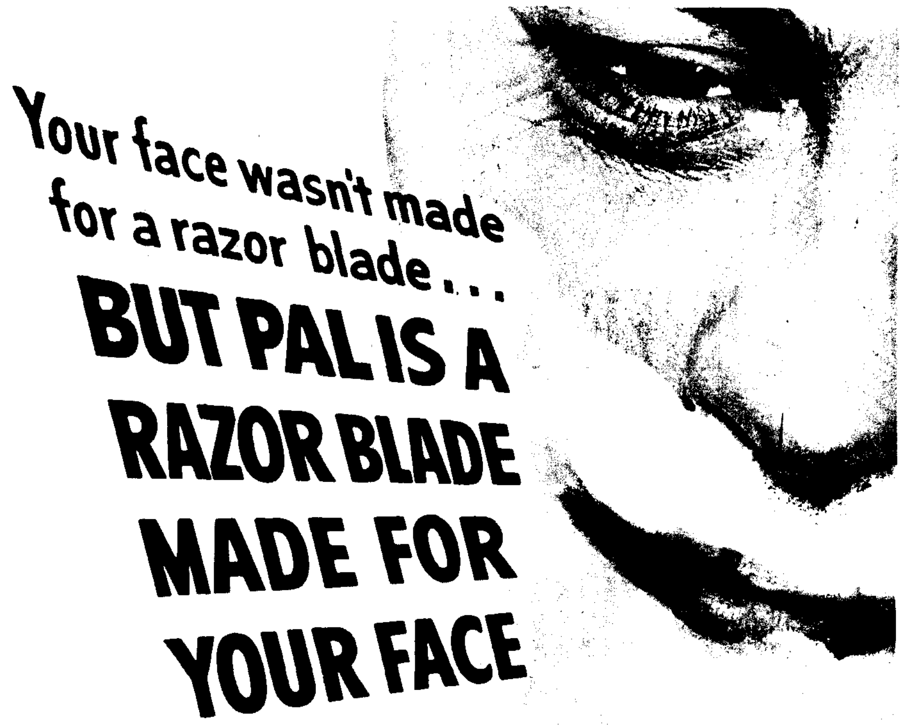
Here's How the New Firestone Supreme Eliminates the Dangers of Blowouts and Punctures



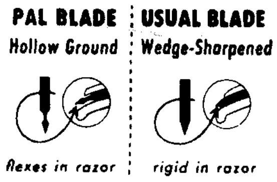
Cross-section at left shows inner diaphragm with safety valve. Diagram at right shows how safety valve closes if tire blows out, retaining a large volume of air.



Cross-section at left shows how diaphragm is deflected when nail punctures tire. Diagram at right shows how soft rubber inner layer seals hole without loss of air.


Your face wasn't made for a razor blade . . .
BUT PAL IS A RAZOR BLADE MADE FOR YOUR FACE

Yes, Pal's a blade scientifically designed to shave toughest whiskers and tenderest skins—coolly, closely, cleanly—without irritation or razor burn. That's because Pals are hollow ground like a master barber's razor—and not wedge-sharpened like the usual blade. Here's a "whisker's-eye" view of why a Pal blade shaves you better.



PAL
HOLLOW GROUND

Your Best Blade Buy!

PAL
HOLLOW
HOLLOW GROUND
PAL

PAL INJECTOR BLADES
in Metal Injector
20 for 59¢
10 for 39¢
6 for 25¢
fit your injector razor perfectly

PAL DOUBLE or SINGLE EDGE
in Clear-View Zipak
with used blade vault
44 for 98¢
21 for 49¢ · 10 for 25¢
Regular Packing, 4 for 10¢
Also PAL Double Edge GOLD THIN
same low prices

PAL the best friend your face ever had

Buy Pals! Try Pals! Use as many blades in a pack as you wish. If you're not enthused, return dispenser to us for full refund. Pal Blade Co., Inc., 43 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19.

Pal Blades are made in Plattsburgh, Montreal, Glasgow, Buenos Aires—and sold the world over.

ton to weave in its mills—the people were in despair. Unemployment, disease and short rations were making them prey for the Communists; indeed, the Red armies were attacking on their Galician frontier. Paderewski had insisted to the President that the tide could be stemmed only by showing the Poles that America would stand by them if they persevered in support of liberal institutions.

A Memorable Polish Visit

Mr. Wilson had been unable to accept the invitation, and had asked me to take his place. Paderewski joined in urging me; I had known the great pianist ever since as a Stanford freshman I had, together with classmates, run a concert bureau which had arranged for a recital by him in a neighboring town.

My visit to Poland took place in mid-August, 1919. In order to be as impressive as possible I was accompanied by several American generals and admirals.

We arrived in Warsaw about nine o'clock at night. The great barn of a railway station was jammed with people, and decorated with Polish and American flags. The platforms were lined with soldiers and massed bands playing The Star-Spangled Banner.

We Americans lined up alongside our train with silk hats clasped to our bosoms if we were civilians or right hands frozen to caps if we were military.

The Polish officials were also lined up, including Chief of State Pilsudski, Paderewski, Cabinet Ministers, the mayor of Warsaw and other officials, likewise all frozen to salute in honor of the American national anthem.

The bands did not seem disposed to allow the salute to thaw out. Finally, after a year of embarrassing minutes, the mayor stepped forward and presented me with the traditional Polish welcome of bread and salt. This time it was a round loaf of bread, 16 inches in diameter with a great salt crystal in the dome, and all of it on a specially carved wooden platter.

The mayor spoke English, but I could not hear a word. With my right hand frozen to the silk hat at my breast, I took the platter in my left hand with appropriate remarks which he in turn could not hear because the band played on. Quickly my left wrist began to wobble, and I just managed to pass the platter over to the left hand of the admiral next to me. His arm quickly began to wobble too, and he passed it to the left hand of the general next to him. And so the platter went all down the line.

The Poles applauded this maneuver as a characteristic and appropriate American ceremony. We finally left for the American Embassy with the bands still enthusiastically playing.

Thereafter followed a week of strenuous travel from city to city. At Kosciusko's tomb in Krakow I was to make a speech and Paderewski was to translate; he had a copy of my remarks in advance. I spoke only about 10 minutes, as there were not a hundred out of the 30,000 massed people who understood English. After Paderewski had spoken for about 45 minutes on the "translation," I asked my Polish aide what he was talking about. He replied: "Oh, he is making a *real* speech."

The most profoundly touching incident of my Polish visit was my reception at Warsaw by the Polish children—50,000 of them brought in from the soup kitchens in trainloads. They were organized into a parade in front of an old racecourse grandstand. Ranging from five to twelve years, clad often in rags, the children each carried a paper banner of American and Polish colors. They came by for hours—chattering, laughing, squealing, trying vainly to look serious and maintain some sort of marching order.

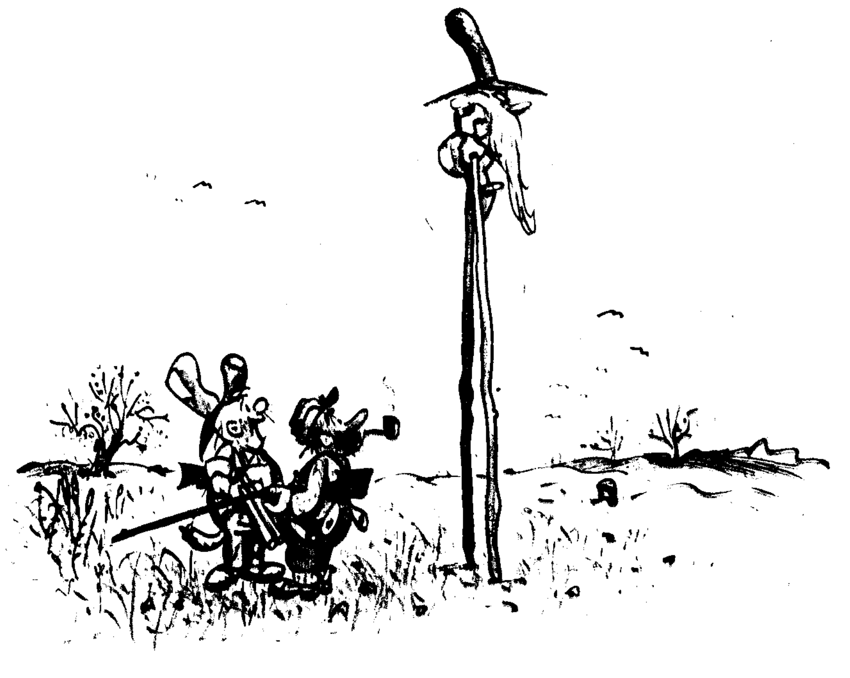
Rabbit Breaks Line of March

At one point a rabbit jumped out of the grass and tried to run through the line of marching children. That was too much for live kids. A mob of a thousand or more fell on the rabbit and insisted on bringing it to me, despite frantic efforts by the women supervisors to restore order.

General Henrys, head of the French military mission to Poland, stood near me throughout almost all of the youthful march. Tears coursed down his face until finally, overcome, he left the reviewing stand. He said to me in parting: *"Il n'y avait eu une revue d'honneur des soldats en toute histoire que je voudrais avoir plus que cette qu'est vous donné aujourd'hui."* ("There has never been a review of honor in all history which I would prefer for myself to that which has been given you today.")

I received thousands of marks of gratitude from the Poles—a square named for me in Warsaw, streets in Krakow and other towns, and degrees from all the universi-

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S

"Grampaw always keeps off of the ground during the huntin' season"

REAMER KELLER

Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

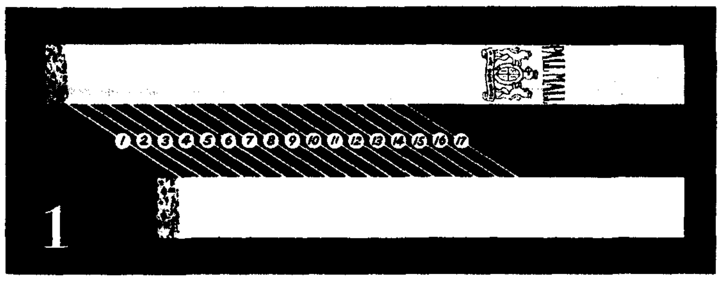
...smoke PALL MALL

the cigarette whose mildness you can measure

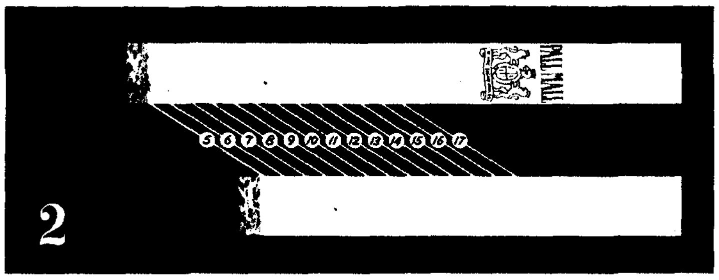
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Study this Puff Chart:

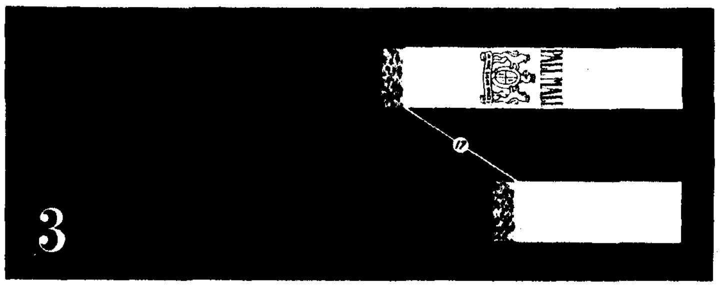
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

Outstanding

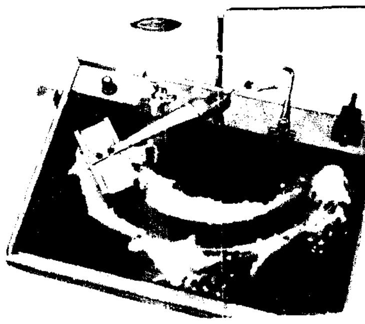
...and they are mild!

The most wanted, most imitated paint in America today!

The 100% latex
Ready to Use
Stir and Apply
QUALITY Glidden PRODUCTS
SPRED
Satin
DECORATOR COLOR
3428 BERKSHIRE GREEN
THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
MERICA
CLEVE

The Wonder Paint

Proved for 3 years
in millions
of homes!



You could scrub it 40,000 times . . .

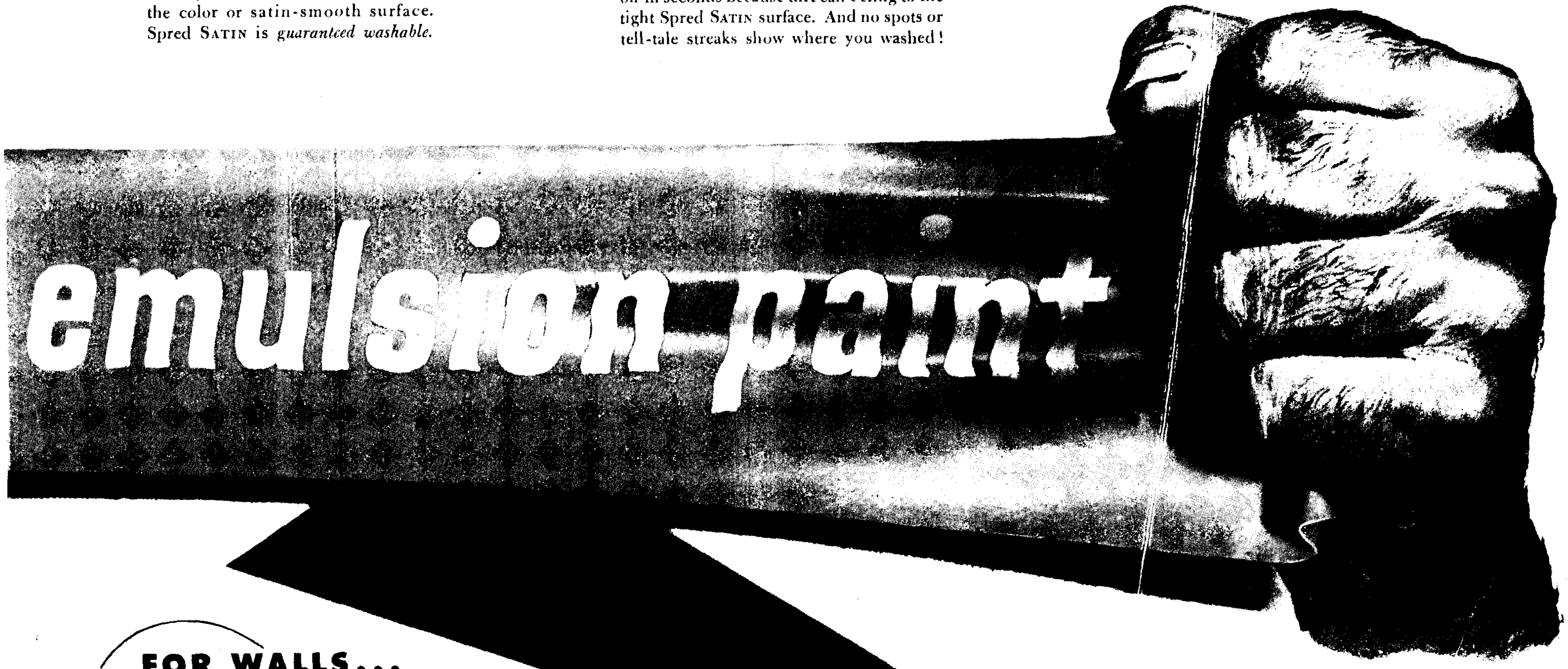
if you wanted to. This machine did it in rigid laboratory tests on a Spred SATIN pastel color—without impairing the color or satin-smooth surface. Spred SATIN is *guaranteed washable.*

You can wash it as easily as you wash your kitchen sink . . .

finger marks, ink, crayon, lipstick all come off in seconds because dirt can't cling to the tight Spred SATIN surface. And no spots or tell-tale streaks show where you washed!

You could even pour harsh lye on it . . .

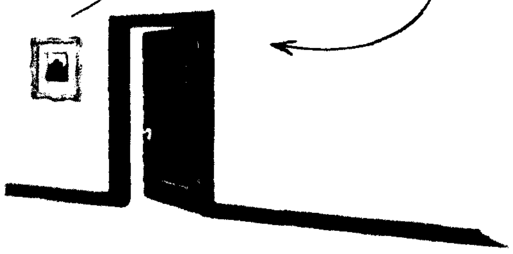
not that you're likely to do so—but this indicates the ability of Spred SATIN to withstand all kinds of abuse in your home.



FOR WALLS . . .

CEILINGS . . .

WOODWORK



Imagine a paint film you could stretch like this! Painted on waxed paper or a waxed glass surface, allowed to dry, then stripped off—Spred SATIN is a flexible material you can fold, crumple or stretch. That flexibility comes from its 100% latex emulsion formula. In your home that means greater durability . . . extreme long life!

Now...your choice of 60 dramatic pastel and decorator deep colors

Besides amazing durability and washability, Spred SATIN offers you the most gorgeous satin beauty you have ever seen. And it goes on in half the time; dries in 20 minutes with no offensive odor. Paint fast or slow, with brush or roller, no laps will show—and if you miss a place, touch it up later when dry—you won't see a trace. When you're through, just wash your brush or roller in soapy water. Then hang pictures and curtains and use the room right away.

Kate Smith says **"BUY SPRED SATIN"**

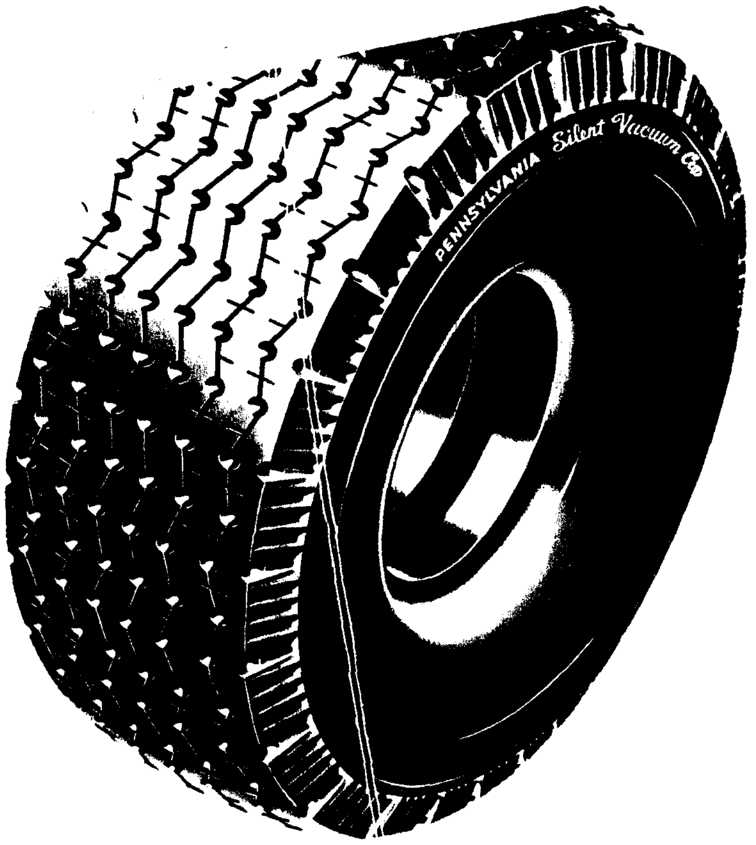
See Spred SATIN demonstrated on the Kate Smith Hour every Friday. Then see your dealer for your favorite color, and enjoy all the wonders of the Wonder Paint.

Pacemaker in Paints

FOR EVERY PAINTING NEED

QUALITY
Glidden
PRODUCTS
Glidden
VARNISHES
Glidden
BASECOAT
Glidden
JAPALAC
ENAMEL
Glidden
ENDURANCE
HOUSE PAINT
Glidden
FLORENAMEL

© 1951, The Glidden Company, Cleveland 2, Ohio   In Canada, The Glidden Company, Ltd., Toronto makes your money GO farther



THE GREAT NEW HIGH-MILEAGE PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES

Invest now in quality-built Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires and reap a sure return of thousands upon thousands of safe, trouble-free, carefree miles. Featuring exclusive vacuum cup tread design for faster stops in any weather, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires insure maximum performance mile after mile, trip after trip. For a safe, long-term investment, put your car on Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires *now!*

THE MOST IN MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

MANSFIELD PENNSYLVANIA TIRES OHIO

ties. Another tribute was a statue of me in the park at Warsaw.

(Twenty-seven years later I was to revisit the city and learn from an eyewitness that the Germans had blown off the head of the statue with a hand grenade. In any event, I was to find that I was headless—and no doubt I continue so under the Communist regime.)

In September, 1919, I recalled all my men from the field and boarded the Aquitania for America.

On my arrival home in California a clamor arose from the press as to what I was going to do.

No "Mischief" Contemplated

Physically exhausted and anxious for a little respite, I issued this statement:

"I plan to adhere to the following rules for one month. I will reply to no telephone calls. I am spending a month with two vigorous small boys. I do not want to be tied to the end of a telephone all day. I will not read any communication which exceeds more than one page . . .

"I must decline the honor of speaking at 64 public meetings to which I have received invitations. I am satisfied that the American people will be gratified to find a citizen who wants to keep still. This rule is for the public good.

"All this is subject to the reservation that nothing turns up to irritate my conscience or peace of mind.

"I offer this intimate disclosure of private affairs so that it may be seen that I contemplate no mischief against this commonwealth."

But the camping and fishing vacation which the Hoover family took was short-lived. From October, 1919, to March, 1921 —when I went into the Cabinet—my records show that I gave out 31 press statements, wrote 28 articles, made 46 public addresses, presided over 15 meetings and gave evidence at nine Congressional hearings. It seemed to me that I had adopted a Pullman berth as my eternal home.

I had come out of the seething social and political movements and economic chaos of Europe. I quickly found that America was not a quiet pool either.

Our country was in the midst of the inevitable afterwar headache. The troubles arising from demobilization brought general unrest. I had expected that. In addition, however, the bitter conflict over the Treaty and the League of Nations cut across all issues. And the natural slump from our high level of idealism during the war complicated all our thinking.

I was confronted also by the need to account for, settle and liquidate the huge financial operations which I had directed both in Washington and abroad during the past five years. I wrote President Wilson a cordially expressed resignation from each of my expired offices, but he never acknowledged it; moreover he never acted on the resignations of many of my associates, no doubt because he was so deeply engrossed in the fight for the League, and also because of his illness.

So far as I know, the ghosts of the United States Food Administrator, the chairman of the Export Council, and a dozen other offices have never been laid.

The final accounting of our wartime operations showed that the total amount of overseas food and other supplies handled by the organizations which I directed during the war was 33,841,307 tons, of a value of $5,234,000,000.

The magnitude of our job in Europe in the twelve months after the Armistice alone may be seen by the fact that the total amount of overseas food brought into Europe during that period amounted to 27,000,000 tons. We also moved over 420,000 tons of clothing, medical and other supplies.

Of this tonnage, about 18,700,000 came from the United States, the balance from other countries. These figures closely checked with estimates I had furnished President Wilson in a presurvey of Europe's needs just before the Armistice.

We had financed the post-Armistice supplies from the United States by loans of roughly $2,700,000,000. We got in return cash or goods amounting to $305,000,000. In direct charity we gave out over $325,000,000 (including some operations which lasted over 1920-'21). Most of the loans turned out to be charity too.

The combined contribution of the Allies was a little over 4 per cent of the total tonnage and about 5 per cent of the loans, most of which they subsequently collected.

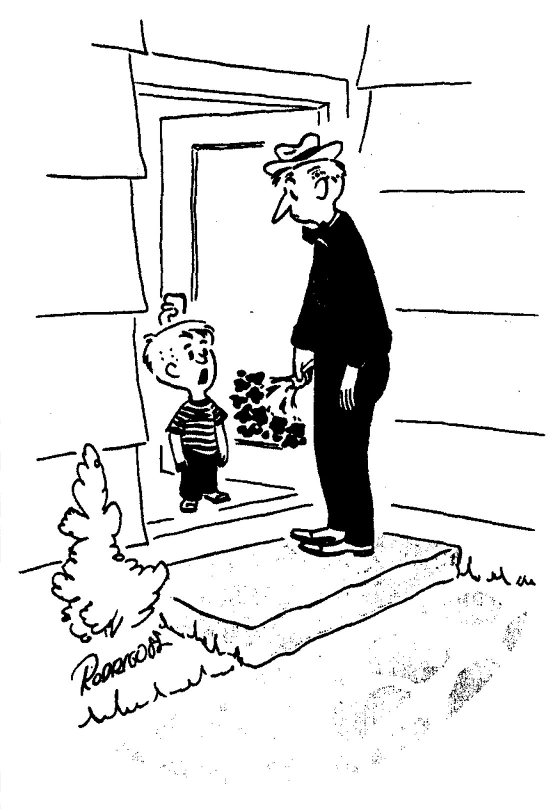
All this confirmed my view from the first that the Allies could—or would—do little to rehabilitate their own neighbors.

With the windup of our operations, I was still not to be free from certain problems of European relief and reconstruction; some stretched into my term as Secretary of Commerce. One was the continued feeding of European children; another was the relief of famine in Communist Russia.

We had established the feeding of European children during the Armistice as an American charity. There had been literally millions of waif, orphan, undernourished, diseased and stunted children in every town and city of the liberated countries. They were not only pitiable, but a menace to their nations; many, indeed, were beyond full repair, and from them came some of the brutes who made the second World War.

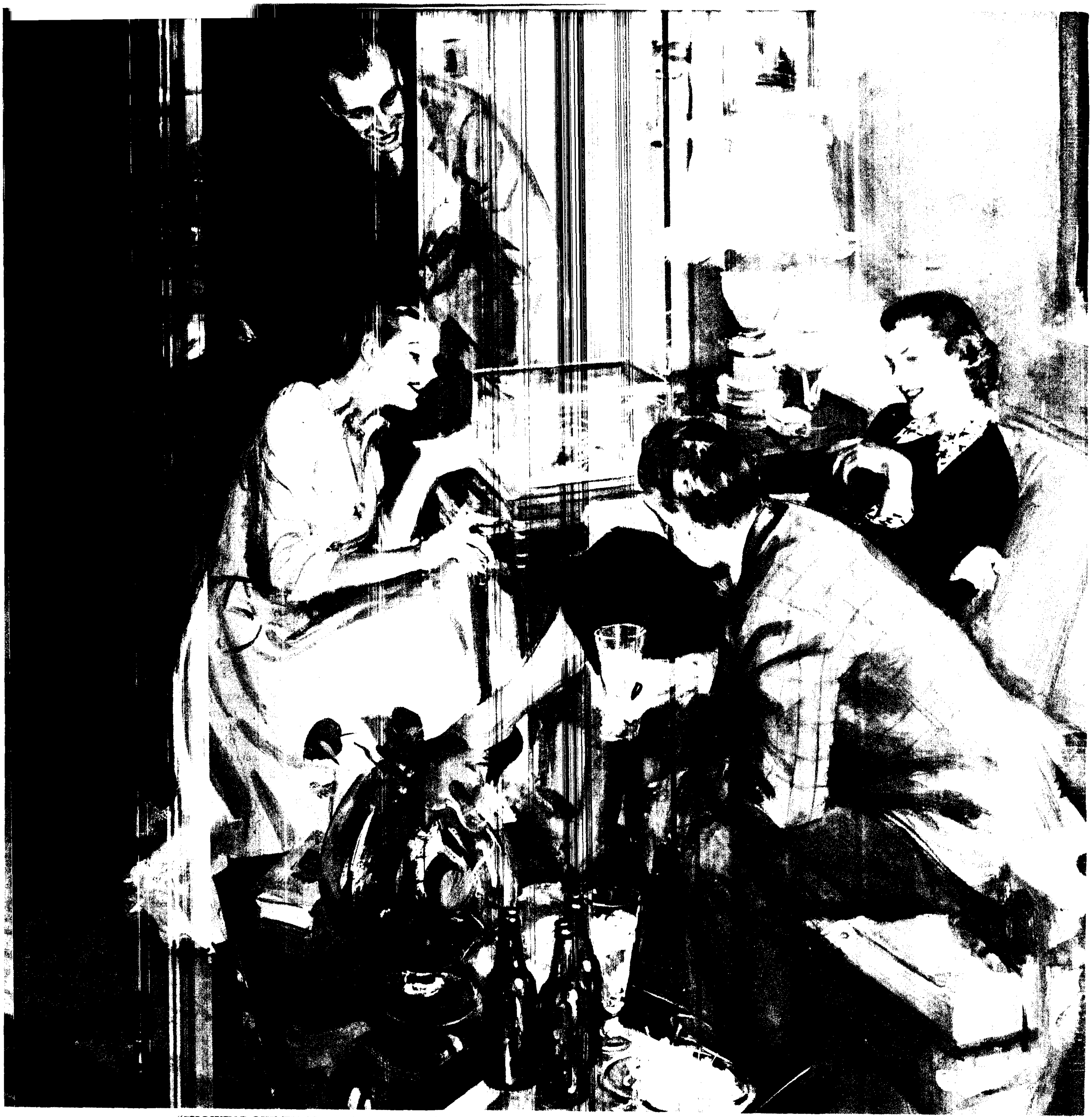
Love of children is a biological trait equally strong in all races. It had, therefore, seemed to me that around this child-feeding could be built a renaissance of hope among their distracted elders.

We had set up in our Paris organization a children's feeding section under the name of the American Relief Administration. In each nation we had created a committee of leading citizens, mostly women, with branches in each important town and city,



"Come back in about a month. She went off with some other feller to visit Niagara Falls . . ."

COLLIER'S CHARLES RODRIGUES



“SHOWING OFF THE NEW AQUARIUM,” by John Gannam. Number 60 in the series “Home Life in America.”

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*

Beer and ale—
mealtime favorites

AMERICA’S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862

Blend-ability*

MAKES YOUR DRINK TASTE BETTER

Ordinary soda water won't give you blendability. Neither will plain water. But Sparkling Canada Dry Water has blendability—the ability to *point up* the flavor of any drink ... to make all drinks taste better.

Here's why:

Exclusive "FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA"
Canada Dry takes several important mineral salts, refines them, compounds them with masterly skill. Result: a club soda with all elements perfectly balanced ... ready to make every kind of drink taste better.

Exclusive PURITY PROCESSING
Canada Dry painstakingly purifies every drop of water that goes into its club soda. You can count on the same high degree of quality and purity in Sparkling Canada Dry Water everywhere you buy it.

Always ask for it at your favorite bar

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR CLUB SODA

confining our work to organizing and furnishing the food, clothing and medical supplies; while the local committees, by local gifts and volunteers, found the quarters, equipment, transportation and service.

It was not expensive to rehabilitate an individual child. Due to the wealth of local volunteer service, the cost of each meal to us could be measured by a few cents. Added to the regular ration, a daily pound of concentrated food, in rich soup, stews, milk, porridge, cocoa, sugar, minerals and cod-liver oil, is like water to a wilting plant.

As fast as the children were restored to health, and if there was reasonable assurance that they would be looked after, they were discharged, and others who had fallen by the wayside were picked up. This discharge was somewhat of a theory, for the women canteen managers could not bear to turn them away even if they were fat.

By mid-1919 it had become obvious that we could not complete this child healing for still another year. The legal life of the ARA expired on June 30th. I decided, therefore, to transform it into a private American organization and continue the work under the same title.

We had some supplies in stock and some cargoes en route when the official life of the ARA ended. With President Wilson's approval, I turned these residues over to our new private ARA as liquidator.

Funds from Relief Accounts

We had further resources at hand aside from gifts. They came from the liquidation of our accounts in the relief of the 18 liberated and enemy nations, whose approval we secured for the use of any surplus from these accounts for our new child-feeding program.

We established another source of considerable income through what we called a "Food Draft." Some 5,000 American banks undertook to help out. The idea was to sell drafts in multiples of $10 which carried on their face the undertaking to deliver at any ARA warehouse in Europe a specific number of pounds of flour, bacon, milk, etc., to a designated individual. This device enabled hundreds of thousands of Americans with relatives in Europe to send them food:

The banks issued the drafts without charge. We sold them on such terms that they returned a profit for the children's relief. Altogether during the following year we sold $5,800,000 worth of drafts. (This operation was the father of the present CARE.)

I had expected to wind up the children's relief with the August, 1920, harvest in Europe. But it was obvious that some governments were not yet organized strongly enough to take on the feeding of millions of children. Therefore, in May, 1920, a year after the peace, we decided to continue the work for still a third year.

As we required new sources of income, I decided that we would make a public appeal. Fortunately our supplies on hand held out like the widow's cruse, thus giving us time to organize a campaign.

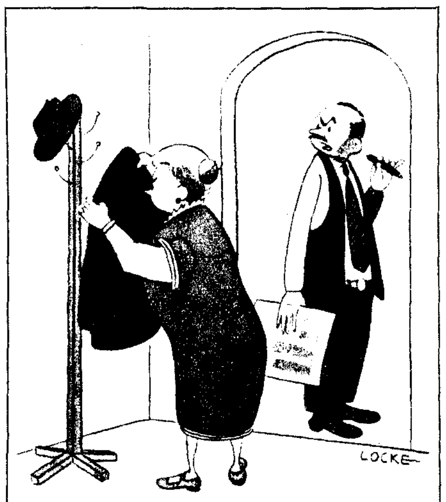
I set up a "European Relief Council" to join in a drive for funds. The organization was set up with me as chairman and Franklin K. Lane as treasurer. The council included the American Relief Administration, the Red Cross, the Friends' Service Committee, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Federal Council of Churches, the Knights of Columbus and the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. An examination of the need in Europe showed that we must raise about $33,000,000 to continue our program for another year.

We dramatized this fund drive by "banquets to the Invisible Guest." The visible guests entered to find rough board tables set with tin dishes. At the center of the head table, in the place of honor, stood an empty high chair with a lighted candle before it, symbolizing the Invisible Guest. Red Cross nurses and college girls served the company the same food we gave the undernourished children in Europe.

The most profitable of these dinners occurred in New York on December 29, 1920. We had a thousand guests at $1,000 a plate. General Pershing and I, flanking the Invisible Guest, spoke briefly. Suddenly a gentleman whose name I never learned rose and suggested that I ask for more money on the spot: "There is a million dollars here for the asking."

In our invitations, we had stated that we would solicit no contributions beyond the $1,000 charged for the "banquet." I recalled this to the audience, and refused as politely as I could. Whereupon the stranger rose again and himself put to the house a motion that I proceed with a collection. It was carried unanimously. This brought, as he predicted, another million dollars. Later John D. Rockefeller, Jr., asked me to announce that he would give another million.

So this one dinner brought in $3,000,000. Our state and local committees put on similar dinners all over the country at an admission price of $100 to $500 a plate.



"While you're looking for blonde hairs on that, notice there are a couple of buttons missing"

COLLIER'S LAFE LOCKE

We closed the drive in March, 1921. Total receipts were $29,068,504.73.

No estimate is possible of the number of individual children we cared for from February, 1919, until the autumn of 1921. As fast as they recovered health, or found parents, or parents found jobs, or government services increased, we took on others. Probably fifteen to twenty million children were built back to strength.

The relief of Bolshevist Russia's famine was a vastly different undertaking.

Russia had been the Banquo's ghost at every council table at the Paris Peace Conference. The British and particularly the French had been obsessed with making war on it.

The Allies, including the United States, had placed troops at Murmansk and Archangel to keep the munitions sent to the Czarist and Kerenski governments from falling into Communist hands. They had soon gotten into a small war with the Red armies in those quarters, and they also had to feed the civilian population. The Allies had sent troops into Siberia to support Kolchak's White Russian army. The British and French had furnished arms and munitions to Generals Denikin and Wrangel, who were attacking the Red armies from the south. The British had furnished arms to General Youdenich for an attack upon Petrograd from the Baltic States.

Winston Churchill had appeared before the Big Four on behalf of the British Cabinet on February 24, 1919, demanding united invasion of Russia by the Allies.

I did not want the United States involved. I saw no object in restoring the old regime, and this seemed likely to be the result of White Russian and Allied collaboration.

President Wilson had on many occasions asked my advice, not only because of the information that flowed into my organization all along Russia's frontiers, but because of my prewar knowledge of the country.

I had concluded that, in view of the desperate food situation in Petrograd, Moscow and the other large Communist cities, there might be a remote chance to stop fighting everywhere and at the same time save millions from starvation. On March 28, 1919, I had written the President, saying, essentially:

"As the result of Bolshevik economic conceptions, the people of Russia are dying of hunger and disease at the rate of some hundreds of thousands monthly in a country that formerly supplied food to a large part of the world.

"I feel it is my duty to lay before you . . . my views as to the American relation to Bolshevism and its manifestations.

"It simply cannot be denied that this swinging of the social pendulum from the tyranny of the extreme right to the tyranny of the extreme left is based on a foundation of real social grievance . . . Our people, who enjoy so great liberty and general comfort, cannot fail to sympathize to some degree with these blind gropings for better social conditions . . ."

I expressed the hope that in time the pendulum would swing back from these insane ideas and actions, and continued:

"We have also to contemplate what would actually happen if we undertook military intervention . . . our first act would probably in the nature of things make us a party to the Allies to re-establishing the reactionary classes. It also requires consideration as to whether or not our people at home would stand for our providing power by which such reactionaries held their position."

I then proposed a plan to the President:

"That some neutral of international reputation for probity and ability should be allowed to create a second Belgian Relief Commission for Russia . . . He should be told that we will even help in his humanitarian task if he gets assurances that the Bolsheviki will cease all military action across certain defined boundaries and cease their subsidizing of disturbances abroad . . .

"This plan does not involve any recognition or relationship by the Allies of the Bolshevik murderers now in control. It would appear to me that such a proposal would at least test out whether this is a militant force engrossed upon world domination . . . Time can thus be taken to determine whether or not this whole system is a world danger, and whether the Russian people will not themselves swing back to moderation and themselves bankrupt these ideas. This plan, if successful, would save an immensity of helpless human life and would save our country from further entanglements which today threaten to pull us from our national ideals . . ."

Feeding Plan Goes Awry

The President had welcomed my plan because of my suggestion that it would keep the Allied debating organizations in Paris busy for some time, and would keep Churchill's and the militarists' pressures on the United States in the background.

My plan had been a very faint hope. To carry it out, I needed some well-known neutral to head it. I had telegraphed Fridtjof Nansen, the polar explorer, asking him to come to Paris from Norway.

Nansen had come to the United States during the war seeking food for his country and I had arranged it. We had become friends. A fine, rugged character, obviously a man of great moral and physical courage. Nansen was paradoxically timid when it came to going outside his sphere and mixing in international politics.

Nansen had reiterated that he had never handled such large amounts of food: that he did not like the Bolsheviki. He suspected that every paragraph of the plan I set before him had some deep trap in it. I did not blame him for that, as I had experienced the worst in our Allied documents. I had wasted some days trying to persuade him that we would furnish the ships, buy and deliver the food, get him an expert neutral staff and so on. It was not until we got the Norwegian Prime Minister to press him again that he had consented.

I had arranged, or thought I had arranged, with the French to have a message to Lenin from Nansen, outlining our proposal, sent from the Eiffel Tower Radio Station on April 17, 1919. However, in the meantime the French concluded that Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel or someone would defeat the Reds. After 10 days with no reply from Moscow, I had become suspicious and sent Nansen's dispatch to Lenin to our men in Holland, who sent it again from the Dutch radio station. The Russians acknowledged having received it on May 3d through that station. Possibly the French had never sent it.

The Bolshevists replied by radio on May 14th. The message was picked up by the Denmark station and sent me by them.

A Typical Communist Answer

The Russian reply was a warm acceptance of relief, but a violent refusal to stop fighting until they had won their objectives either by war or negotiation. They added a long essay on the wickedness of capitalism.

I believed that the reply left a crack open and that the many words were for internal consumption. I wanted to pursue the question further, but the French meantime emitted vociferous denunciations of the whole business and so the effort had died at no cost but words.

In any event it served its purpose. We heard no more of a new war for America.

Well after my return to America the question of relieving starvation in Russia rose again. In July, 1921, the Russian author, Maxim Gorki, addressed an appeal to me and the American people for aid in the stupendous famine in the Ukraine and the valley of the Volga.

We still had available in our European relief funds a few million dollars. Two days later I replied to Gorky, setting up certain conditions:

"The absolute *sine qua non* of any assistance must be the immediate release of the Americans now held prisoners in Russia and adequate provision for administration. Once these steps have been taken the American Relief Administration, a purely voluntary association and an entirely unofficial organization of which I am chairman, together with other co-operating charitable American organizations supported wholly through the generosity of the American people, will use their funds in hand for the children and for the sick . . . However, for obvious administrative reasons we are compelled to stipulate for certain undertakings. Subject to the acceptance of these undertakings we are prepared to enter upon this work . . ."

The conditions were identical to those we had established in every one of the countries where we had conducted relief operations after the Armistice: the right to preliminary examination of the situation; full liberty to Americans to administer the relief and travel without interference; the power to organize local committees for distributing food on a nonpolitical basis; free storage, free transportation and free offices.

Commissar of Foreign Affairs Kamenev replied, suggesting a meeting with a representative of the ARA. I named Walter L. Brown, who was at that time in Riga. He and Maxim Litvinov, representing the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, after tedious negotiations reached an agreement on August 20, 1921. We served the first meals from imported food in Kazan on September 21st—just one month later.

I dispatched Dr. Vernon Kellogg and former Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana to examine the Russian situation at firsthand. Their report disclosed an appalling condition in which some 15 to 20 million adults and children would perish

"BOTANY"* BRAND 500
Tailored by Daroff

Award of Honor...
Men who wear "Botany" Brand 500, Tailored by Daroff, are bound for the better things of life. With the 2-ply 100% virgin worsted fabric that's the soul of the clothing, these suits and topcoats, in a variety of weaves and models, are available at leading stores. For name of dealer near you, write Botany.
Judge this value for yourself...only $69.75.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

FABRIC BY BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. • TAILORED BY DAROFF, PHILADELPHIA

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1951. BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.

Du Pont brings you

TODAY'S BIG VALUE IN AUTO POLISH

1. You clean off dirt film . . . put on a super-shine at the same time with Du Pont No. 7 Polish. It's the quick, easy way to keep your car beautiful.
2. Much less work, too, when you use Du Pont No. 7, because it contains "stroke-saving" methyl cellulose, found only in the Du Pont patented formula.
3. Safe for *all* cars, No. 7 Polish is made by Du Pont, makers of "Duco" and "Dulux," leading auto finishes.
4. Still only 75¢ for a pint can—and it does the *whole* job. Cleans up, shines up! Get a can today at your service station or auto supply store.

DU PONT Nº7 POLISH

CLEANS *as it shines . . .*
SHINES *as it cleans*

ONLY 75¢ A PINT AT MOST STORES

DU PONT POLISH AND CLEANER 7
The only polish containing stroke-saving METHYL CELLULOSE

DU PONT CAR WASH
a new detergent which speeds up car washing and makes manual drying unnecessary. Makes car washing a pleasure.

DU PONT SPEEDY WAX
made especially for *new* cars—and those fairly new. Cleans and wax-polishes in one *easy* operation. Gives a brilliant lustre quickly.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

unless we undertook a far wider operation than was first contemplated.

I explored around and finally got together some $78,000,000. As the Soviet government had some gold reserves, I demanded that they place them in our hands to spend on food. They raised many objections, and at one time I threatened to abandon the whole project unless they complied. Of the $78,000,000, about $20,000,000 came from this source. Part of it came also from an appropriation by the Congress of $20,000,000 profits remaining in the Grain Corporation and some $8,000,000 in medical supplies from Army surplus. We raised the rest from public charity.

The American people were not too enthusiastic over saving people who were starving because of their Communist government. To make it more difficult, the Communists in the United States promptly organized their own relief and appealed for funds. As usual, they secured for their letterheads the names of some respectable and well-meaning people, such as Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas.

The actual leader of the movement was a Communist agent from Moscow and other members had criminal records. I advised Senator Capper and the public to support either us or one of the religious bodies co-operating with us. At once I came under the usual rain of left-wing abuse. My critics, if I may use so mild a word, included many "liberals."

Years later the Dies Committee unearthed the fact that every cent of the funds raised by this Communist drive, more than a million dollars, was, with the approval of the Soviet government, spent on Communist propaganda in the United States—again demonstrating the ethics of the left wing and its devotion to the common man. One of the American Communist leaders of this drive was a man named Liggett, subsequently murdered by his compatriots. However, he found time and money to write a villainous book about me before this occurred.

I appointed Colonel William N. Haskell, who had administered relief in Armenia for me in 1919, to take charge in Russia, and assembled for him a staff of some 200 experienced Americans. In the acute period of the spring of 1922 we were giving food to 18,000,000 Russians.

The limited amount of our resources drove me to reduce their dietary regime to the lowest common denominator. Since we could get twice as much nutritive food value for a dollar from American shelled corn as from any other foodstuff, we relied on it for our major food in the famine relief. The Russians knew little of Indian corn, but they possessed village mills, and starving people quickly accommodate themselves to any kind of food.

At the most acute period we issued a bushel per month (50 pounds) to each person, costing about 60 cents delivered. In addition we gave each a small ration of fats, costing about 30 cents per month. We were thus preserving human life at a cost of about 90 cents a month. We fed the children a daily extra meal of condensed milk, stew and wheat bread. It was a ghastly task, but our men carried it through with an estimated loss of less than a million lives.

We imported a large quantity of seed wheat, and the acute crisis ended with the 1922 harvest. We found, however, that we must continue to care for millions of undernourished and waif children over the winter of 1923—which we did. Altogether we shipped more than 1,600,000,000 pounds of food and seed from America to Russia. In the end I received an elaborate scroll of thanks from the Soviet government from Kamenev, the Acting President of the Council of the People's Commissars. Dated July 10, 1923, it said:

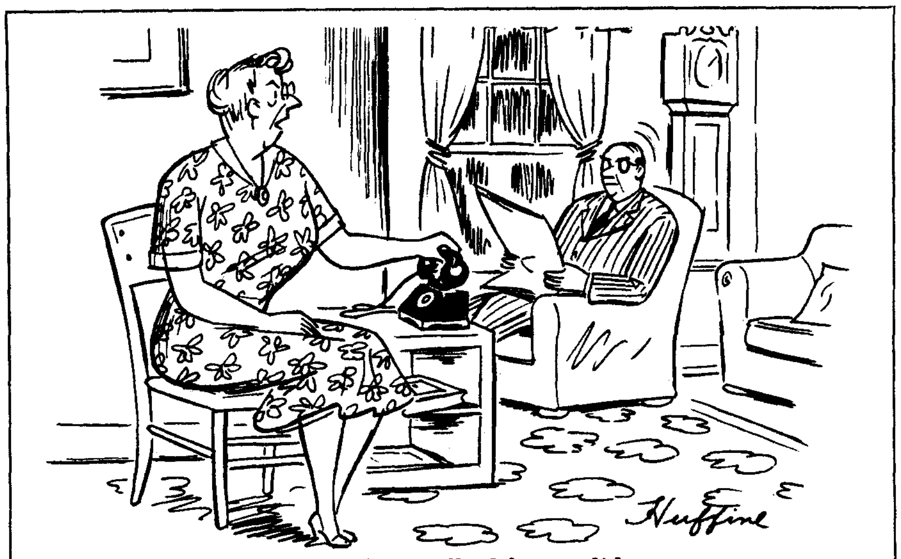
". . . In the name of the millions of people who have been saved, as well as in the name of the whole working people of Soviet Russia and of the Confederated Republics, and before the whole world, to this organization, to its leader, Mr. Herbert Hoover . . . and to all the workers of the organization, to express the most deeply felt sentiments of gratitude, and to state, that all the people inhabiting the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics never will forget the aid rendered to them by the American people, through the agency of the American Relief Administration, holding it to be a pledge of the future friendship of the two nations."

Coincidentally, a notice appeared in the Moscow papers that Mr. Hoover had carried on the relief in the hope that "his mines in the Urals would be returned to him." As this appeared in some American papers, I had to explain that I had not even the remotest interest in these mines, and that even if they were restored to their rightful owners, it would not benefit me by one dime.

As a matter of fact no Communist ever believed but that we had some sinister purpose in all this activity. Many Russians who helped in the relief, often for no wages but daily bread, were imprisoned when our staff withdrew and our men were never since able to get any news of them.

My reward was that for years the Communists employed their press and also speakers to travel the United States for the special purpose of defaming me.

Back home to stay, Mr. Hoover began a brilliant new career as Secretary of Commerce under two Presidents. For his vivid inside report on the memorable Harding Cabinet, read next week's installment. Order your Collier's from your newsstand now



"What a bore! We talked for a solid hour and all she ever said was 'I see' and 'yes' and 'of course'!"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

When this happens to you...

YOU lose your plea for the family car—yet you promised to pick up your golfing party!

YOU discover that simple little car repairs require two days—but you can't spare it that long!

YOU *must* take your family or friends to the big outing—but you do not have a car!

2030
69
68 PITTSBURGH
67 WASHINGTON
66 BALTIMORE
65 PHILADELPHIA
64 NEW YORK
63 11 4:30 PM
62
61 B&C
60

YOU are out of town on business or pleasure—and the situation requires quick, personal transportation!

Relax...and enjoy this convenient, economical service...

Why get panicky when want of a car puts a brake on your family outing, golf, party or any business or pleasure plans? Your Hertz station has ready and immediately available to you—many smart models of new Chevrolets and other fine cars. They're washed, shined, expertly conditioned . . . and gas, oil and proper insurance are furnished! Quick, courteous attention assures you a new car in a matter of minutes. A driver's license, adequate identification and you're ready to drive away. And you'll actually wonder how Hertz can give you so much for so little. Try Hertz yourself . . . rent for an hour, day or longer . . . and enjoy *all* the advantages of the world's largest car rental service.

RENT A NEW CAR FROM
HERTZ
...drive it as your own

Enjoy ALL the Hertz advantages . . . right away!

HERTZ
DRIV-UR-SELF
SYSTEM
NOW SERVING YOU IN MORE THAN ~~450~~ 500 CITIES

TRUCKS . . . Hertz is also the world's largest truck leasing and rental organization. Trucks are available at most Hertz stations for daily and weekly rentals or on long-term lease.

NOTE: *To serve more cities and towns, licenses are being granted to responsible local interests to operate as part of the Hertz system. For complete information write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 491, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.*

✓ **A SPECIFIC RATE EXAMPLE** . . . At the Hertz station in Macon, Georgia, 546 Second Street, the weekday rate is $6.00 per 10 hours plus 8¢ per mile, including gas, oil and insurance. Thus, the total cost for a 30 mile trip is only $8.40, *regardless of how many ride.* And the rates are lower by the week.

✓ **RENT FROM HERTZ EASY AS A.B.C.** . . . A. Go to a Hertz station. B. Show your driver's license and identify yourself. C. Step into the car and go!

✓ **PRIVATE CAR PLEASURE** . . . You drive a new Chevrolet or other fine car in splendid condition and as private as your own. Rent day or night, for an hour, a day, a week, or as long as you wish.

✓ **INSURANCE PROTECTION** . . . You are always sure that you are properly insured when you rent a car from any Hertz station.

✓ **RESERVATIONS** . . . To be sure of a car when you need it, make a reservation in advance by calling your local Hertz station. They will reserve a car for use locally . . . or at the Hertz station in your destination city. If you prefer—and you have the correct station name and address—write, wire or phone your reservation direct to your destination city. If there is no Hertz station in your home town, request your Hertz reservation through the Hertz Rail-Auto or Plane-Auto Travel Plan at the railroad or airline reservation office, or your travel agency. Insist on Hertz service.

✓ **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION** . . . Hertz Driv-Ur-Self service is available in over 500 cities and resort areas throughout the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Mexico and Hawaii. For complete information call your local Hertz station listed under "H," "Hertz Driv-Ur-Self," in the telephone book, or write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 491, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

Look in your telephone directory under "H" for your local Hertz station

You can rent a new car from HERTZ as easy as A B C

a world of beauty

Objects of art on ties . . . to make you the object of her affection. Each one a collector's item . . . each one inspired by a different country. And it's an art in itself how Van Heusen has made these folk art ties stay knotable . . . stay in shape. **$1.50.** Other Van Heusen ties from $1.00 to $2.50.

Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. 1, Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Collars

in Van Heusen® folk art ties

Center-stitched with nylon thread for utmost resiliency

Haunt the Swale and Meadow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the dog approaches and freezes on point. Then, apparently deciding that this animal spells danger, he takes to his feet and moves away from that place.

The ringneck may travel 20 feet or 50 yards before taking refuge in a clump of cover. The dog, finding his quarry has moved, has the problem of locating it again. But having escaped serious consequences by running, the pheasant decides this is a sound tactic, so he does it again and again.

Elusive Tactics of Ringnecks

The dog that has not been specially trained on pheasants, after following the bird for three or four moves, usually makes up his mind to rush in and grab the quarry before it can run again. Or, upon seeing the pheasant move, the dog may give chase. In this case the pheasant usually takes to the air—well out of gunshot, of course. During this mad pursuit, the dog abandons all of the principles of "steadiness" to which it has been trained—and may later exhibit the same lack of restraint when worked on other game birds.

Even those shooters who agree on the superiority of pointing dogs often fail to see eye to eye on the best method of training the dog to handle ringnecks. Some insist that the slow, close-ranging and careful dogs are preferable. Others favor a dog that moves at a fast clip and ranges widely. The latter school argues, and with some soundness, that the quick traveling dog, smashing to a point almost on top of a pheasant, so bewilders and frightens the bird that it does not move, and often will hold until the hunter arrives and kicks at the cover to make the "flush."

A well-trained pheasant dog is a pleasure to watch. When he makes his first point on a bird, and the ringneck moves, the dog will wait a moment, then make a wide circle and come down on the bird from the opposite direction. The effect of this maneuver on the pheasant is remarkable. Apparently it convinces the bird that the place is full of dogs, so it remains quiescent until the shooter arrives.

Unlike the other upland game birds, which normally are found in fairly heavy cover, the pheasant haunts the open fields, and seems undisturbed by the proximity of man. In the fall, during the shooting season, the ringneck usually feeds in the fields in the early morning and late afternoon, gleaning what he can from the harvest residue. For the remainder of the day, the bird may rest in heavier cover on the woodland fringes or in grassy meadows. Despite his size—and many cock pheasants scale better than three pounds—he can conceal himself effectively in a clump of grass that apparently would be inadequate to hide a robin.

The hen, with her mottled buff and brown plumage, blends naturally into the autumn-browned foliage; and although her consort is more brightly colored, he is a master of camouflage while he remains quiet. The unhappy tendency to attempt a "sneak" when approached by a roving hunter, however, has often been his undoing. For the hunter who walks up his birds without the help of a dog may pass within a few feet of a cock if it remains quiet—and be none the wiser.

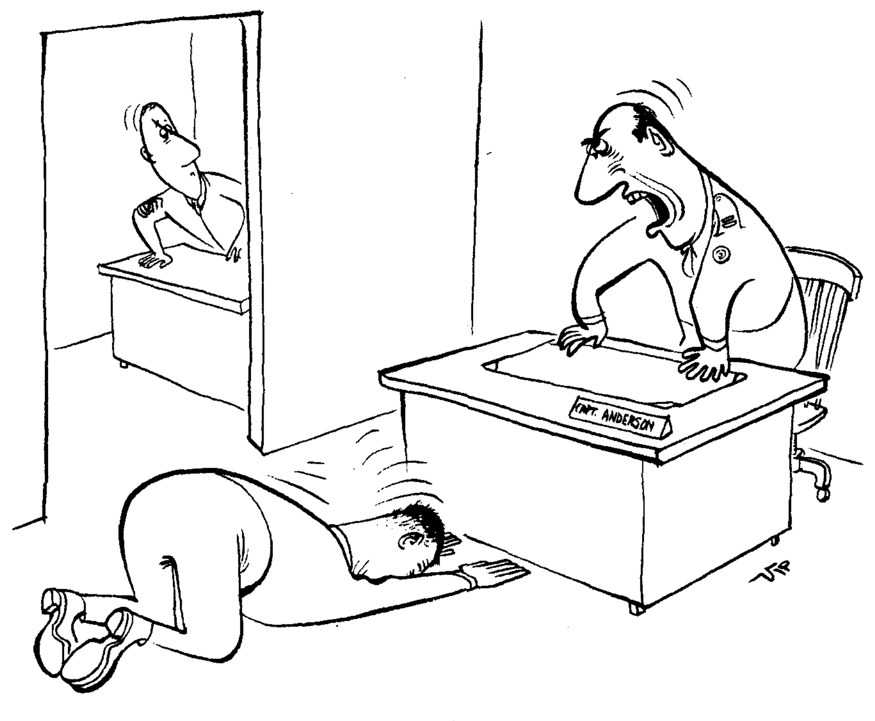
Both grouse and pheasants are hunted with considerable success without the use of a dog, although the hunter-dog combination always insures a more interesting and usually more consistently successful hunt. Retrieving is an important function for the pheasant dog, for a bird not instantly killed can conceal itself effectively in very thin cover, and few hunters relish taking time out to find a dropped bird that was marked down carefully but cannot be found.

Wounded Birds Pose Problem

The retriever constitutes one of the basic tenets of sound conservation where pheasant hunting is concerned, for the bird that is downed but not recovered is never counted by the hunter in his daily bag limit. No real sportsman would consider moving on until he has carried out a thorough search; but without the assistance of a dog's nose, many of these searches are unrewarded.

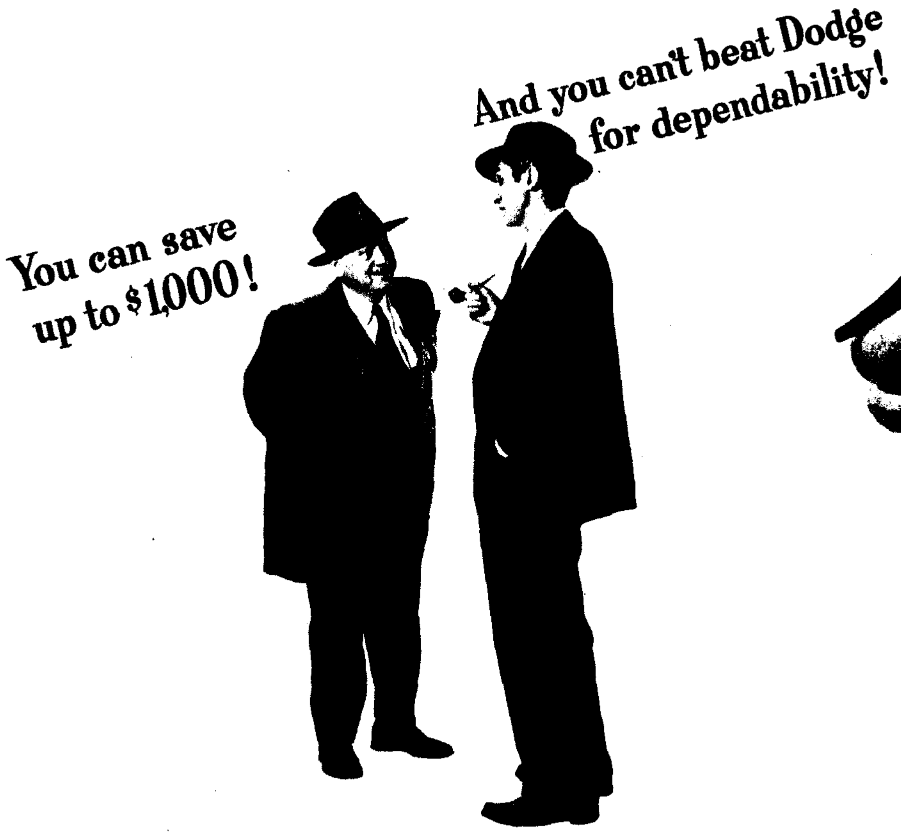
Like the grouse, called a "native pheasant" in some areas, the ringneck is rarely a gregarious bird except during the breeding season. The birds feed and roost as individuals and do not form in coveys as do the quail and Hungarian partridge. The exception to this rule is found usually in the Mid-

VIP'S WAR



"O.K., Simpson! A snappy salute is quite sufficient!"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH


You can save up to $1,000!
And you can't beat Dodge for dependability!

Listen! Here's *why* Dodge is a honey for the money!

why did the Blindfold Test open eyes of motorists?

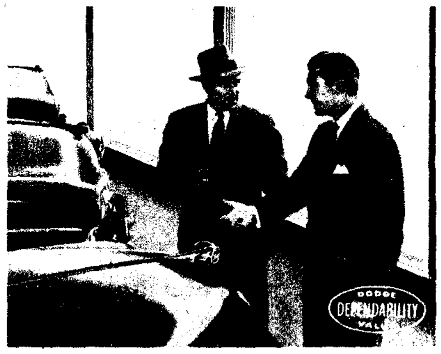
ANSWER—Because it proved the new Dodge Oriflow Ride takes the "bump" out of bumps. With blindfolds removed, passengers were amazed they'd travelled over such rough roads—so smooth is the Dodge Oriflow Ride!

why is the Dodge interior like a lovely room?

ANSWER—Dodge interiors are "decorator smart" . . . restfully comfortable! And so spacious, too! Lots of head room. Plenty of stretch-out leg room. Wide seats are "knee-level"—for day-long riding comfort.

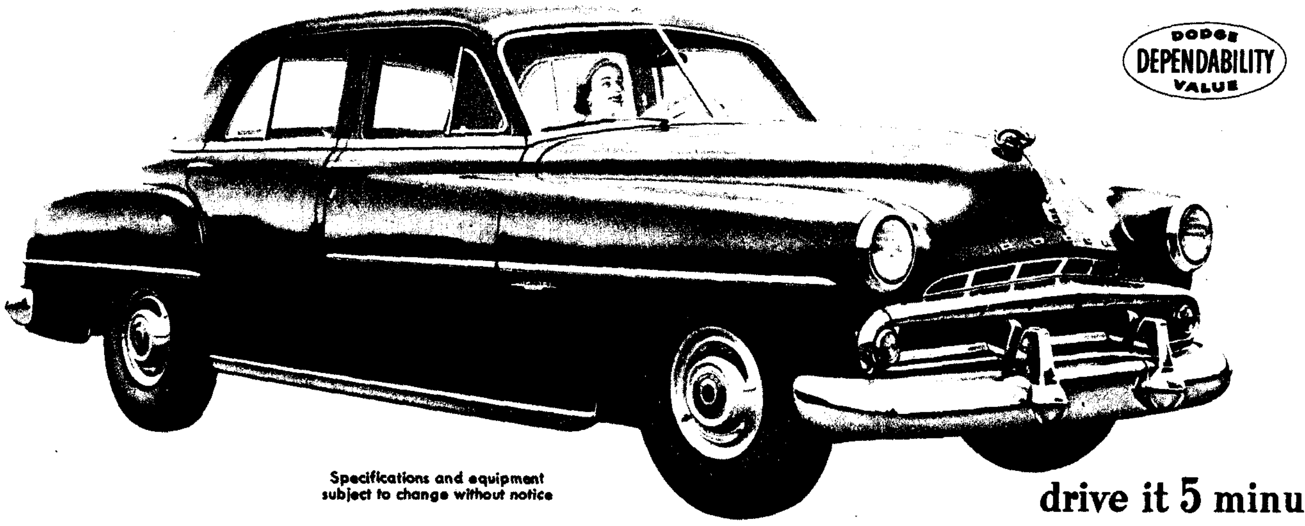
why is it so easy to step in or out of a Dodge?

ANSWER—Because Dodge doors are extra large. They open wide from floor to roof. No bumping your head or hat. And the floor is level with door opening—nothing to trip over. Arm rest is on door—out of way.



why can your Dodge dealer save you up to $1,000?

ANSWER—Dodge gives you extra roominess, smart "decorator-styled" interiors, the driving safety of "Watchtower" visibility, plus famous Dodge dependability. And in just five minutes your Dodge dealer can show you other extra-value features you don't get in cars costing up to $1,000 more. Try the Dodge Oriflow Ride . . . experience the thrill of Gyro-Matic, America's lowest-priced automatic transmission . . . discover how much more Dodge gives for your money. Take a "Magic-Mile" demonstration ride in this great new Dodge. Prove Dodge extra-value for yourself . . . spend five minutes with your Dodge dealer today!

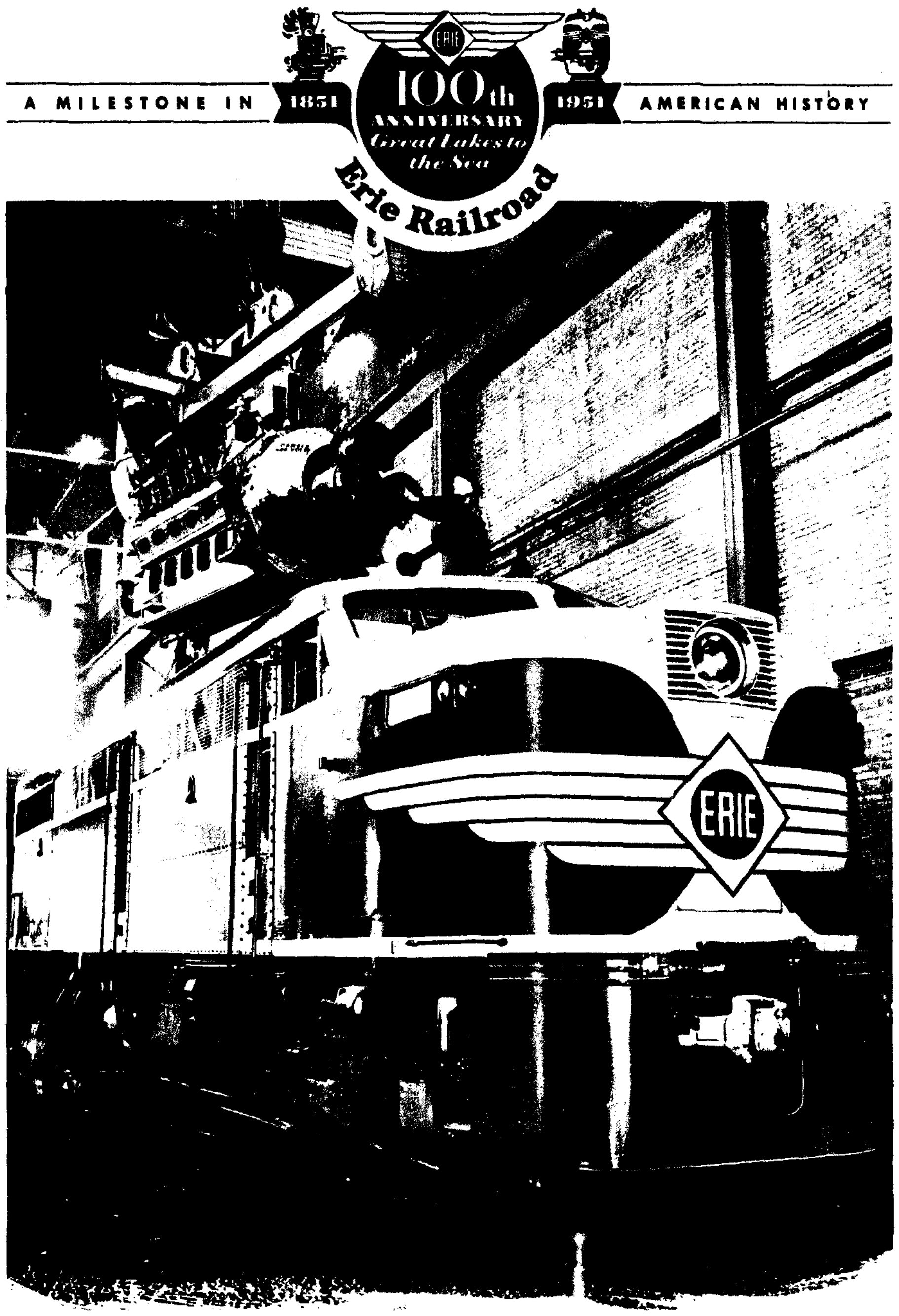


Specifications and equipment
subject to change without notice

The big dependable

DODGE

drive it 5 minutes and you'll drive it for years



New Heart for a Giant

That's 1500 units of smooth, brawny power being lowered into an Erie diesel locomotive at one of Erie's servicing shops—ready to go to work for a million miles on this busy railroad.

It was natural that Erie, with its forward-looking approach, should be one of the pioneer railroads to adopt the diesel locomotive. Today, the Erie has the highest percentage of diesel ownership of any railroad operating between New York and Chicago. This large fleet runs in tip-top shape 'round the clock, the result of efficient servicing in the modern shops designed and built specially for diesels by Erie engineers.

These diesel service stations are another example of Erie's progressive railroading—the continuous search to improve the safe, dependable transportation of both passengers and freight. At the present time, when defense transportation must have high priority, speedy servicing of the railroad's motive power is one way of helping to serve our country well.

Erie Railroad

ERIE

Serving the Heart of Industrial America

west, where the birds often gather in large numbers on an especially good feeding ground, and as they move from the feeding area to the resting area on foot rather than wing, fairly large concentrations are not unusual.

In South Dakota, where the ringnecks often are literally as thick as fleas on a hound, it is not at all rare for a hunting party to put up as many as 80 or even 100 pheasants in a 30-acre cornfield. On my first trip to this area, having been accustomed to covers where the shooter had a big day when he put up a dozen single birds, I was completely confounded by my initial experience with Dakota Chinks.

Much Too Amazed to Shoot

My host's big pointer had turned to stone within a few minutes of being put down among the corn shocks. As we approached the point, a big cock squawked into flight on my host's left, and at the crack of his gun, pheasants began erupting from the frozen furrows all around us. I was so amazed that I did not even raise my gun. At least 40 birds, almost half of them legal males, were in the air at the same time. In less than an hour we had our limit for the day in one 20-acre field, and the Dakota limit was a liberal one in those days.

It was an interesting experience, but as a steady practice, I think I prefer the slower but more active and interesting shooting of the East. The average hunter gets as much pleasure, and usually more, from tramping the fields and swales and watching his dog work as he does from the pulling of the trigger. It is the hunting, not the shooting, that lures men to the open. If the emphasis were on the shooting alone, there would be no such thing as a sporting code, and the hunter would take the easy course by shooting birds on the ground rather than waiting until they provided a more difficult target in the air.

One of the few bits of whimsey involving pheasant shooting—a tale that is amusing because it is so inconceivable—concerns one of the large English pheasant shoots, where the "guns" are placed in a line and the birds are driven toward them by beaters. During the course of the drive an American visitor noticed a pheasant running on the ground between his stand and that of a neighboring shooter. This man had raised his gun and was following the racing bird over its barrels.

"Say," the American shouted, "surely you're not going to shoot a running bird?"

"Of course not," was the disdainful retort. "I'm going to wait until he stops."

(Actually, the British have laid down most of the precepts followed by the modern shooter, and British adherence to this code is traditional.)

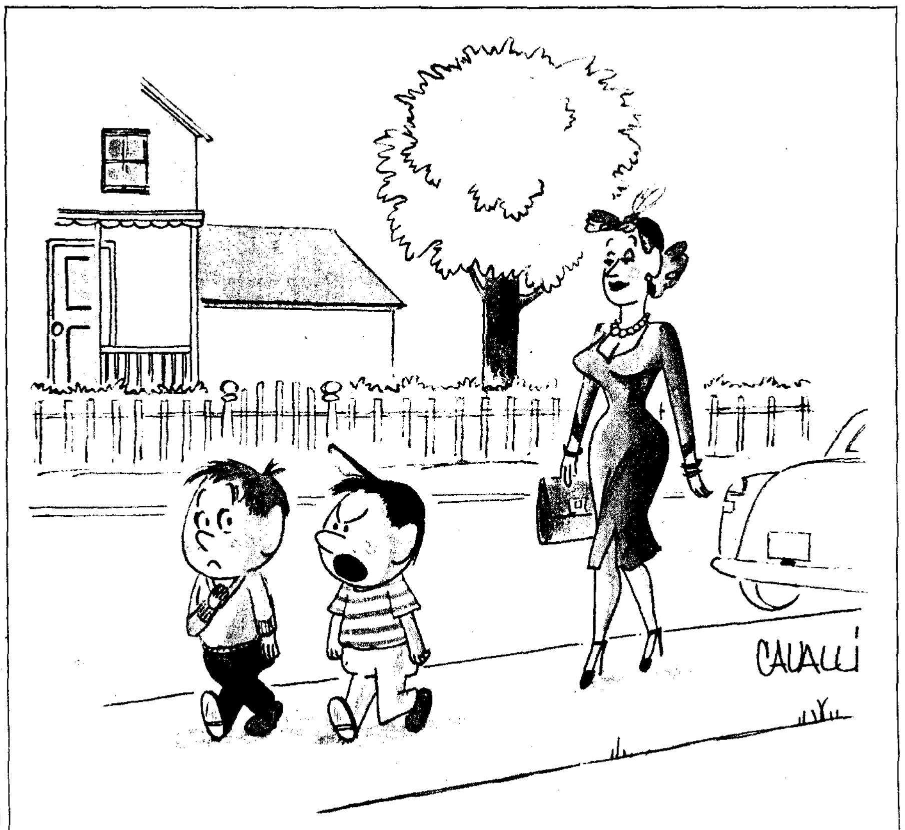
Although pheasant drives are never practiced on the open public shooting areas in this country, the method is occasionally followed on some of the larger, heavily stocked private shooting preserves here. Never, however, on the same scale as in England, where it is not at all unusual for more than a thousand pheasants to be harvested in one day's shooting by from four to six "guns." But the birds harvested at one of these shoots usually end up on the market, where the proceeds help defray some of the rearing and shooting costs. Today, in keeping with current British practices, many of the big pheasant shoots actually show a profit.

"Before the war," an English friend recently wrote, "we had an old saw concerning our pheasant shooting: 'Up goes five crowns, bang goes tuppence, down comes a shilling.' Today the picture is quite different, for we no longer can afford luxuries of this nature that are not self-sustaining. The jingle now goes: 'Up goes five shillings, bang goes sixpence, down comes a pound.' In these days of meat shortage, a fat pheasant brings a good price on the market."

An Expensive Way of Hunting

In this country, the drives held on private preserves usually involve only 200 or possibly 300 birds, and are limited in participation to the individual who can afford to deal out $100 or $200 for a day's shooting. For the average hunter, this is rather a heavy price for loading the deep freeze with pheasants. On such drives the normal procedure is to release the pen-reared ringnecks the day before the shoot. On the morning of the eventful day, the "guns" are stationed on a line and a few beaters or drivers begin routing the birds into flight. In the afternoon, the shooters each take a dog and attempt to gather in the birds missed during the drive.

But where no drive is involved, the routine shooting practice on the American pheasant preserves is similar to that followed on the "open" hunting areas, except that the preserve shooter pays for the op-



COLLIER'S "You'd *better* know what to do next. It was your idea to whistle!" DICK CAVALLI

NOW GIN HAS COME OF AGE

YOU CAN GET *more enjoyment* from your drinks when you use Seagram's Gin, because *only* Seagram's gives you these modern features:

Made with patience—carefully, leisurely... *Naturally golden,* it's the color of mellow candle-light... So smooth and pleasant, it makes a heartier, sturdier mixed drink or you can enjoy it straight.

The original American Golden Gin—first basic improvement in gin in 300 years!

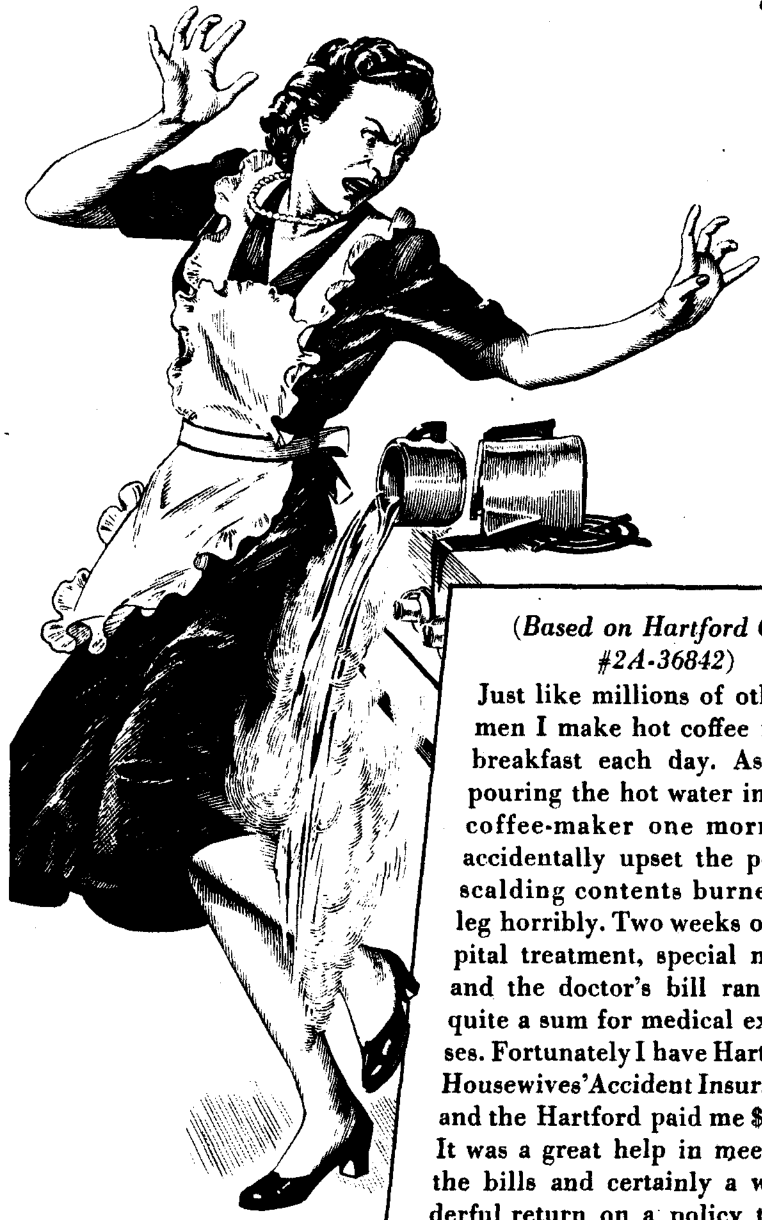
Costs more—and worth it!

An American Original
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method, the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana
Baseball has Come of Age

AS MODERN AS TOMORROW

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Scalding coffee burned me horribly!



(*Based on Hartford Claim #2A-36842*)

Just like millions of other women I make hot coffee for our breakfast each day. As I was pouring the hot water into our coffee-maker one morning I accidentally upset the pot. Its scalding contents burned my leg horribly. Two weeks of hospital treatment, special nurses and the doctor's bill ran into quite a sum for medical expenses. Fortunately I have Hartford Housewives' Accident Insurance and the Hartford paid me $750. It was a great help in meeting the bills and certainly a wonderful return on a policy that costs me only $12.75 a year!

The same Hartford policy that was so helpful in this actual case is available to housewives everywhere for less than 25¢ a week. Larger benefits are obtainable at proportionately low rates. Similar protection can be provided for business women, for men, and for children. Full details can be secured without obligation from your Hartford agent or your own insurance broker. Phone Western Union "Operator 25" for the name of the Hartford agent in your community—this service is available in over 5000 places. Or send coupon for free descriptive literature.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD
ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
Hartford 15, Connecticut

20

Please send full details on Hartford Housewives' Accident Insurance.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______

portunity, and is limited in his bag only by the cost of the birds he shoots.

This form of shooting has been opposed by some hunters on the grounds that it constitutes "special privilege," for the preserve shooting season ranges in duration from three to five months in many states, whereas the general "open season" is limited to one or two weeks. But preserves do provide many pleasant and productive days afield for thousands of sportsmen who otherwise would be limited to a few days hunting each season. Also, these setups are a real boon to the urban hunter who, unlike his country cousin, has no land of his own or his neighbor's on which to hunt.

Dog-in-the-Manger Criticism

As the preserve shooter pays his own way, and harvests pen-reared birds rather than pheasants stocked by the state from money received through the sale of hunting licenses, much of the criticism is of the dog-in-the-manger type.

When preserve shooting first became popular, only 20 years ago, the prices charged for a day's shooting were prohibitive to the average hunter. Some of these establishments charged up to $75 for the minimum release of 12 pheasants, and limited the participating shooters to a bag of three. Not every hunter could afford to spend $25 a pheasant.

The increasing number of these setups drove the price down, and today almost any really enthusiastic hunter can afford an occasional trip to a preserve. Many will release three or more birds for an individual hunter at a cost as low as $3.50 a bird, provided the hunter uses his own dog. Under some circumstances, this kind of preserve shooting is an economy, for there are millions of hunters who must otherwise travel more than 100 miles to find reasonably good public shooting areas. By the time the matters of transportation, food and lodging have been figured in, preserve shooting also proves cheaper, and almost always more productive. Furthermore, the hunter does not have to compete with a crowd of equally eager ringneck seekers.

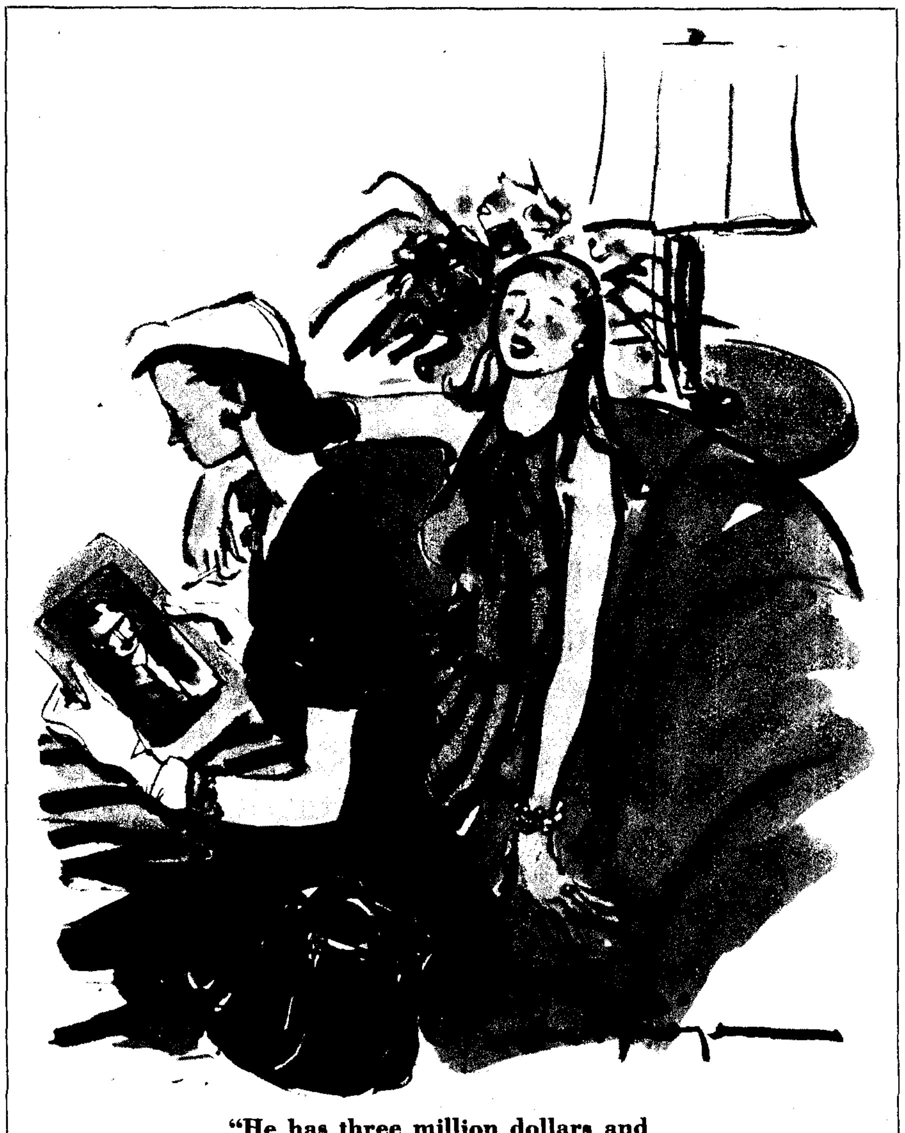
Many who do most of their hunting on open lands or club precincts during the open season patronize the preserves early in the fall in order to get their dogs in shape for the shooting to come. The ringneck is the only bird that makes this form of hunting possible, for he reacts exactly the same to dog and hunter, whether released in the covers the morning of the hunt or born in those covers six months before. In many instances the pen-reared bird is more strongly flighted than the wild one.

There is never a cry of "special privilege" from those whose hunting grounds lie adjacent to one of the preserves, for such lands always have a larger pheasant population. The average preserve shooter will seldom harvest more than two-thirds of the pheasants released, and the vagrants usually find their way to covers within a five-mile radius of the release point. I have a friend whose farm adjoins one of these setups, and it is his practice to invite a few friends to join him the day following a large release by the preserve. In many instances, his group gathers in more pheasants than the folks who paid for the release.

A Little Historic Background

It is a tribute to the adaptability of this bird that it has become such an integral part of the game population that many present-day shooters believe it to be a "native" bird. Even those who know it is an import betray an ignorance of the bird's interesting background.

The high regard with which the ringneck was held by the sportsmen of antiquity is a matter of authentic history. Kublai Khan, renowned for his love of the chase, and considered by some to be the real father

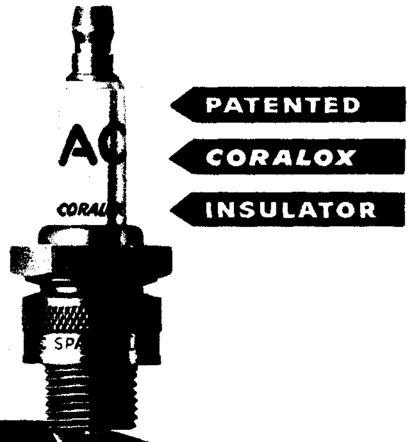


COLLIER'S

"He has three million dollars and wants to stay single. . . . Did you ever hear anything so selfish?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

AC



SPARK PLUGS

If You Own a CADILLAC...

AC Spark Plugs, with Patented CORALOX Insulator, Were Engineered Especially for You!

When your Cadillac was shipped from the factory, it was equipped with AC Spark Plugs, with patented *CORALOX* Insulator. There's a reason:

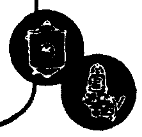
While they were developing spark plugs that would give maximum efficiency in the Cadillac engine, under all operating conditions, AC engineers discovered *CORALOX*.

Since spark plugs of comparable excellence were impossible before AC developed the *CORALOX* Insulator—and since *CORALOX* is obtainable only from AC —it follows that worn plugs should be replaced with new AC's—to help you preserve the high Cadillac standard of performance. Cadillac and AC engineers work constantly together to develop spark plugs that give the best possible performance under all operating conditions in the mighty Cadillac engine.

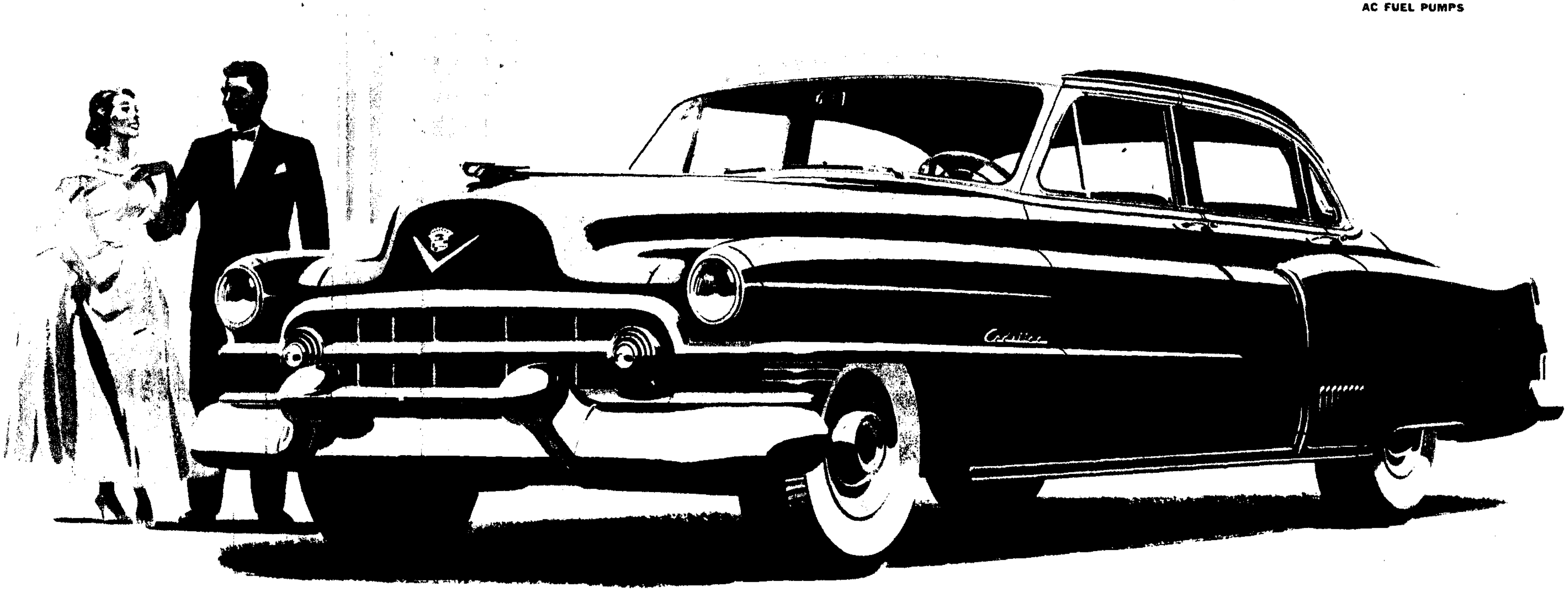
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

IF YOU DON'T OWN A CADILLAC

you can still enjoy the advantages of AC Spark Plugs with CORALOX. Approximately half of America's cars are factory-equipped with AC's—and yours may be one of these. If not, AC engineers have developed special AC's for your engine. Get them from your service station, or from any AC dealer.

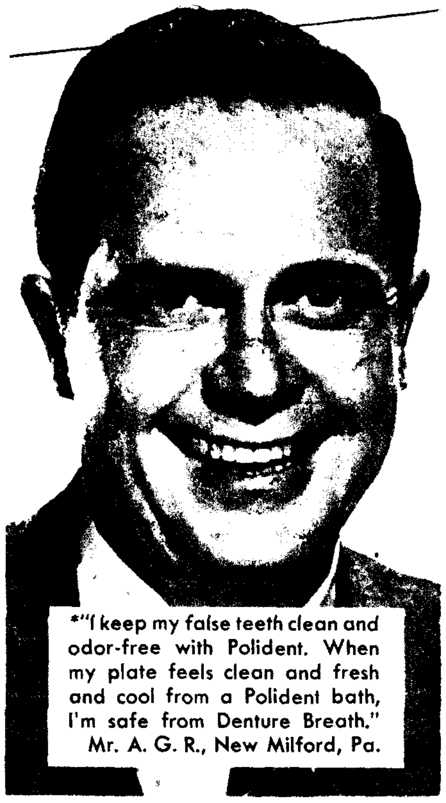


AC OIL FILTERS
AC FUEL PUMPS



I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



*"I keep my false teeth clean and odor-free with Polident. When my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath."
Mr. A. G. R., New Milford, Pa.

You know what Mr. R. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember, dental plates need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in Polident (only about a cent a day) to keep them sparkling clean, free from Denture Breath. Get Polident tomorrow.

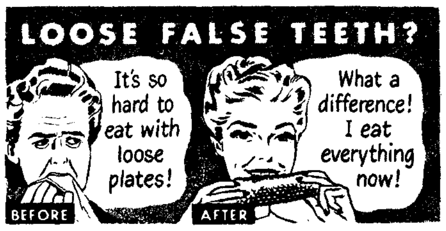
NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?


It's so hard to eat with loose plates!
BEFORE
What a difference! I eat everything now!
AFTER

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back **POLI•GRIP**

Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

of game conservation, was the first protector of this bird in recorded history. Although he hunted with the falcon and not the fowling piece, the Khan decided to take no chance on a pheasant scarcity. He issued an edict forbidding the killing of these birds, and decreed that food and shelter be provided for them. To insure the carrying out of these commands, he appointed "wardens" to many areas where the pheasant was abundant.

In that era (about 1250 A.D.), the range of the pheasant was wholly within Asia, but the Romans, still footloose in their empire building, trapped a number of the birds along the rim of the Phasis (now Rion) River in the Province of Colchis (now called Georgia, and located within the U.S.S.R.). Transplanted to Western Europe, the big birds multiplied. Within a few years, some of these exotics found their way to England by devious Roman transport. Here they found a habitat and climate that apparently was suitable in every respect, and in a few years they were scattered over a large part of the island. Reflecting its original beginnings in Colchis, the English ringneck now bears the scientific name, *Phasianus colchicus colchicus*.

The initial transplant to this country was not nearly so successful. The first recorded effort to introduce the bird was made by a son-in-law of Benjamin Franklin, who released about a score of the English ringnecks on his New Jersey estate in 1790. Apparently the birds were not up to the Jersey winter, however, for all of them had succumbed by spring.

In later years, there were other small but futile attempts to acclimatize the English bird to the American scene, most of them along the Atlantic seaboard. It was not until 1881 that a successful transplant was brought about. This was with the pure Chinese pheasant and not the English hybrid, which had been crossbred with several Asiatic subspecies during its several centuries on the Sceptred Isle. In that year, 28 birds were shipped to the Willamette Valley in Oregon by the U.S. consul general at Shanghai. The hardy Chink not only adapted itself to the climate and terrain, but did it so readily that another shipment of the same stock was made a couple of years later. The Oregon sportsmen then sat back to see what would happen.

When the Farmers Complained

They were not long in finding out; by 1892 the birds had multiplied so rapidly that there were complaints from Oregon farmers that they were becoming "too much of a good thing." A season was opened on pheasants in Oregon that year, and it is reported that approximately 50,000 birds were killed *the first day* of that season. Even if this number is exaggerated, the abundance of the birds must have been truly remarkable.

The natural outcome was the expansion of the ringneck's range. Sportsmen from other states pressed their conservation agencies for the introduction of the bird, and several experiments were started to obtain a hybrid that would be adaptable to particular climates and terrains.

By 1915 the pheasant was established, in greater or lesser numbers, in 39 states. Of the nine barren states, five were in the deep South, where repeated efforts to introduce the bird have met with failure. Biologists insist that this is due to the nature of the soil in these states rather than the climate. (As most of the areas involved provide excellent quail shooting, the hunters manage to get along without pheasants.)

Although the ringneck is reasonably plentiful in the northern and central belt, from coast to coast, the area of real abundance today takes in South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, with Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut providing the best hunting in the East. It is estimated that more than 6,000,000 pheasants are harvested on the public shooting areas throughout the country each year. Of this number, about one quarter are provided by South Dakota. Special trains, chartered air liners, busses and private automobiles by the thousands are pointed toward this state each October, carrying the eager hunters who want to get close to both nature and the ringneck.

In some states the pheasant, in addition to providing the sportsmen with an interesting pastime, has given the conservation agencies a biological headache. The problem of supplying an ever-increasing army of hunters with enough pheasants to keep them happy has been an insurmountable one in many sections. Being a ground nester and ground rooster, the ringneck is an easy victim of the predator, and eggs, chicks and adult birds fall to foxes, skunks, hawks and—last but by no means least—the wandering house cat. Also, the tendency of the hen to build her nest and establish her clutch of eggs in hayfields has increased the mortality rate.

Pacifying License Buyers

Many states employ a lion's share of the license sales money in an effort to provide their hunters with enough pheasants to keep them quiet, if not happy. Maintaining an adequate population of the birds, in the face of increased interest in hunting and shrinking "open" lands, is a desperate task in many areas, especially in the East.

In some areas, only the ease and low cost with which the pheasant may be propagated artificially, raised to maturity, and released on strange covers have made it possible to justify an open season on the bird. In New York State, where the pheasant problem has become an acute one during the past six years, approximately 250,000 ringnecks are stocked on open hunting lands each year. Of this number, about 100,000 are reared on state game farms. The remaining 150,000 birds are reared by farm and sportsmen's groups from eggs or chicks provided by the state. Even with this ambitious program, a drastic reduction has been made in the length of the open season and the bag limit per hunter.

Many sportsmen have criticized the regulations which limit the shooting of pheasants to the cock bird only. Even a few biologists are inclined to believe that this system is not sound for some areas, especially where the natural reproduction of the bird is light and most of the stocking is done "to the gun." The ideal cock-to-hen ratio in the wild is one-to-three, and any ratio greater than one-to-six usually results in a lack of egg fertility. Sportsmen of some sections point out that through the practice of shooting only cock birds, the ratio has been reduced to a point where natural reproduction is negligible. Although the hen pheasant may sit on a clutch of from 8 to 16 eggs, the chick mortality is very high, even in parts of the country where the predators are carefully kept down.

Meanwhile, the ringneck has become a vital part of our outdoor picture. Opening day of the pheasant season in thousands of communities is tantamount to a legal holiday. On this eventful day shops close down, the truant officer exercises only half-hearted vigilance, and farmers turn out well before sunup to make certain all their chickens are confined to the sanctuary of the wire pen. Many a big Rhode Island Red has flapped into oblivion when frightened to movement by an eager, opening-day novice, whose trigger finger is quicker than his eye.

The corn is in the shock, the turnip tops are withered, the sumac is a splash of crimson in the fence corner, and a big cock ringneck has just crowed from the swale—the season is on, if you want to hunt ringnecks.

THE END

"The Public Be Damned!"

THESE CYNICAL WORDS were shouted by a promoter after winning control of the Minneapolis-St. Paul streetcar and bus system, which serves a million citizens.

LATER, the promoter fell out with his partners, and lost control.

GANGSTERS began infiltrating the company.

(**UNDAUNTED,** the promoter is currently maneuvering to gain control of the United-Whelan Stores Corporation with its national chain of cigar and drug stores.)

How Is It Done?

JUST HOW is a $40,000,000 public utility system taken over, almost overnight, through an investment by a stockholders group of only one per cent of its value?

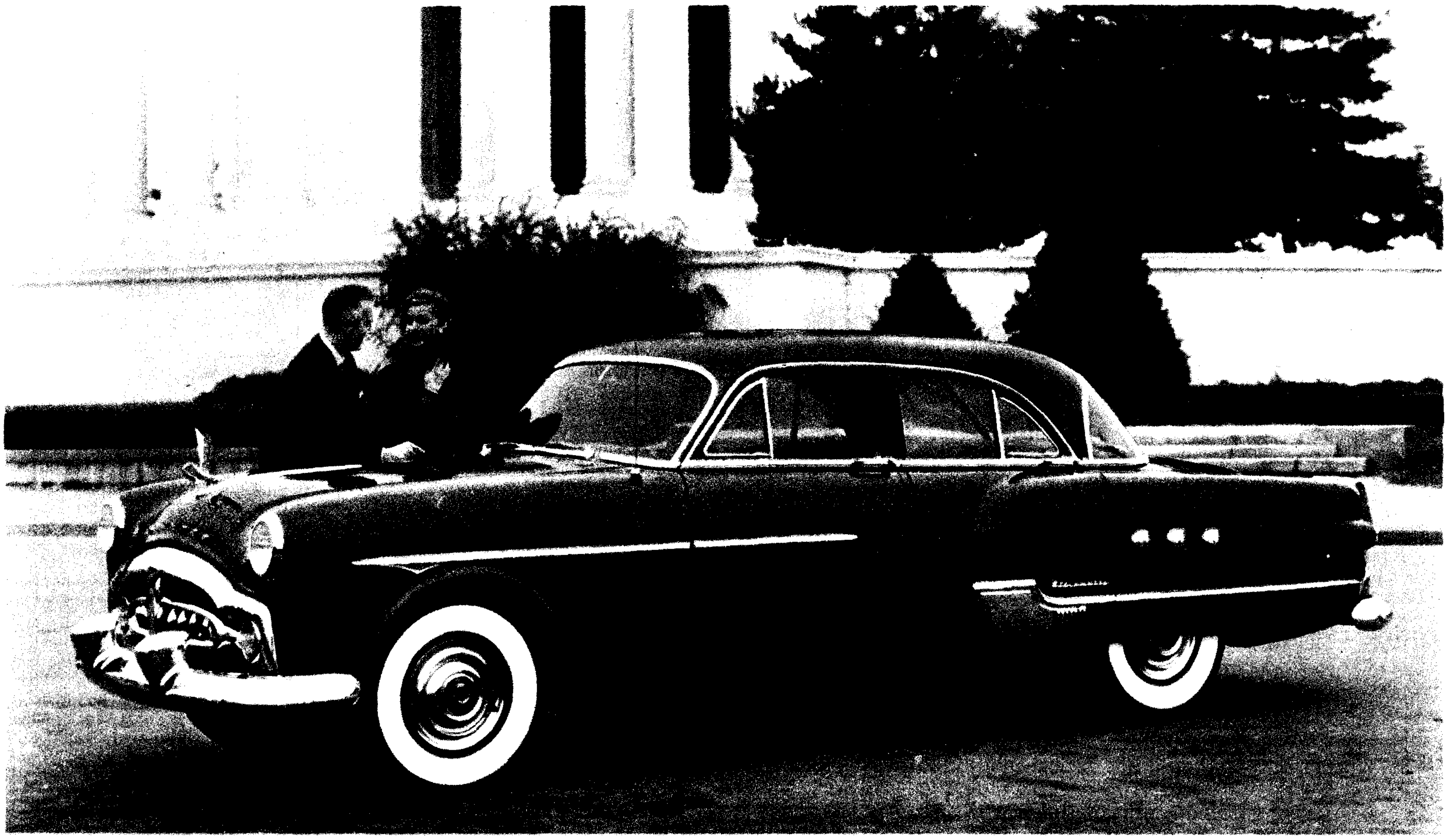
AND WHAT HAPPENS to the public—when a promoter "out to make a fast buck" and, in turn, a group heavily infiltrated by gangsters capture a big metropolitan transit system?

Don't Miss

How Mobsters Grabbed A City's Transit Line

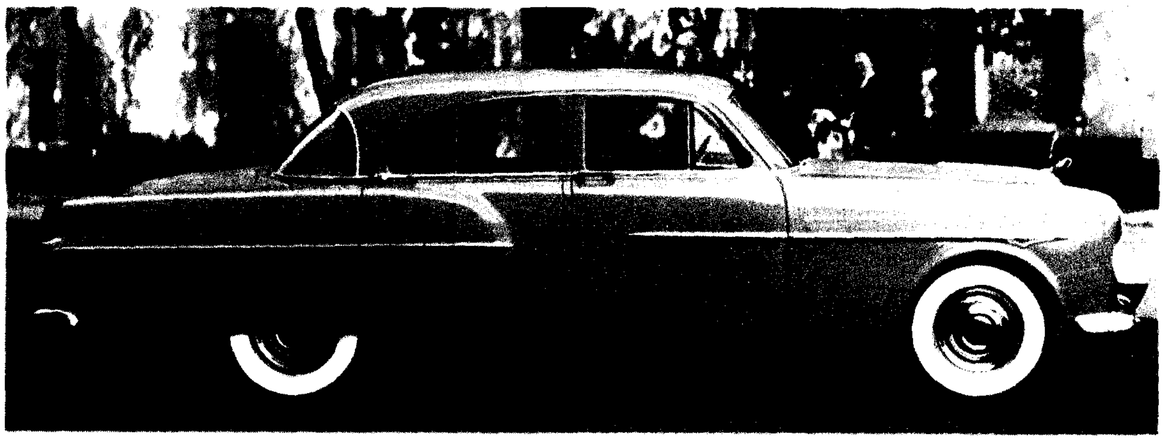
By GORDON SCHENDEL

In Collier's Next Week



Most luxurious motor car in America: Packard Patrician '400'—$3586*

Now—get the Plus of a Packard at the price of a car!



Soft-spoken Boss of the Road: Packard '300'—$2971*

Pictured here are just three of the *nine* all-new models in America's most democratic fine car family. They differ, of course, in size, power and appointments. But of this you can be certain: every car that carries the name "PACKARD" is the top quality car in its price class . . . with a price that makes it an equally outstanding "buy."

The more you shop around, these days, the more you'll be convinced that the prestige of a Packard has never been so *practical!*

It's more than a car--it's a

PACKARD

Ask the man who owns one

Prestige car of the medium-priced field: Packard '200' Club Sedan—$2366*

* Delivered in Detroit; state and local taxes, and optional equipment, extra. Prices and car details, as shown, subject to change without notice.

Hennessy to the Rescue!
★★★
HENNESSY

This is "Hennessy" – our gallant St. Bernard. And though we've never met a St. Bernard with a keg of Hennessy around his neck, we're willing to bet that it's a superb combination — man's best friend bearing one of the heartiest, most hospitable spirits known to man.

Gentle, pedigreed St. Bernards have been recognized as a special breed for 250 years. Smooth, special Hennessy has been known as the world's leading cognac for just under two centuries.

All's well with Hennessy around. Top-dog in its class, Hennessy makes *all* ways of drinking cognac more satisfying. This is because Hennessy has heart, Hennessy means hospitality. Try Hennessy . . .

HENNESSY
JA! HENNESSY & C°
COGNAC

. . . for its good taste!

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
THE WORLD'S PREFERRED
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof

Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y. • Importers Since 1794

Doctor Commando

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

During his 29 years of military service, he had been an infantry and artillery officer before taking his M.D. The record also showed Sams had been the third officer in the U.S.Army, and the first doctor, to qualify as a paratrooper. He made 23 practice jumps with the pioneer 501st Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1940.

Sams toyed with the idea of a night parachute drop into enemy territory, but discarded it—he might get in but the chances of getting out lugging a sample sick Communist were slim. He plotted a "plague map" which showed, from intelligence reports, what villages the Communists were using as hospital areas. Then he paid a call on the Navy. Could they put him and two Koreans down on a beach some 50 miles inside enemy lines, wait around offshore and pick him up again?

The Navy was delighted. It so happened they had a brand-new epidemiological ship—a converted landing craft, infantry—which they were sure would be just the thing for Sams to use as a floating laboratory. It bristled with test tubes and microscopes but was a little weak in firepower.

Four on the Flight to Pusan

Sams flew to Pusan, the big UN port in South Korea. With him went two Koreans, whom we shall call Han and Chung, and a Lieutenant Drake, a Navy intelligence officer, whose right name also cannot be revealed. Han was a stocky, cloak-and-dagger South Korean navy officer who had made enough trips behind enemy lines to qualify him for a commuter's ticket. Chung, a veteran guerrilla fighter, was Sams's interpreter.

The party got aboard the LCI and started north. The weather was so rough the skipper headed back for Pusan twice. They took all day reaching their initial destination, an Allied-held island some miles off the North Korean coast, where Sams's party transferred to a smaller landing craft and went ashore. Probably nothing on the entire mission tickled Sams as much as the fact that he didn't get seasick. The Navy personnel, who embarrassingly and violently were, elected him admiral.

On the island, Sams found 25 cases of typhus among the natives. More alarming were reports that out of 14 friendly Koreans who had slipped over to the mainland to scout the situation all but two had been caught, tortured and executed by the Communists. They had been sold out by a Korean who had gone ashore 10 days before. Only one survivor got back to the island to tell the story.

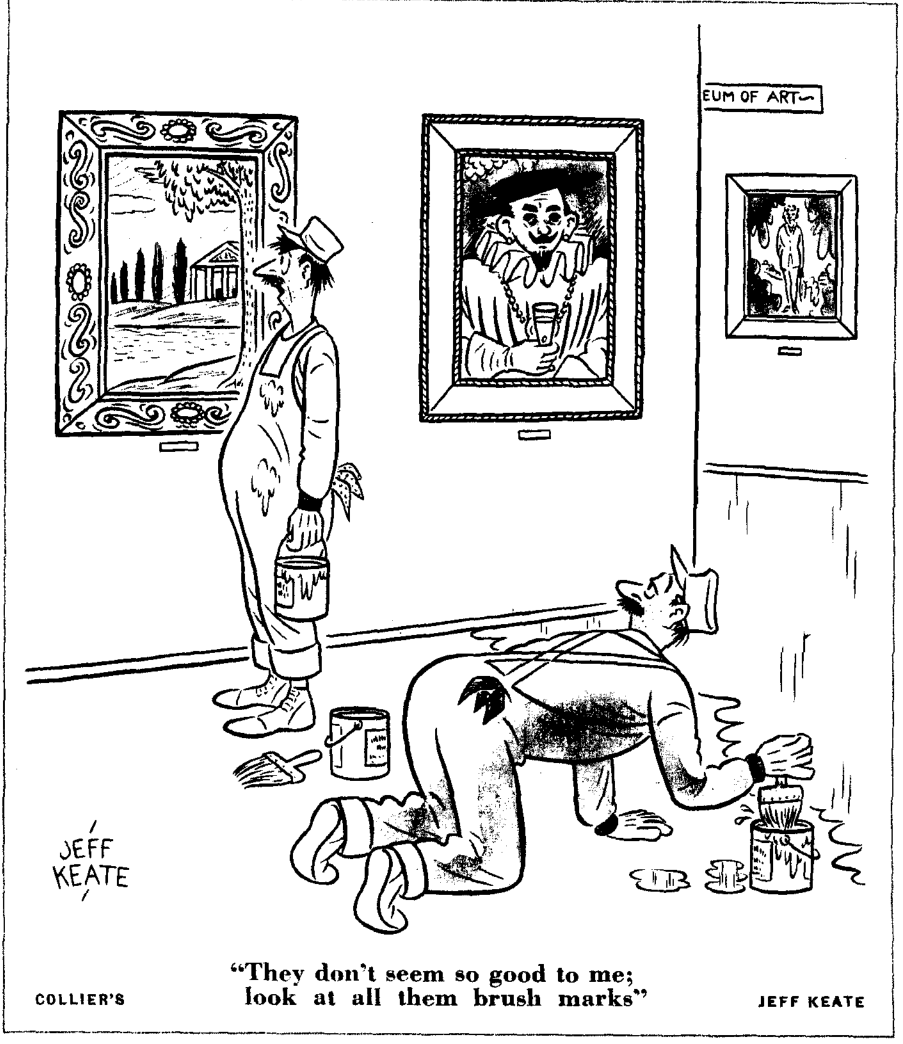
U.S. Navy Falsely Accused

As if to confirm this, the North Korean radio at Pyongyang broadcast a shrill accusation that the American Navy was conducting biological warfare experiments on prisoners of war off the North Korean coast—and came close to naming the exact location of the island.

For three bitterly cold days, Sams shuttled between the island and the LCI, waiting for word from the lone friendly Korean still believed at liberty in enemy country. He questioned dozens of Koreans who had sailed out to the island in sampans. They told of an epidemic, all right—hundreds of civilians and soldiers covered with running sores, racked with fever and dying. But their descriptions of the symptoms were crude.

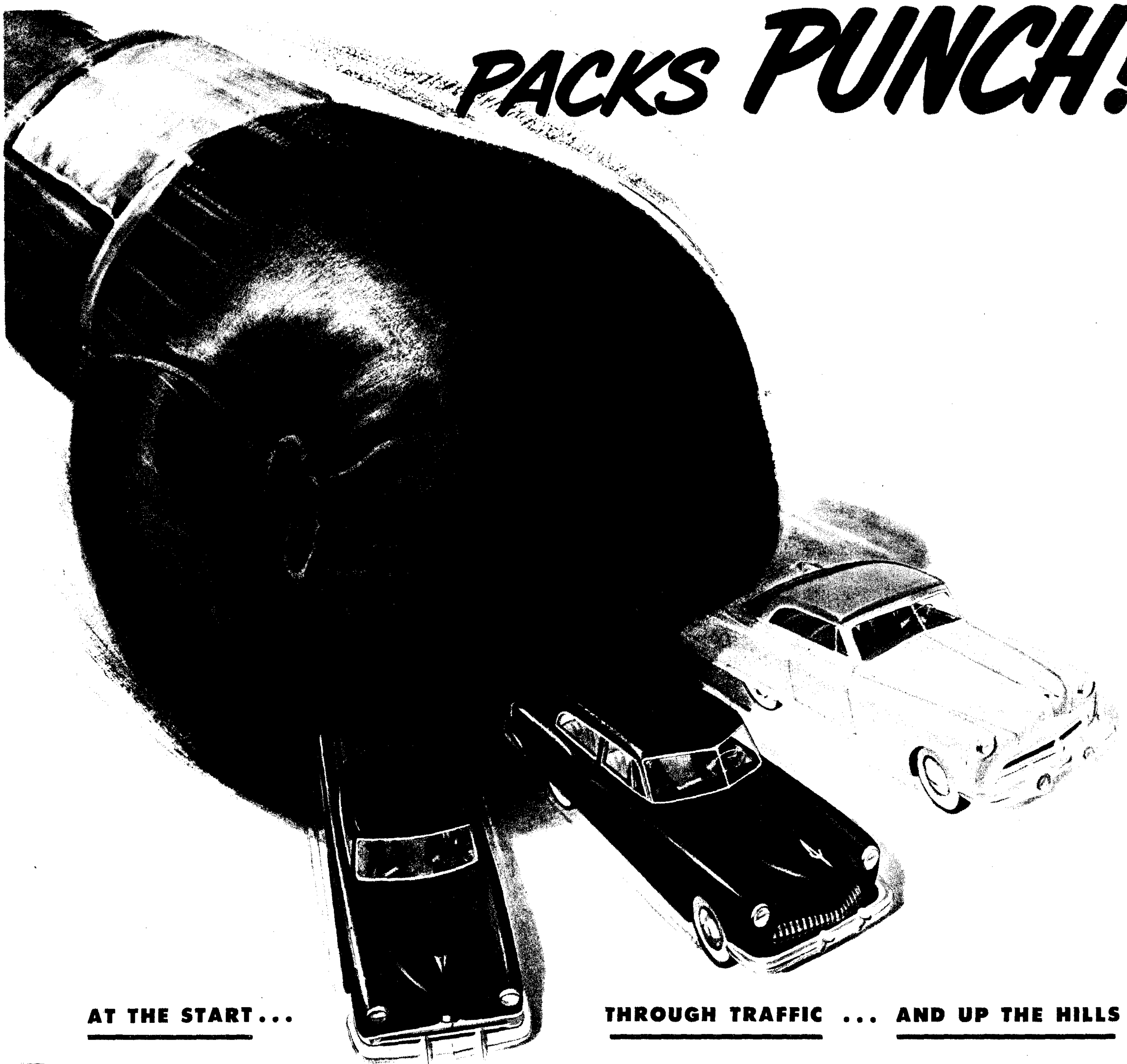
Sams had encountered outbreaks of smallpox, typhus and typhoid in North Korea during the brief Allied occupation. He knew the Communists vaccinated against smallpox and inoculated against typhoid—but their serums, which he had analyzed, were worthless. He recalled that there had been no plague in Korea since 1911 when it spread into the country from Manchuria. There had been another Manchurian plague epidemic in 1937, but none since then.

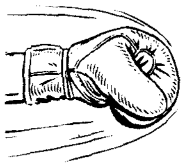
Had the flea-bitten Chinese armies pouring across the Yalu River brought plague



COLLIER'S **"They don't seem so good to me; look at all them brush marks"** JEFF KEATE

PACKS PUNCH!

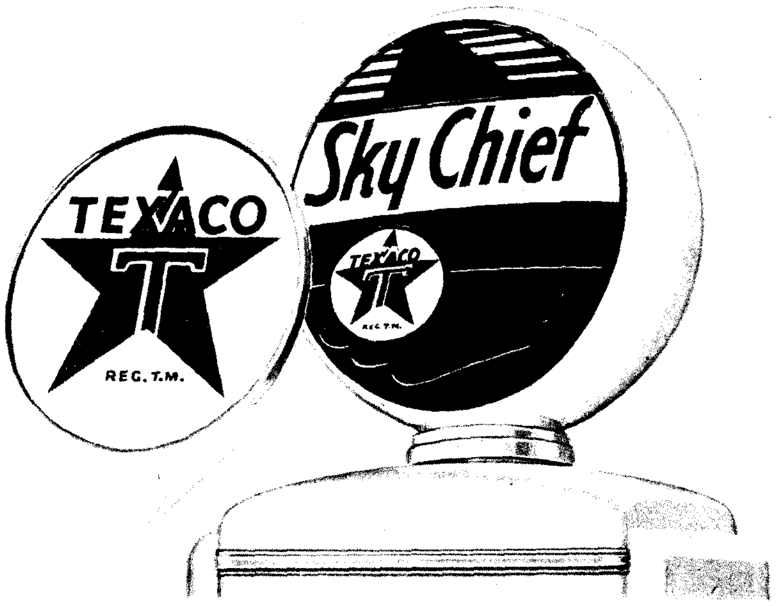

AT THE START...
THROUGH TRAFFIC ... AND UP THE HILLS



Volatane Control

adds extra drive in every way!

Sky Chief puts fresh snap in your starts . . . and you'll ease through traffic and up the hills with a feeling of brand new surging power. *Sky Chief packs punch.* And that's because it has Volatane Control (volatility and octane are scientifically balanced). Start feeling the difference now. Fill up with *Sky Chief* at your Texaco Dealer—*the best friend your car ever had.*


TEXACO
REG. T.M.
Sky Chief
TEXACO
REG. T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

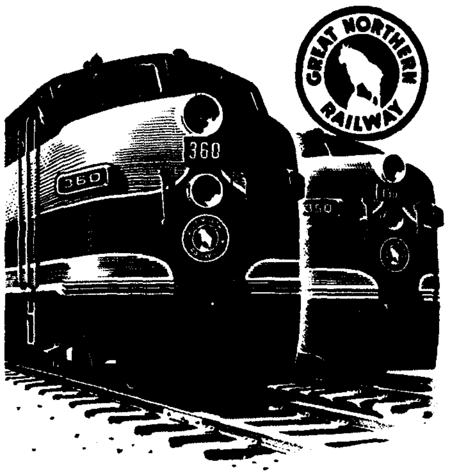
Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

TUNE IN: On television—the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE—every Tuesday night. See newspapers for time and station.

Great Northern's

2 Great Trains

STREAMLINERS TWICE A DAY,
EACH WAY BETWEEN
CHICAGO AND SEATTLE-PORTLAND VIA
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, SPOKANE.
DIRECT CONNECTIONS TO
CALIFORNIA.



EMPIRE BUILDER

Newest and best to the Pacific Northwest **Great Northern's brilliant queen of transcontinental trains. Seven types of ultra-modern Pullman accommodations . . . luxurious Day-Nite coaches . . . with spacious lounge, diner and famous "Ranch." NO EXTRA FARE.**

Western Star

Another sleek, no extra fare streamliner. Cross-country comfort supreme in luxury Day-Nite coaches with wide-view windows, reclining seats. Superb Pullman accommodations. Relaxing, sightseeing travel in Great Northern style.

GREAT NORTHERN TICKET OFFICES

Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit, Great Falls, Helena, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Oakland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Washington, D. C. In Canada: Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

with them, or just more smallpox, whose symptoms were somewhat similar?

The Navy was getting more and more dubious about the operation. Sams was adamant. He had to know.

On March 11th, Sams transferred from the LCI to a destroyer, determined to go ahead according to the original plan. At the last moment he got word that the Korean ashore had been heard from. There had been another sellout. The Chinese had moved into the designated landing area, mined the beach and laid a trap. The Korean contact suggested an alternate beach a few miles south.

Since Sams's destroyer had a shooting mission the next day, the rendezvous was set for the night of the thirteenth, which gave Sams, Drake, Han and Chung another 24 hours to wonder whether this wasn't *another* sellout, more subtly conceived.

Drake also mentioned the date. "The thirteenth?" Sams said. "That's nothing. I was born April 1st."

Sams shaved off his thin gray mustache to make himself look less Occidental. But he would still be a very blue-eyed Chinese, if it came to a showdown. The four men dressed in sweaters, heavy combat jackets, pile-lined winter caps, combat boots, coveralls and then heavy overshoes. Sams had taken off his general's star when he got to Pusan. None of the Korean contacts who were to meet him even knew an American was coming ashore. They were to meet a "Mr. Yee."

"The bounty for turning in an American general would have been too big to resist," Sams explained grimly.

Too Many Publicity Gadgets

The only comedy relief came from an eager young Navy public information officer who had attached himself to the operation in Pusan and had his heart set on going ashore with Sams.

"He was loaded down with tape recorders, cameras, flash bulbs and a typewriter," Sams said. "The idea of someone tagging along after us with a portable mike and maybe taking a flash picture now and then in the dark was the only thing we had to laugh about for a week."

The destroyer hove to at 10:00 P.M. at a spot 20 miles offshore. Five miles to the north, and farther in, three United Nations warships were shelling the coast, the flicker of their muzzle bursts lighting the winter sky and the thud-thud of the reports carrying clearly on a 30-mile-an-hour wind. The ocean was rough—very rough. The darkened tin can rolled on her beam's end as the shivering seamen lowered a 20-foot whaleboat over the side. Into it dropped Sams, Drake, Han, Chung, three crewmen and the Navy PIO who was being permitted to go along but not ashore. Towed behind the whaleboat was an eight-by-three-foot inflated rubber raft in which to paddle the last few hundred yards through the surf.

Sams carried a musette bag packed with hypodermic needles and test tubes for smears. He also carried a pistol and two grenades in his pockets, as did Drake and the two Koreans. Each of them had another, dual-purpose weapon, several surettes of morphine shaped like small tubes of tooth paste and tipped with needles. One or two of them, jabbed into the arm of a suspected plague victim, would make him easier to kidnap. Four of these, pricked into their own veins, would kill them in less than a minute.

"None of us considered this a suicide mission," Sams said, "but we weren't going to get caught alive. We didn't want to stand the 'water cure'—they pump water into your stomach and jump on it. And you're sure to die anyway, after telling everything you knew."

The whaleboat labored in toward shore, bucking a bitter crosswind and a choppy, sloppy sea. The destroyer blotted out in the horizon and there was nothing but whitecaps glimmering under a quarter moon that lighted up the unfriendliest stretch of ocean Sams had ever seen.

The Navy PIO rigged up his tape recorder and began to interview Sams. In a dead, flat voice, punctuated by the chatter of his own teeth, Sams politely explained the purpose of the mission, what the chances were and how he felt. The PIO had no need to ask the others how *they* felt—they were all seasick again.

After two hours the coast line materialized, and simultaneously something more startling than that—a long, wavering ribbon of light. A convoy of trucks—"a whole damn' division of Chinese, we found out later," Sams said—was snaking its way south down the coastal highway less than a mile inland, headlights blazing. The men in the boat were appalled—they were positive the whaleboat showed up like a lighthouse. Sams became painfully aware of the clatter of the engine—it was deafening. Surely, every Communist for five miles must be alerted.

A light winked twice from the shore line. Sams looked at Han and realized that he had been signaling with his own light for some time. He used an ordinary flashlight encased in a long tube of bamboo that screened the light from all angles except directly in front.

Han and the signaler on the beach chatted back and forth for what seemed hours. Every so often Han chuckled. "It's him," Han said. "It's the right man." He laughed again. Sams asked him what the joke was.

"He's complaining about his chow," Han explained. "He said tonight he had beans for dinner instead of rice. He's on a hill watching that Chinese convoy."

Drake rather angrily told him to cut the persiflage and if he was sure of his man to get going. The whaleboat throttled down about 200 yards offshore, and Sams clambered into the bow of the rubber raft, which promptly ducked under a wave, dousing him with icy sea water. The others got in behind him and started paddling toward the beach. The "stern" of the raft was secured to a line which was paid out by the whaleboat crew. In the event of a trap, they hoped to haul the raft back, while covering the party with their carbines. But the beach itself was far out of range.

Three quarters awash, the raft was paddled into a combing surf that bounced it around like a Ping-pong ball. Through salt-encrusted eyes, Sams made out a shadowy group of men on the snow-covered beach. He was trying to determine if they were armed when the figures leaped shockingly into focus under a brilliant light that suddenly illumined the country for miles around.

His First Guess Was Wrong

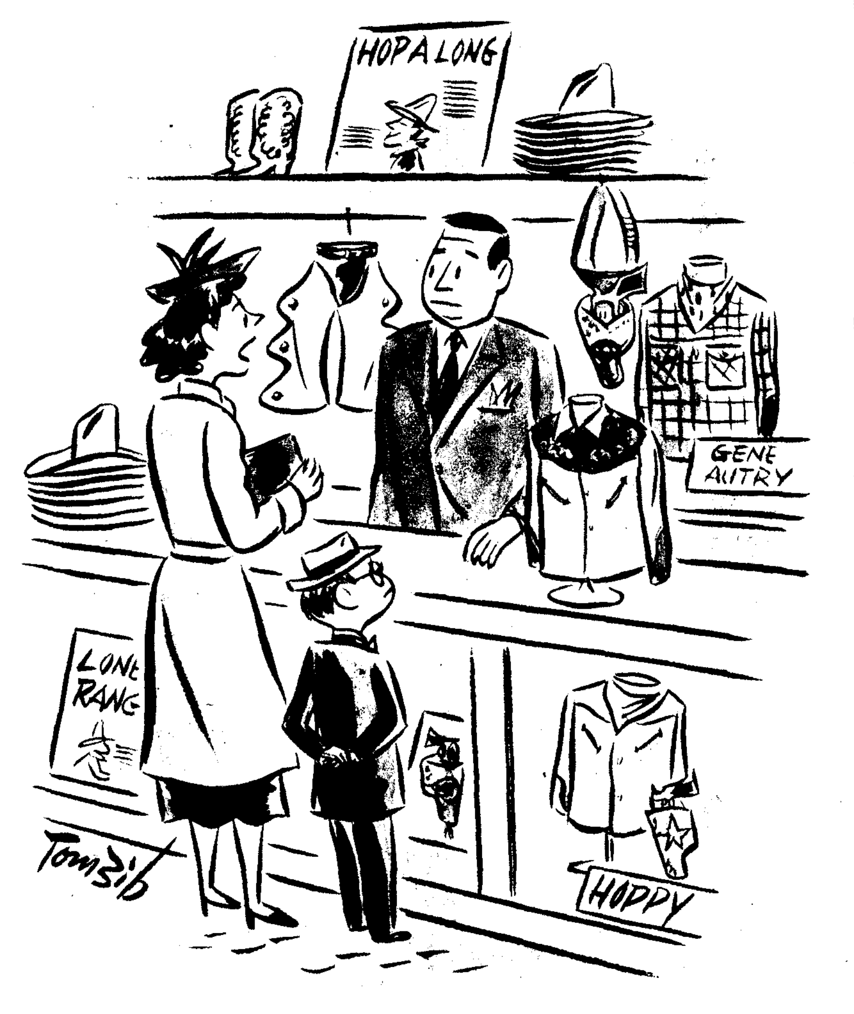
The first, sickening thought that crossed Sams's mind was: It's a trap, they've fired a star shell. But it wasn't. American planes had spotted the convoy and were dropping parachute flares over the road. The convoy headlights went out, and a moment later, over the roar of the surf, the men in the raft heard the first *crrrump* of a bomb.

A man on the beach stripped off his clothes and fought his way through the breakers to help pull the raft in the last 150 feet. The sopping four staggered out to confront six Koreans armed with a Russian burp gun, an American M-1 and four carbines. One of the men pointed overhead and spoke excitedly to Han. A whole string of bombs exploded, seemingly just over the hill.

"We must go," Han said.

There was no dissent. Outlined by the flares, they all cast long, distinct shadows on the snow. While the swimmer put on his clothes, the four from the raft peeled off their coveralls and removed their overshoes ("We never could have run with them on," Sams said) and dumped them into the raft which they hauled farther up the beach. They had decided to risk leaving it there for a quick getaway rather than hide it inland.

They marched about a quarter of a mile single file up a ravine that opened on a beach until they came to a pile of brush that concealed a hole. Sams suffered one last awful twinge of doubt and then went



COLLIER'S "My little boy is very old for his age. He wants a Tom Mix outfit" TOM ZIBELLI

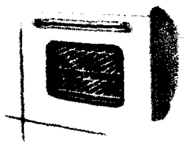
DON'T JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!...

Let your own cooking show you...

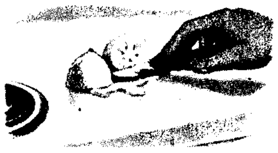
...no one makes ranges like

MURRAY

COLOR CONTROL Heat Tuning! Push-buttons, colored from red to pink, help you select quickly any of the 7 electric-heat intensities of each surface unit!



GIANT OVENS are porcelain enameled, have easily-cleaned rounded corners. Fog-free double windows on top models!



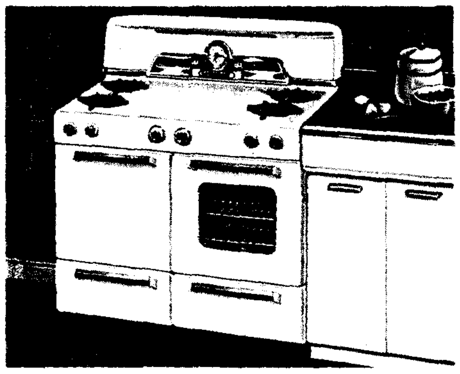
TITANIUM PORCELAIN resists acids and stains. Lemon acid, for instance, does not leave etched, dirt-catching marks!

GAS RANGES for *you,* from one of the world's finest plants, by the makers of over 2,000,000 highest-quality major home appliances!

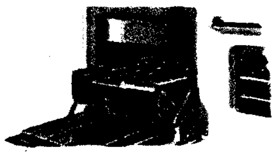
Each of the 6 gracefully-styled models is full of Murray improvements to make ***your*** cooking finer than ever . . . ***your*** range-cleaning ***easier*** than ever! One-piece tops eliminate seams! High broiler is more convenient for you; truly smokeless! And every Murray range is all welded to give you ***many years*** of dependable performance.

ELECTRIC RANGES combining all the delightful features you want for easier, better-controlled cooking! You'll enjoy the new, simple, color control heat tuning, the high-speed 7-heat surface units so quickly cleaned, the dependable Robertshaw automatic thermostats, the economy of full Fiberglas insulation!

Any one of the 7 beautiful new models you select will give you ***long years*** of carefree, reliable service.



DEPENDABLE CONTROLS (Robertshaw) for excellent results every time! Interval Timer (audible) is built into accurate electric clock.



HIGH BROILER (gas), swings out to you—extra-convenient, extra-large! Smokeless...fats can't burn to cause offensive odors.

For Your Information!

The Murray Corporation of America, Home Appliance Division
Dept. C-9, Scranton 2, Pa.

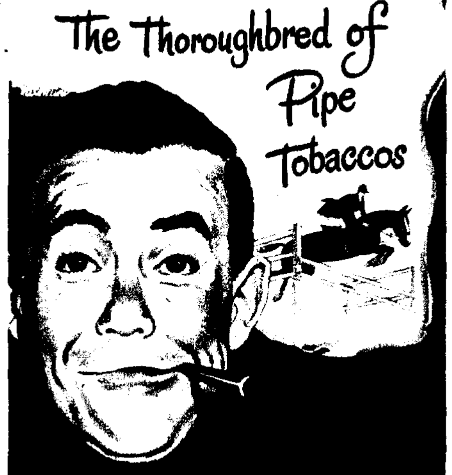
Send details to help me plan my new Murray Kitchen, including Murray Cabinets and Sinks.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________Zone______State________

SWITCH TO
MILD
KENTUCKY
CLUB


The Thoroughbred of Pipe Tobaccos

TRY KENTUCKY CLUB
FOR A WEEK

Switch to Kentucky Club today. Try it for a week—and notice how much better your pipe tastes—how much fresher your mouth feels. Choice white Burley is the secret. That's why Kentucky Club is so smooth and mild. That's why it's the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. No, you don't have to pay fancy prices for Kentucky Club. Get a tin now.

Produced by the Makers
of Famous
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia

KENTUCKY CLUB
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
FOR PIPE LOVERS

FINE PIPES AT BIG SAVINGS

Kentucky Club Dividend Coupons (in every tin and canister) offer you a rare opportunity to obtain choice pipes at worth-while savings. Details on each Dividend Coupon. Or send for free catalog. Mail Pouch Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va., Dept. 33.

in. The hole led to a 20-foot ditch that angled sharply into an underground cavern about 30 feet square. One of the Koreans lighted an oil lamp. Sams fished for his pipe and only then realized he had been gripping his automatic all the while. After a brief consultation, Drake and four Koreans left to set up a perimeter guard. This left Sams with Han, Chung and two Koreans from the welcoming party. One was a cheerful, gold-toothed chap, the man who talked to Han by blinking lights. The other, it turned out, was a litter bearer from one of the Communist hospitals.

Sams asked his questions through Han and checked with Chung to see that they were put properly and the answers correctly translated. The first thing he wanted to know was how long it would take to get to the hospital village.

Gold Tooth shook his head violently. That was impossible, he said. The village was 15 miles away in a mountain hot-springs area, on the other side of the coastal road down which 10,000 Chinese were swarming. Besides, not even litter bearers were permitted there unless they were carrying a patient in or a dead man out. The litter bearer backed him up. He'd been there.

How many patients were there? About 1,500 Chinese and North Koreans, the litter bearer said, all sick with typhus, smallpox or the *huksa pyung.* The Communists took their severely wounded all the way back into Manchuria and kept the lightly wounded men in the line.

"Now this *huksa pyung,*" Sams said to Han, "ask him to describe *exactly* what it looks like. What do the doctors think it is?"

That was a curious thing, the litter bearer said. It was like smallpox, only worse. The doctors thought the people who caught it had both typhus and smallpox. They came down with a raging fever and broke out in running sores all over the body and face. Then the face turned black and—

"Wait a minute," Sams interrupted. "Is he absolutely sure that those running sores break out on the face?"

The litter bearer was positive. Always on the face. He described the sores in detail.

Plague Symptoms Lacking

At that moment Sams felt like a detective with a perfect set of fingerprints and a suspect to match. He knew for a certainty that those stricken patients did not have bubonic plague. Plague may turn the face black, but it never erupts there. It sticks to the lymphatic glands, which break down and ulcerate. There are no lymphatic glands on the face. The lesions described were the pustules of hemorrhagic smallpox, a particularly virulent variety the North Koreans had not encountered until it was brought in by their allies.

Gold Tooth sent the litter bearer out to bring in one of the guards who also had experience with the *huksa pyung.* Yes, the guard said, an uncle had died of it. Horrible sores all over the face.

Sams was satisfied he had found what he came after. There was no need to vaccinate the United Nations army against plague. And he had acquired considerable information about the enemy outside his chosen field.

Sams's host had become increasingly nervous for the past half hour. The surf would get rougher, he said, and if "Mr. Yee" and his party didn't start back to their ship they might have to hide out for several days. Throughout the hour in the cavern the bombing had gone on intermittently. Sams had faith in the accuracy of the Air Force, but he was worried that the Chinese taking cover might blunder onto their hideout. He called in Drake, and the party headed for the beach.

Word had spread among the Koreans that "Mr. Yee" and Drake, whom they had only glimpsed, were Americans. By the light of the oil lamp each one in turn peered closely at Sams and clucked his tongue in amazement.

Back on the beach, Sams realized that his fretting over the whaleboat had been needless. The boat was still cruising 200 yards offshore, but he couldn't see it, and the pounding surf completely drowned out the noise of the motor.

In a sweat to shove off, the four men nevertheless listened patiently while Gold Tooth, in a lengthy farewell, assured them that the heroic visit of two Americans on such a hazardous mission would inspire them to greater deeds of patriotism for the South Korean cause.

"They were the heroes," Sams said, weeks later. "We learned the Communists got wind of our visit and executed 25 men and their families in reprisal. God bless them, I don't know how many of those fellows are still alive."

The party launched the raft and paddled and were towed back to the whaleboat. Before dawn they were aboard the destroyer.

Celebration by Prescription

The skipper and crew, who had been sweating them out for six hours, held a celebration. There's a Navy regulation against carrying liquor aboard ship, but Sams had some medicinal bourbon he prescribed for the landing party and the whaleboat crew. "There's not much in being a doctor unless you can do that," Sams said.

Then he and the others turned in and slept for 36 hours.

The Navy PIO never did get to photograph Sams's party in action, but a Japanese artist, from a description by Chung, did an oil painting of them paddling through the surf with the lights of the Chinese convoy in the background. Sams presented it to the Army Medical Department.

When he got back to Tokyo, Sams turned in his report, a dry, factual account of what he had learned. He also recommended Drake for the Navy Cross, and Han and Chung for high American and Republic of Korea decorations. For his part in the operation, Sams was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the nation's second highest military decoration. Late this spring, he returned to the U.S. After a leave spent in Atherton, California, where his wife, two children and two grandchildren live, he was assigned to Fort Sam Houston, in Texas, as Assistant Commandant of the Medical Field Service School.

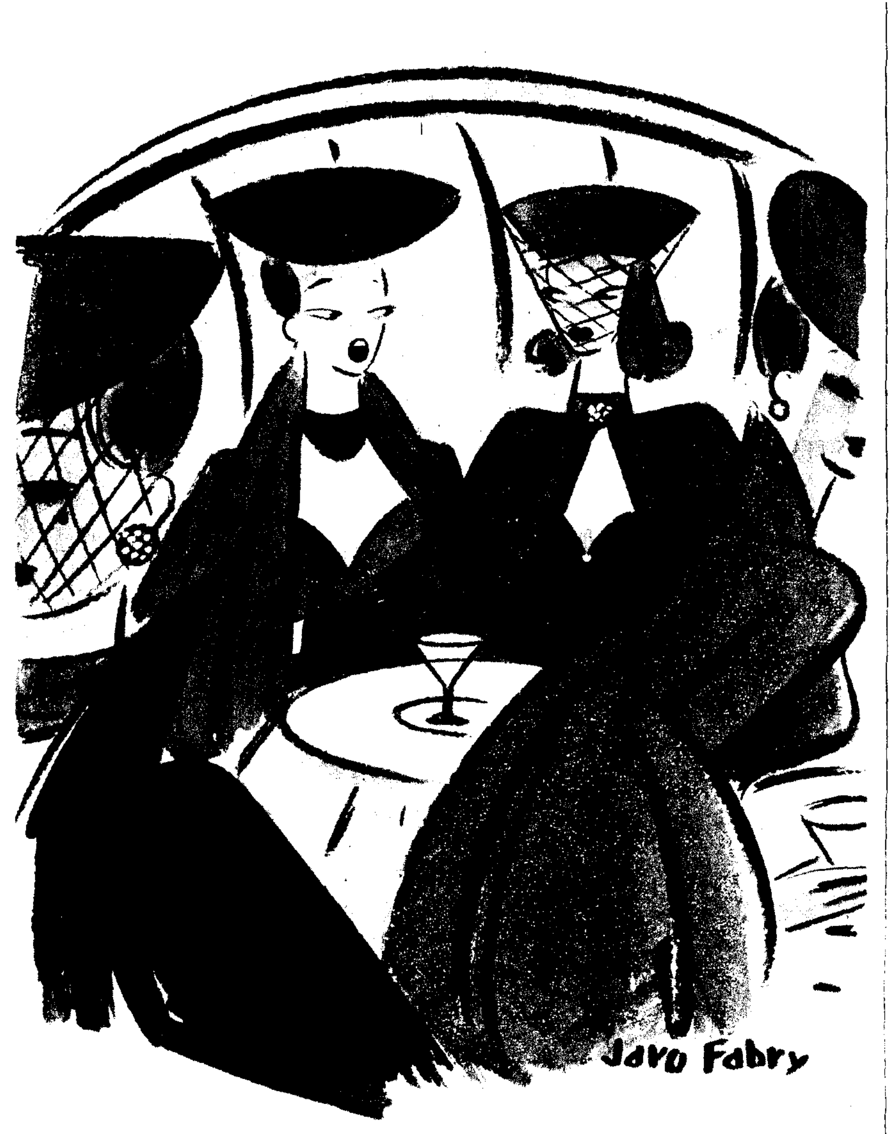
Although the operation remained secret for nearly two months, the Communists broadcast their own distorted version of it a number of times.

"It's just an admission of incompetence," Sams said. "The civilians are dying by the thousand and they have to blame somebody. We've had cases of smallpox and typhus in South Korea, but we contained them."

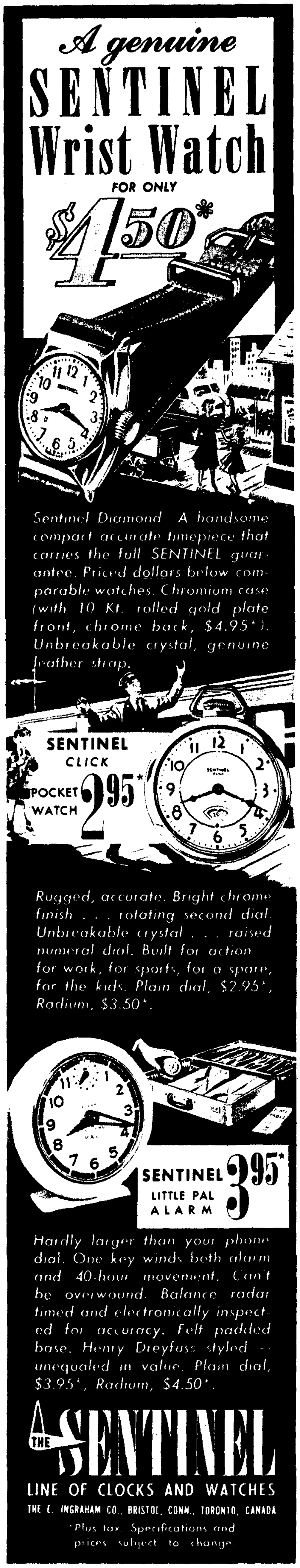
On May 9th, the North Korean Foreign Minister sent a telegram to the United Nations Security Council demanding that General MacArthur and General Matthew Ridgway be prosecuted as war criminals for spreading disease in North Korea.

The very next day the Army took the wraps off the highly classified operation—to some degree—by publishing Sams's D.S.C. citation. By "extraordinary heroism in action against an armed enemy," the citation read in part, "General Sams . . . acquitted himself with rare distinction as head of a special operations group whose hazardous mission of personally determining the possible presence of a pestilential disease among personnel of enemy forces dictated deep infiltration into enemy-held territory."

But for Sams, as for any soldier-doctor, the pay-off was contained in the words, "General Sams's party returned to the offshore rendezvous with conclusive information of such significance as to affect the immediate conduct of the United Nations' armed effort in Korea." THE END



COLLIER'S "She's forty-one—but doesn't say a day over thirty-five . . ." JARO FABRY



A genuine SENTINEL Wrist Watch FOR ONLY $4.50*

Sentinel Diamond. A handsome compact accurate timepiece that carries the full SENTINEL guarantee. Priced dollars below comparable watches. Chromium case (with 10 Kt. rolled gold plate front, chrome back, $4.95*). Unbreakable crystal, genuine leather strap.

SENTINEL CLICK POCKET WATCH $2.95*

Rugged, accurate. Bright chrome finish . . . rotating second dial. Unbreakable crystal . . . raised numeral dial. Built for action for work, for sports, for a spare, for the kids. Plain dial, $2.95*, Radium, $3.50*.

SENTINEL LITTLE PAL ALARM $3.95*

Hardly larger than your phone dial. One key winds both alarm and 40-hour movement. Can't be overwound. Balance radar timed and electronically inspected for accuracy. Felt padded base. Henry Dreyfuss styled — unequaled in value. Plain dial, $3.95*, Radium, $4.50*.

THE SENTINEL LINE OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES

THE E. INGRAHAM CO., BRISTOL, CONN., TORONTO, CANADA

*Plus tax. Specifications and prices subject to change.

Flight to the Islands

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Four stories up, the clotheslines sagged with banners, the windows gave him tattered glimpses: cat on sill and pillows airing, an old girl and her broom leaning out together, flowerpots with dead sticks in them. The sensation of movement, of departure, soothed him; he leaned back and let the world stream through his vision. Gradually, very slowly, he felt the tension leaving him.

At half past ten he reached his destination: a city through which he had sometimes driven on his way to football games in his gay youth. He knew nothing about the place, had never, literally, set foot in it before, and it was an ugly town. Yet he hummed as he left the station and looked about appreciatively.

IT WAS a cold, bright, turbulent fall day. Everything loose was swinging or waving; the sun struck sparks from any glossy surface. The newspapers on the counter outside a stationer's were pinioned with bricks, their edges flapping. He bought the local daily and took it with him into the first diner he came to. He liked the warm, stuffy place and the hot, clumsy cup in his hand, and he listened contentedly to the desultory conversation of the counterman with his patrons. The newspaper was like that of most small towns and cities: chatty, and regionally concerned. Local misdemeanors overshadowed the heroic crimes of nations, and the greatest names were those of native sons. He read it all: the news, the social notes, the advertisements. Then he turned to the Help Wanted notices, and read those, too.

Here again the nature of the town was manifest, showing itself both rural and commercial in its needs.

Salesman—must be experienced and aggressive with knowledge of laundry and dry cleaning.

Experienced test-cow milker, registered Holstein farm. Three times daily, surge milkers and every eighth day off.

Down toward the end of the last column was a notice which sought the services of an "Artist, male, experienced at spot and line drawing." Lewis felt a pang of excitement. He had been art editor of his college magazine years ago, and for a while he had seriously considered becoming an illustrator; his family and finances had put an end to the idea, but he still amused the children with his drawings, and made the family Christmas card each year. He was vain of this ability, as men are often vain of a secondary talent.

Folding the paper, he set out with anticipation, asking his way of passers-by until he came to the address he wanted and, looking up, saw the name *Ledbetter & Bolt, Advertising,* printed in gilt across a plate-glass window. A very small agency, evidently; it occupied the second floor of a modest two-story building, and apparently it was a new one, too; the smell of paint in the stairway increased as he mounted until his nose was smarting, and he was not surprised to see, as he went into the office, that a large Boston fern on the window sill still had a ribbon on it. Four people were in the place: three men, and a girl at a typewriter. One of the men—no older and perhaps younger than himself—came forward to meet him.

"I'm John Ledbetter. Can I help you?"

"My name—my name is Sampson Gale. I saw your ad in this morning's paper."

"Oh," Ledbetter said. His glance was startled; it appraised the overcoat, the tie, the look on the face confronting him. "Are you inquiring for yourself?"

"Yes. I am an artist."

"Well, we'd just about made up our minds—but you might as well take a flier at it. I'll give you an idea of the kind of layout we'll be wanting."

Half an hour later he was hired.

"Did you want to start now? Today?"

"I'd rather wait until tomorrow if it's all the same. I have some things to settle."

"Tomorrow then, at nine. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Ledbetter, and thanks."

The three men went out, clattering down the wooden stairs. Lewis stood looking at the drawings on the board before him. They were tidy and professional, and he was proud of them. As he unrolled his sleeves and fumbled into his jacket and coat, he still lingered, admiring them. He was happy and suddenly hungry; he turned and spoke to the girl across the room.

"I'm strange here. Can you tell me if there's a decent place to eat in the neighborhood?"

She looked at him a moment. "The place I go to isn't bad. I'll show you the way if you like. I'm just leaving."

"Only if you'll lunch with me." He didn't want her, though, and felt sure she would refuse, but she confused him by accepting.

"Why, I'd like to. Only separate checks, of course."

"We'll argue about that later."

She took a red coat from the rack, and he held it for her. The back of her neck was marked with a little brown mole; a necklace of fake pearls was joined there by a modest rhinestone clasp with two of the tiny brilliants missing; but the hair above it, the skin beneath it, were young and silky. He felt less resentful of her company.

He liked the way she walked beside him on the street, too. She had the unconscious dignity and pride of most young people. The illusion of freedom, the illusion of choice—that's what gives the dignity, he thought. Perhaps she was a little shy; it seemed to him he spoke only to her profile. Her lashes were thick and uneven, her nose was nice, and her lips had still the soft, full pout of youth.

He took her elbow—he could feel that it was thin—as they crossed a street.

"You've always lived here? In this town?"

"Yes," she said. "Not always in the same house, though," she added, as if this were the best she could offer by way of experience. "I live with my sister and her husband now."

"Oh?"

"My folks died last year."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yes. Well. They'd been sick a long time; they weren't young. They were pretty old when they had us. They were old when they got *married,* even."

He had no reply to this, and they walked on in silence. Glancing at her covertly, he thought that she looked what she was: delicate, pensive, a product of diminished vitality.

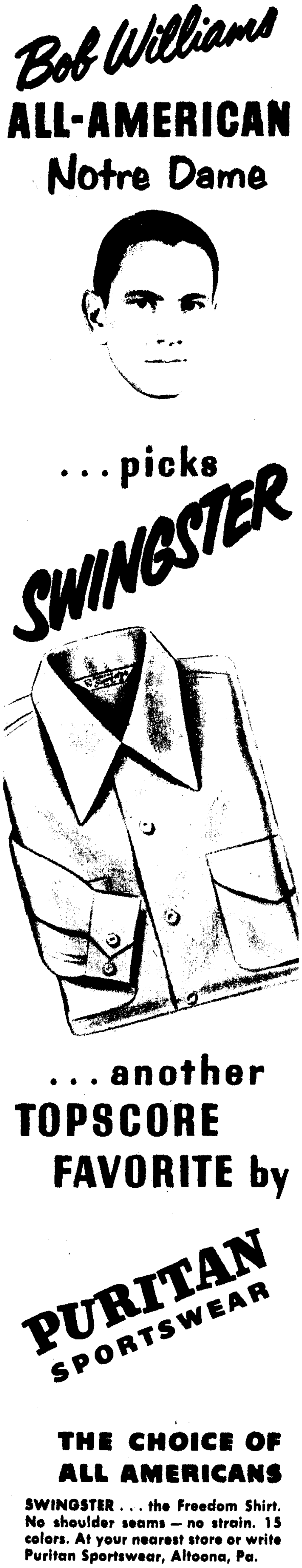
THEY were walking along a street where ugly houses of the Dutch-door and sunporch type sat back on meager lawns. The house to which the girl led him was different from these—architecturally a grandmother to them—with a mansard roof, and a curved drive, and large sycamores around it. A sign creaked overhead: The Elwood Mansion Tearoom. His heart sank. Fruit salad, he thought sadly; and little wrecks in cream sauce, stranded on cold toast. But he followed without objection through the dark entrance hall and into the dining room beyond.

"Yes, they were old," the girl said as they sat down. "But I loved them a lot." He thought that she was troubled by the way she had spoken of her parents, as though she had heard something callous in the echo of her words, or feared that he might hear it.

"Of course you loved them. Not all the time, though. Nobody loves anybody all the time."

"Don't they?" There was surprise and relief in her voice, but after a moment she said, "Don't they really?" And this time she sounded disappointed.

"A married couple, for instance. If they



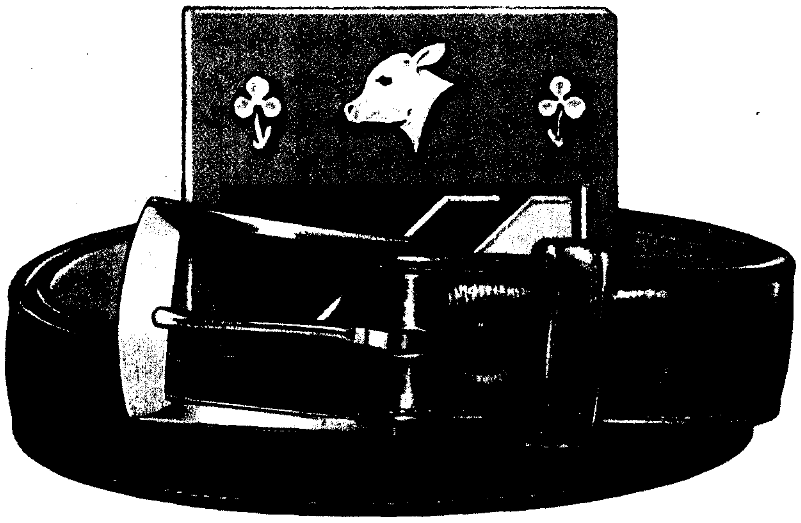
Bob Williams ALL-AMERICAN Notre Dame

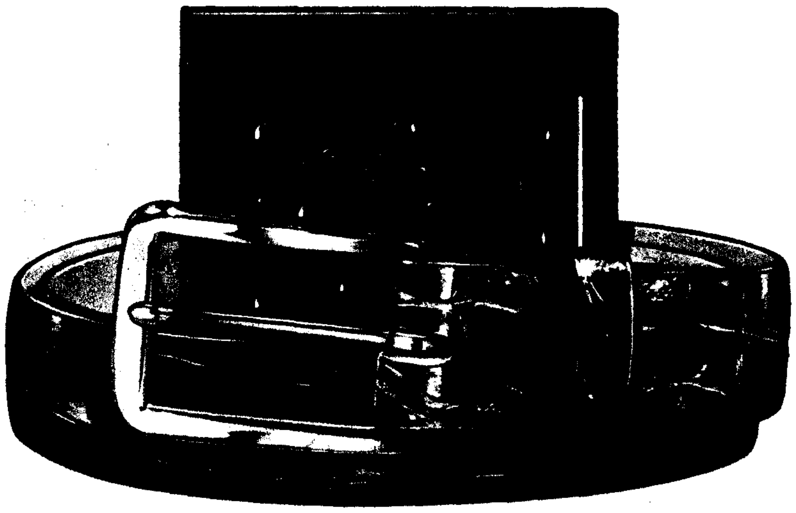
. . . picks SWINGSTER

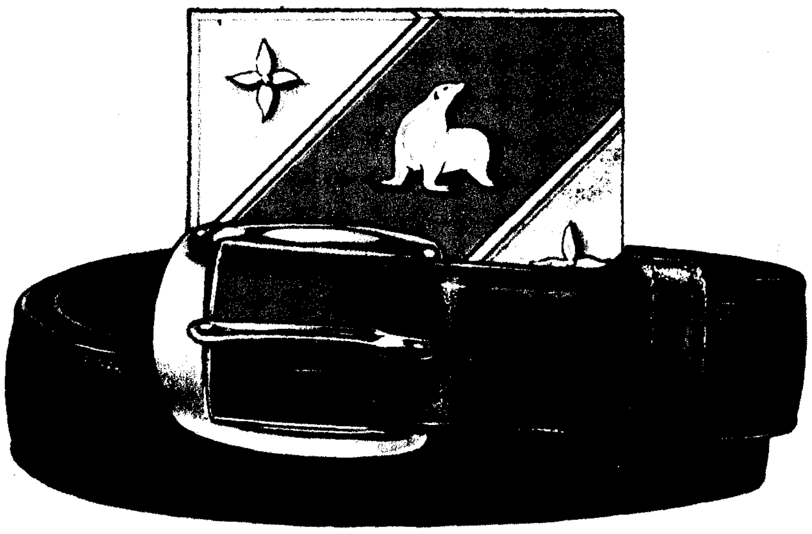
. . . another TOPSCORE FAVORITE by PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

THE CHOICE OF ALL AMERICANS

SWINGSTER . . . the Freedom Shirt. No shoulder seams — no strain. 15 colors. At your nearest store or write Puritan Sportswear, Altoona, Pa.







Paris Belt stylists have drawn on the rarest of artistry, the most precious of leathers, to create these belt masterpieces of supreme quality. You will enjoy wearing them.

PARIS

Top—Selected hand-boarded Calfskin in bench made padded style—$5.00.

Center—Specially tanned and finished, selected Alligator, bench made—$10.00.

Below—Rare, smart, selected Sealskin, bench made and lightly padded—$5.00.

Other fine "Paris*" Belts—from $1.50—at better stores everywhere

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A Product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago · New York · Los Angeles*

love each other half the time, they're not doing badly. If they love each other three quarters of the time, it's a true love match. There's a little hate in most relationships, a lot in some."

"I never knew that. I thought you were supposed to love completely when you loved."

"That's the fairy tale they tell you. The national fairy tale. Its symbol is the large billboard smile with all the tooth enamel still intact. Listen, can you think of one thing in this world that isn't subject to change—the body, the weather, the landscape, the kind of luck one has. Why should the emotions—the affections—be less vulnerable?"

She nodded slowly. "My sister and her husband—I guess they're doing all right, then. I've worried now and then. My room is next to theirs; sometimes I hear them quarreling."

"And sometimes?" He watched the blush sweep up across her neck and face. "Sometimes you hear them making love," he said matter-of-factly. "Well, you should live alone. All young people should live alone, from the day they've finished with their parents till the day they marry. That's the time for privacy. Old age is the time for company, but no one ever gets it then."

"You make it all—life—seem very dreary."

"No. Perpetual dreariness is just as unlikely as perpetual love or perpetual happiness. It's true that life is littered with big lumps of disagreeable facts, and it's true, though strange, that in spite of them we're often very happy."

She smiled, and looked down at her plate. "We're having quite a deep conversation," she said with satisfaction.

"I'm not sure that you can get very deep with talking. Words are like the fish that live up near the surface of the ocean. Anybody can have a look at them, but almost no one sees the queer ones that live below them, miles deeper in the dark. Bring *those* up to the surface and they burst and break; they need the pitch-dark and dense weight. And we would burst and break if we went down to find them."

"There was that man, though, in that thing. *He* went down and found them."

"Yes, sometimes men are brave enough."

LEWIS was enjoying himself. His wife and he had long since left the conversational phase of their relationship. They talked only of facts: bills, meals, children, foibles of friends.

Also the food was good; more robust than the appearance of the place had promised. The wind scraped twigs against the pane—a country sound—and the fire crackled. He seemed far indeed from that other life which was reality.

"But I've talked too much; pontificated ever since the soup. It's your turn now. Children have the sound approach; they say, 'What's your name? How much do you weigh? When is your birthday?' Tell me about yourself."

"There isn't really anything to tell."

But there is always something to tell, and if one had a sympathetic ear the account could run a lifetime. Lewis listened to the girl, and asked questions, until his attention taught her that she was interesting and that her life, despite its poverty of experience, was interesting and had value. He learned facts about her: that her name was Edith Cleeves, that she was twenty-three and had been working since she was eighteen. He learned her girl friend's name, and why her engagement had been broken, and what her wishes were; and he learned that hidden behind the self-depreciations and clichés lived a creature sensitive and lonely and resentful. Lovable, too, though probably destined never to be loved as she might wish.

"Goodness, I don't believe I ever told so much to *anybody!*" She looked abstractedly into the mirror of her compact. "Not even to my girl friend or my sister."

"I'm glad you told me. You're a nice person."

He paid the bill, though she objected, and they got up to go. As they walked along the drive, he took her gloved hand lightly in his own; it felt limp but wary. At the street they paused. The tearoom sign was creaking wildly.

"Good-by, Edith, I won't forget this. I hope you won't."

"But—won't I be seeing you tomorrow? At the office?"

"Yes. Tomorrow. Good-by, Edith." He lifted her hand and kissed the smooth inch of wrist between her glove and the cuff of her coat. She looked startled, half pleased, and she gave a sharp, uncertain giggle.

"Well, good-by, now."

HE WATCHED her scurrying away in her red coat, then he turned and continued in the opposite direction. The street, as he followed it, grew shabbier. In downstairs windows there were handmade signs announcing rooms to let, or puppies for sale. One sign said: Piano Lessons; and from that house, shabby and narrow, came haltingly the notes of *Für Elise*. In his own childhood he had practiced that just as carefully and precariously. He stopped before the house to listen, as someone—the teacher, obviously—took hold of the music and played it properly. It sounded pretty and lighthearted.

Then he went on until he came to a cross street named Birdvine Boulevard. Birdvine Boulevard—that was a street to follow. It made him think of porches in the summer, with sparrows squabbling in the honeysuckle and the hammocks rocking. Perhaps in summer it was like that, but not today. Now the vines were as dry as wigs, and the porches bare.

After a block or two he overtook a little boy, playing with an express wagon. He crawled behind his wagon, pushing it, and at each revolution of the wheels there was a harsh squawk of rusted metal on rusted metal. The child wore a red wool cap, his nose ran, and as he pushed, long complicated coughs came out of him.

Lewis stopped beside him. "Hi."

"Hi," said the boy, licking his chapped lip and pushing.

"Why don't you pull the wagon? Where's the handle?"

"It's broke. The doggone screw keeps fallin' off."

"Maybe I could fix it for you."

"No, it would still keep fallin' off. My father fixed it and it come right off. My Uncle Owen fixed it and it come right off *again*. He's a state trooper."

"Well, I could try."

The child got up reluctantly and brought the wagon handle from his yard. Lewis knelt on the sidewalk, and the boy squatted beside him, snuffling and bubbling like a kettle on a stove. He had a raw smell of dirt and wool and extreme youth.

"What's your name?" Lewis said.

"Frankie. What's yours?"

"Sampson Gale. How old are you?"

"'M five."

"I guess you'll go to school soon."

"I go now. I go to kindygarden, but I got the whoopin' cough. At least I still got some of it."

"That's tough. I had it once. Here, now maybe it'll hold. My fingers are pretty strong." Lewis stood up, smiling hopefully.

"It'll fall off again soon," Frankie said. He stood up, plainly skeptical, and walked away, pulling the wagon gingerly.

Lewis brushed off his knees and went on. The house beyond Frankie's was a boardinghouse; it was old, but not yet old enough to have charm. It had steep gables, hung with ornamental wooden scallops like the edging on old-fashioned drawers, and in the front yard stood a big maple. The word *Vacancy* glared from a downstairs window.

He walked up the porch steps and rang the bell. Shrill barking began in the house, growing more frantic as it came nearer; the door opened, and stuffy air blew out at him. He saw a fat old woman.

"Yes?"

"I see you have a room to let."

Her eyes looked him over; the door opened wider.

"I'm the landlady; I'm Mrs. Burden. The room is twenty a week."

"I'd like to see it."

She was fat and soft, with a puffed, powdery look, as though she had been dipped all over in confectioner's sugar, like a huge damp cruller.

The dog was a white toy poodle with maroon tearstains and a dropsical waddle. Lewis followed the pair of them through a crowded hall and up a stairway. Mrs. Burden, heaving upward, billowed and undulated; the dog crawled slowly, but managed to reach the landing first and sat there panting, with its tongue hung out over its little yellow teeth.

But the room was just what Lewis had hoped for. In the sloping ceiling were set two dormer windows, showing nothing but the sky and many maple twigs. Near one window stood a good straight table and chair; there was a dresser with seven brass knobs and one glass one, a platform rocker with a kilt of fringe, and a bedside table with a lamp on it. The bed was painted metal, badly chipped; the roses on the wallpaper had turned brown where the sun had struck them, and the rug had scalpy patches in it; but heterogeneous and shabby as it was, the room had a pleasing air—light, cozy, private.

Mrs. Burden stood beside him, swelling and heaving yeastily. "Well?" she said.

"It's just what I want. I'll take it."

"Why, all right. All right." She was used to deliberation or argument on the part of prospective tenants; a quick decision confused her. She found herself presenting liabilities.

"There's only the one bath and six folks to share it."

"Fine, fine."

"We don't serve dinner Sundays."

"Good."

"Well, all right then, Mr.—"

"Gale. Sampson Gale. G-a-l-e. I'll bring my luggage later; it's at the station. And I'll pay a week in advance."

After he had given her the rent, he went downstairs again and out of doors, turning in the direction from which he had come. Frankie was still pulling the wagon; he had his overshoes in it. He looked up at Lewis.

"It didn't come off yet."

"Good. Maybe it won't."

"Oh, it probly *will*. But it didn't yet."

Lewis did not need to look at his watch to know that it was three o'clock. That hour is the same anywhere; there is no magic in it; and here, walking the unfamiliar street in an unfamiliar town, the hour alone stirred echoes of other afternoons when the day's pace had slackened and he had no longer been able to look away from boredom or defeat. Still, it was an effect of time like the color of the shadows. It would not last; one never permitted it to last.

The music teacher's house was silent. After he had rung the bell, there was a long pause before he heard footsteps, slow and deliberate. Another old lady, then?

She was as thin and dry as Mrs. Burden was damp and fat. And old, yes, close to seventy, he thought.

"Good afternoon. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"I am in no position to buy anything."

He was pleased that she took him for a salesman. He smiled. "No, I wanted to inquire about lessons."

"Please forgive me. Come in."

HIS Aunt Louise, a schoolteacher, had had just such a house as this, stamped permanently with turn-of-the-century culture. Her walls had been covered with grass cloth and hung with Morris prints, too, and the shelves had carried a similar array of hammered brass and dusty bittersweet. His aunt's rooms had seemed more prosperous, the Kilim rugs less worn; but she, too, had favored painted wicker furniture, and had owned a large leather Morris chair that smelled like a horse.

On the upright piano stood the only photograph the room contained: an old man's profile, hawk-nosed and severe, jutting above a jagged, indecipherable signature. He looked talented and didactic—her teacher, probably.

"You were about to ask—?"

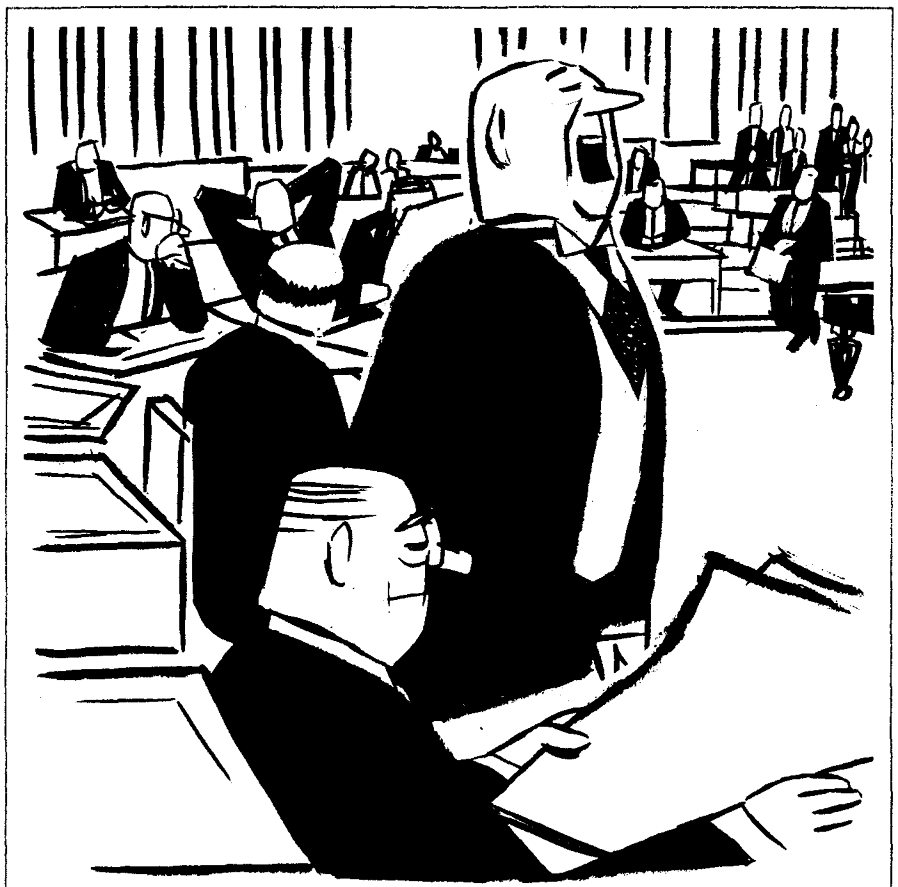
"Yes, about the lessons, Mrs.— I'm sorry but I don't even know your name."

"Miss Rubinger."

"Miss Rubinger. Well, Miss Rubinger, I will confess that I want these lessons for myself. You do take adults sometimes, don't you? I mean beginning adults, stiff and clumsy?"

"Of course. Often. But I'm sure—"

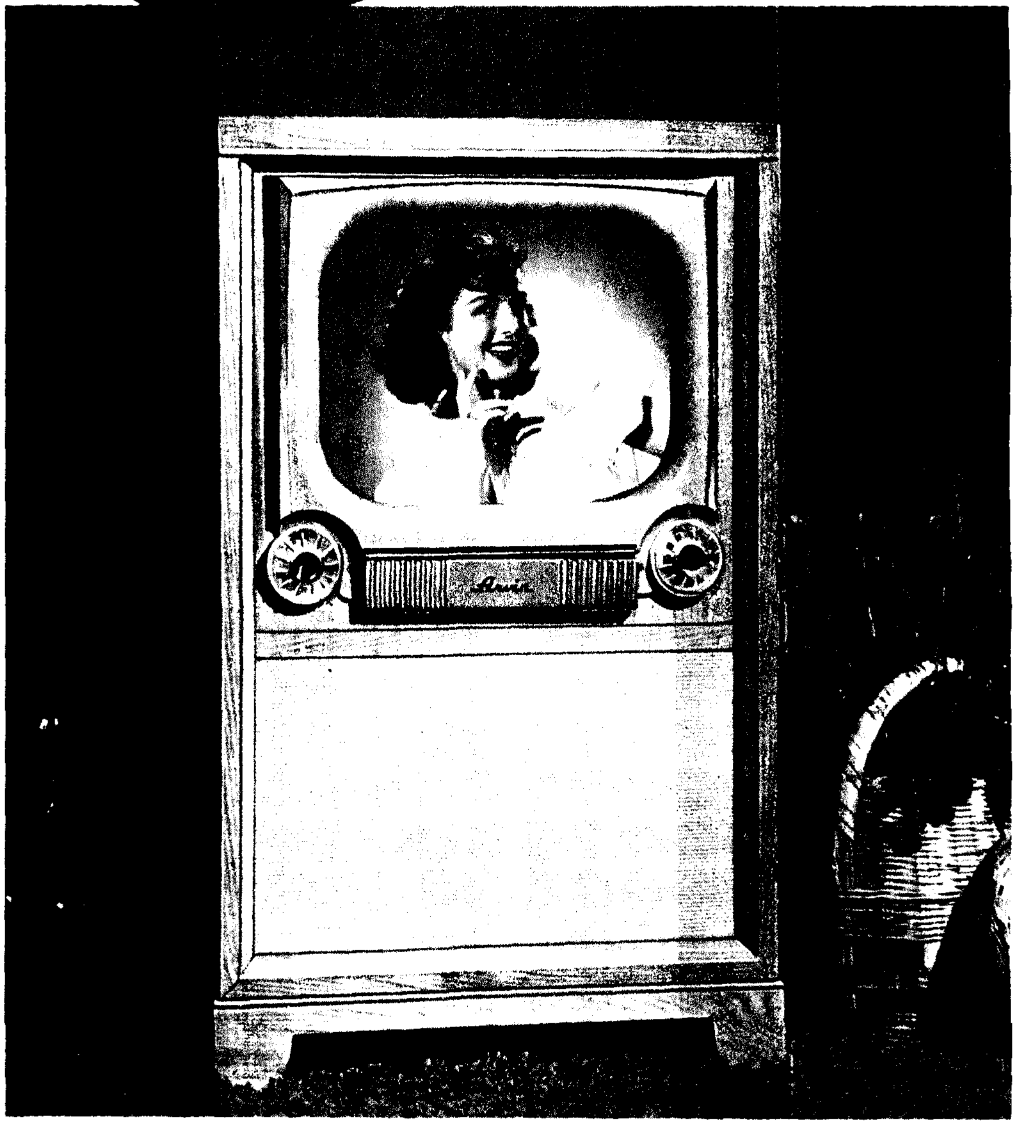
"I know I will be clumsy. When I was a boy I studied piano, resisting all the way, holding my nose, so that I managed to learn nothing. Now, in my middle age, I'd



COLLIER'S **"Gentlemen, I'd like a few days of your time"** MISCHA RICHTER

Brings every station closer

—makes every picture clearer!



Blond or mahogany console of outstanding beauty, with 17-inch Perma-Focus picture and Arvin's mighty Dual Power Custom Chassis (Model 5170CB or 5170CM)

Arvin TV

Visible Value VV *You can see the difference!*

WHEN you advance to Arvin, you're sure to get *all* the latest advances in technical progress, in cabinet styling. Arvin's mighty Dual Power Custom Chassis uses 26 tubes including rectifiers and picture tube. Its range is so great that a special control is actually provided to reduce the signal strength of nearby stations!

Arvin's big 17, 20, or 21-inch pictures automatically maintain the brightness and contrast you prefer, snub "airplane flutter" and other interference. You'll quickly see the difference!

Arvin Dual Power sets can be easily converted to receive Ultra High Frequency and color TV. Screen sizes from 8½ to 21 inches. Prices from $129.95, plus tax and warranty. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana. (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

Arvin's finest table model, in imported mahogany or blond limed oak! Dual Power Custom Chassis; 21-inch Perma-Focus picture. Matching table with revolving top is moderately priced. (Model 5211TM or 5211TB)

• • •

Arvin also makes a full line of
Radios, Electric Housewares, Car Heaters,
Metal Furniture and Ironing Tables.

like to learn enough to crawl and flounder over the music I admire."

"That is a respectable wish."

"Will you teach me, then?"

"But you haven't asked my fee!"

It seemed pathetically modest when she named it, and as a sop to conscience—which presumably might pinch a little later—he paid for half a dozen lessons in advance.

He lingered still, though he could see that in spite of her cordial manner she was wondering why he did.

"Did you study abroad, Miss Rubinger?"

"Yes, in Berlin years ago. With Rudolph Hessler." She nodded toward the photograph. "That's his picture. He was very—harsh." She smiled indulgently as she said this, as though even the harshness, since it belonged to her youth's experience, had faded to an endearing foible.

"I wonder if you'd grant me a favor," he said.

She did not look distrustful, only puzzled. "What could that be?"

"Would you play me something before I go?"

"Why, if you like. It's been a long time since I've really *played* for anyone."

She went to the piano, rubbing her thin fingers, and sat down. In a moment she began to play the opening movement of the Schumann Fantasie in C. It was certainly not the music for her, but perhaps it had been, once. Her mannered use of her arms and fingers was that of another era, and no doubt age, as well as her life's limitations, had impaired her playing; instead of passion there was exertion, instead of tenderness a sugary sweetness. Still, technically, she was better than average, and Lewis could feel the power of the music.

He envied her in a way. He envied her past as a young music student in a foreign city still at peace and gay before the first of the titanic wars. He saw her, in his mind's eye, crossing a square in the morning sunshine between the ponderous shadow of monuments. In one hand she would be holding up her long dark skirt, in the other she would carry her music case, her slight figure tilted forward, its leaning carriage accentuated by the cantilevered hat and thrusting pompadour. She would be breathless, hot and nervous, on her way to play *for that German eagle in the photograph.* And what had come of all the labor and ambition? But what true story ever has a happy ending? he thought. Episodes can have happy conclusions, yes; but the ending of the whole—that is never anything but sad.

Playing and his praise elated her; a wintry pink was on her cheeks, and her hand was feverish when he took it.

"Oh, that was glorious! But I'm so out of practice. I used to be able to control that piece of music, but now it's like a horse that's got the best of me. Next time I'll play you something else; each time you come I'll dig up something new. It will be a sort of archaeological expedition!"

He heard her humming as he closed the door.

THE afternoon was wearing on. The acid look of three o'clock had softened; it was colder, though, and the wind still was high. Before he saw it, he could hear the squawk of Frankie's wagon. Frankie smiled at Lewis for the first time.

"It didn't fall off yet, even!"

"I'm glad."

"You must have *awful* strong fingers."

As if to test them, Frankie thrust his hand in Lewis'. It was chapped, fat, cold as a fish.

"Where are your mittens, Frankie?"

"They're in the wagon."

"I have strong fingers," Lewis agreed. "But so have you. I can feel how strong. I could show you a good rope trick."

Frankie dropped the wagon handle. "I'll get a rope."

"No, not today; the cold would make our fingers clumsy. Next time I see you, though."

There was no one about when he went into Mrs. Burden's house. He went upstairs quietly, and opened the door of his room with pleasure and relief. Throwing off his coat, he lay down on the bed, which had not one, but two long hollows with a ridge between, as though for years a married pair had slept there with a quarrel in the middle.

Lying in one of the hollows, he tried to *memorize the room. He was sure he would* not forget the seams beneath the ceiling paint, or the round plate set into the chimney breast where once a stovepipe had protruded; it was a fluted gilt frame which encircled a picture: a pond with cattails in it, and a rowboat containing two overdressed children. Far away and long ago; before his childhood, even.

The house seemed to live independently; it sighed and breathed. Somewhere in the house, Mrs. Burden's—or somebody's—radio soliloquized monotonously, without a word distinct. The maple bowed and sounded in the wind outside, and the corners of the room clouded slowly. It was getting late; his feet were cold, but still he lay there, anonymous, at peace.

At last a pink reflected light appeared upon his wall, and plunged among the leaping-branch shadows. The street lamps were on; it was time to go. He got up and smoothed out the counterpane. Then he went to the window and leaned his forehead against the icy glass, looking down into the dim yard and the street with its darting car lights and beyond to the bright windows of the houses opposite. The sky above was clear of clouds, and in it Venus sparkled like a waterdrop. As he turned away, he touched the table where he would never work, and then the bed where he would never sleep. He opened the door quietly and tiptoed down the stairs.

Outside, the howling wind drowned out his footsteps. Everything seemed to be tossing and racing; the lights of Mrs. Burden's windows rose and fell. As he passed the next house, he caught sight of Frankie in a yellow window; his hair, tousled by his cap, stood out in peaks above his ears like the horns of a little owl. He was eating something and talking to someone, totally unaware that he was happy.

It grew colder all the time, but Lewis enjoyed blowing along the windy streets, breathing the smell of other people's suppers, staring at the lighted interiors of their houses where all seemed coziness and peace since he could never hear the bickerings or guess the blows of fortune that might fall there. He loved these unknown people who had no claim on him. Watching, he half-wished that it were possible to open the first door he came to, embrace the first woman, play with the children, share the meal; possible to say: "I am a stranger, a traveler from far away. But take me in because I, also, am a member of the family."

What else have I been doing all day long? he thought.

And where had his journey led him but to his own door? For now, yearning for these unknown families, he saw it was his own he longed for, and the familiar love woke up in him again, and he quickened his steps.

There was a florist's booth in the station, and he went to buy some flowers for Edith. He would have liked to give her something fresh and pretty—freesias or narcissus—but there were only carnations, stolid roses, and half a dozen flat bouquets of violets. He sent her all six bunches in a box, with a note explaining that he had been called away for good, and asking her to notify Ledbetter. He hesitated over the ending, wanting to *tell* her something true, something that would reach her, but all he could do was to say again that he would always remember her. Then he signed his day's name and with the signature his creation was completed: Sampson Gale was on his way.

He listened for his conscience while he was waiting. If it was going to nag him, this was the time for it to start. He knew that in spite of the flowers, money and kind words with which he had pretended to pay *his way, he had really left behind* him nothing but inconvenience, disappointment, minor losses. But his conscience, sensibly, refused to stir. After all, he had done what he set out to do: invent a man, a brand-new human being, who was real simply because he now existed in the memory of these people; and what was it but the disappointment that would make each one remember him?

TWO hours later, when he came into his own living room, he saw what he saw every evening: the homework hour. Joan, as usual, was lying on her back on the couch, with her notebook resting against her raised knees. One pencil was in her hand, one gripped between her teeth, one twisted ornamentally into her hair. His wife and Minot were sitting at a table in the lamplight. They all looked up and greeted him: Joan absently, Minot gloomily, his wife with some relief. "Just in time," she said gratefully. "Minot needs help with his fractions."

"Where's the baby?" Lewis said, his cold cheek touching her warm one in the usual passionless evening greeting.

"Well, honey, you're *late.* I kept her up as long as I could."

"Guess I'll have a peek at her."

The baby's room was chilly; the window was open but the room still smelled of her, healthy, delicious. He stood for a while beside the crib, looking down at the dark blot which was her curly head, listening to her gentle breathing, a sound of utter peace.

"Hey, for Pete's sake, I need *help,*" Minot whispered in the doorway.

"I'm coming, I'm coming."

As they went down the hall together, Lewis noticed how tall the boy was getting, taller than his shoulder already, and for the first time, he caught a hint of coming maturity in Minot's profile. He was shaken by a feeling of concern and pride and put his arm around his son's shoulders as if to protect him.

By ten o'clock the house was still. Lewis lay in bed, watching his wife slapping cream onto her face, and generally dismantling herself of the day's good looks with conjugal shamelessness. Plain or pretty, he knew her and appreciated her, and when she came to bed he clasped her warmly in his arms.

She fell asleep before he did; she always did. She dropped into sleep like a stone, while he had to fritter on the surface, sometimes for hours. The gusty wind brought a noise of whistles from the river; the bead on the Venetian blind ticktacked against the window. He listened to these and the sound of his own yawns and waited patiently.

* * *

Sampson Gale is not in bed. He has had a long day at the office, but now, alone in his room, he is bent over his drawing board, hard at work. Even his shadow looks absorbed. Outdoors, the maple creaks like a mighty rocking chair, the windy night presses at each pane. "You are alone," it mutters and insists. But Sampson Gale is never lonely. He is accompanied always by the figures of his future: the lovers, the friends, the defeated foes. And he himself is there in many phases, all of them splendid since they have not yet been overtaken by reality. In short, he is young, solitary, ambitious, still reeling with the heady illusion of freedom, the illusion of choice.

* * *

Lewis' wife sighed in her sleep; he felt the faint fugitive breath against his neck, and touched her lightly to reassure her, wherever she was. She lay against him, warm and known, and now she was absolutely still again. Soon he, too, slipped into a deep, untroubled sleep.

THE END

SILVER LININGS

THE CLOUD	THE LINING
The Censor ordered the immediate removal of a young artist's canvas from an exhibit held in London.	**The hitherto unknown artist sold four of his canvases within 24 hours.**
A San Francisco hotel clerk was shot by a bandit.	**The surgeon probing for the bullet found and removed an unsuspected cancer.**
A cow broke through the floor of a barn near Tours, France.	**This exposed an ancient underground chamber containing treasure.**
A Chicago woman's automobile was stolen.	**She recovered it the next day washed and polished.**
A burglar broke into a Buffalo home and stole some money.	**He pried open a window the homeowner had vainly tried to open for years.**
An inmate of Joliet Prison was put in solitary for 15 days.	**It cured him of his lifelong habit of excessive smoking.**
A golfer of Pueblo, Colorado, dropped and broke his glasses as he was teeing off.	**He swung anyway, and made a hole in one.**
A fisherman of Roxbury, Vermont, lost a leg in an accident.	**When his boat upset in a storm, his wooden leg kept him afloat until help came.**
A car rushing a choking boy to a hospital in Atlanta crashed into another car.	**The crash dislodged an object in the boy's windpipe and saved his life.**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

EARLY TIMES SCORES AGAIN

Kentucky's FAVORITE Straight Bourbon

WHERE ELSE could you find better judges of Bourbon than in Kentucky, the Bourbon capital of the world?

So doesn't it stand to reason that Early Times must be an exceptional whisky when for four consecutive years it has been the favorite straight Bourbon in all Kentucky.

What a record! And what a *Bourbon!* Hearty, full-bodied, yet as smoothly satisfying as the winning touchdown, Early Times is truly *all* whisky—*fine* whisky, every ounce a *man's* whisky! Try it—buy it—today!

EARLY TIMES
Old Style Kentucky Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
ESTABLISHED
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Every Ounce a Man's Whisky

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

THIS WHISKY IS
4 YEARS OLD
86 PROOF

Sun or shower the coat of the hour...

RAINFAIR shower proof Rain Topcoats

Choose the Cavalier — the Rain Topcoat in worsted-like gabardine!

Here's topcoat smartness and raincoat protection priced to fit the most cautious budget! The *Cavalier* is luxury tailored of rayon gabardine, looks and drapes like worsted. In blue, taupe or tan, $18.75. (With all-wool, zip-in liner, $29.95.) You'll also want to see the *Checkrain*, in dramatic houndstooth checks. Choice of rich, subdued checks in tan or blue cast, $23.50. Write for free style booklet.

The CHECKRAIN

RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS

Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

THE Nylonair

Pure lustrous nylon, 100% waterproof protection, and weight of only 15 oz. make the Nylonair your best buy in raincoats. Packs in a pocket-size envelope. Unconditionally guaranteed, $14.95.

RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE 4, WISCONSIN • MAKERS OF SMARTAIR LEISURE WEAR

The House Where My Heart Lives

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

send down for the boys, and you and Pete could fix up the cabin. You're an engineer, and you could make everything we'd need. We'd be just fine up here, Bruce. And we'd be saving an important part of Western civilization, too. Darned important. Us. Then they could go ahead and drop their atom bombs."

"I wrote: 'And is there honey still for tea?' Now, that's all the help I can give you. Sorry," Bruce said.

Julie lay down again.

"Rupert Brooke, of course," she said.

BRUCE leaned over and kissed her on the nose. "You win," he said. "You're pretty good, but I had to give you quite a bit of help." He nudged her. "Know what made me pick him?"

"No," Julie said in a small voice. She hadn't won, of course. Not that she'd had any hope of winning. Her idea of coming to the cabin, the four of them, had been a wild impulsive protest, but she felt better for having made it. And Bruce was still chatting over and around her outburst, as though everything were all right.

"What are you saying, Bruce?" she asked. "Blankets? What blankets?"

"Rupert Brooke. Remember? Well, I got the idea of using him as the subject from these blankets under my chin. He had a line in one of his poems about 'the rough male kiss of blankets.'" Bruce settled deeper under the covers. His voice was gentle and close to her ear. "It will be just for a little while, Julie. Just until they get some more radar officers trained, and then they'll tell me to go home and carve ships in bottles with the rest of the old sailors."

"Sure," she said. She liked it when Bruce talked to her as though she were a little girl who had lost a favorite hair ribbon. She felt less resentful now, and suddenly she was sleepy. Poor Bruce. He felt just as bad as she did, and he was acting much better than she was.

Julie reached for him in the darkness. "Better go to sleep, or we'll be dead in the morning," she said softly. The new day, the new life was almost here. And it had the sharp, fierce smell of burning.

Julie woke up first. The morning light was gray round the edges of the heavy curtains over the big front window of the cabin. She swung her legs out of bed and felt for her slippers while she put her arms into her heavy plaid dressing gown. Bruce was sleeping heavily. Only the top of his dark head showed above the blankets.

Julie stood up and looked around the big room, which seemed to be overflowing with the debris of last night's dinner. She shivered again. They should have done the dishes before they went to bed.

Out in the little kitchen, she washed the clammy grounds out of the coffee pot, rinsed it out, filled it with fresh water and coffee, put it on the stove and went out the back door, closing it softly behind her.

With her hands deep in the pockets of her dressing gown, she walked around to the front of the cabin. The sun had not yet burned through a heavy haze, heavier than she had ever seen it on the lake, and the little rocky promontory on which the cabin stood looked as though it were insulated by a thick gray wall of wool. The lake itself was a flat gray color, like an old aluminum kettle. The smell of smoke was acrid in the air and stung her nostrils.

On the clear day when she and Bruce had first come here, they'd been able to see across the lake to the low hills rising above the dusky fringe of the fir trees at the western end of it. They'd come that first time on a fishing trip, not long after they were married. They had camped here on the point for four days.

They might never have had the cabin if it had not been for something Julie had said to Pete Leseur, who ran an establishment that included tourist cabins, a general store, post office, lunch counter and boats for rent, at the end of the lake.

"What a heavenly place for a cottage," she had said to him, as he made up their bill for the rent of the boat. "What a view. And do you know, I think there's gold on that point. I'm sure I saw it in the rocks. Imagine having gold in the front yard. How flossy can you get?"

"Iron pyrites," Pete said, without looking up. "Fool's gold."

"I don't care," Julie said. "The view's real."

Pete pushed the bill across. "Want me to build her for you?" he asked.

Pete cut the logs that fall, and by the middle of the next summer he and his helper had enough of the cabin built so Julie and Bruce could camp in it for the two weeks of their holiday. They came back the next year and began the improvements which were not completed until after the war, when Bruce was home again. Half a dozen other cottages were built at the end of the lake, but none of them was closer than a quarter of a mile to their cabin.

Julie had made it her job to clear the small scrub trees away from in front of the cabin, leaving only a graceful group of birches. Later it was possible to run a power line in to the cottages, and Bruce installed their own pumping system to bring water from the lake. In all this, Pete Leseur had been their contractor, adviser and friend. He never tired of telling them that their cabin had been built the "old way," without nails. Occasionally, he would come down the lake in his outboard from Leseur's Landing, the bush settlement on the lake to which he had given his name, to "get away from those damn' tourists," and look over the latest work going on at the cabin.

Bruce was calling to Julie from the cabin now. The coffee was ready. She went inside, poured two cups and took them into the big front room. He blinked as she pulled back the curtains.

"This place has the same sleazy charm I expect a night club must have at nine thirty in the morning," he said, looking around without enthusiasm.

"I'll take this wine bottle away," Julie said. "It's empty, anyway."

"I feel as though it is. I'm thirsty," Bruce said, drinking his coffee. "That was fun last night, wasn't it? Candlelight and wine."

"Wonderful," Julie said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I kept expecting your wife to come hammering at the door."

"She was right here all the time," Bruce said. "Always take my wife along on my assignations."

"You keep right on doing that," Julie said, standing up. "Well, I suppose there's no time for lounging around in peignoirs. Got to get to work and close the place up."

AFTER breakfast, Bruce bolted the shutters, and Julie made the lids secure on the tins that protected staples like sugar and salt from mice and squirrels. And as they were leaving, she scattered some broken bread on the ground near the back door for the chipmunks. "Just so they won't think I'm a heel," she said.

Bruce took the bags down to the boat. He was frowning when he came back.

"There's a terrific fire somewhere. Probably two or three of them," he said.

Julie put a hand to her throat. The world had suddenly become a strange and frightening place, now that Bruce was going away. The sun was a yellow disk, burning with an eerie light behind the smoky overcast. She moved close to Bruce.

"Maybe we should hurry," she said.

He nodded. "We'd better get right along, although I think we'll be able to get through somehow." He looked down at her. "You're not worried, are you?"

Julie shook her head. "But let's hurry," she said.

"Aren't you going to say good-by to the house?" Bruce asked.

"Not this year," Julie said.

"Go on. It won't be the same unless you do."

"It isn't the same, anyway," she said, and started down the path. Bruce hesitated, and then followed her down the rocky steps they had made with their own hands.

Bruce started the outboard motor, and they moved along the flat, oily-looking surface of the lake toward the bank of smoke. Julie glanced back once but, although they were no more than a quarter of a mile from their landing, the outlines of the cabin were dim. At Leseur's Landing the smoke seemed even thicker.

"You go up to the store and see how much we owe Pete, and I'll bring the bags," Bruce said.

THE Leseur place, long and sprawling, with its huddle of tourist cabins behind it, was the central building of the settlement. The general store took up most of the room inside the main building, and where the shelves ended, ornamental iron tables with marble tops, outcasts from the ice cream parlor of another day, began. Julie liked shopping in the store, which smelled strongly of coffee, soap and the hand-rolled cigarettes Pete smoked.

Mrs. Leseur, a plump, chronically weary woman, was behind the counter, watching the door as if she had been waiting for Julie to come in. At first, in the dim light, Julie was aware only of Mrs. Leseur, and it was not until she had walked across the uneven floor to the counter that she saw the women and children at the back of the store, gathered around the tables. A dozen kerchiefed women, most of whom Julie recognized as being from the Landing, sat with their children and their bundles. The children were unnaturally quiet. They watched her with incurious eyes as though they had been waiting a long time.

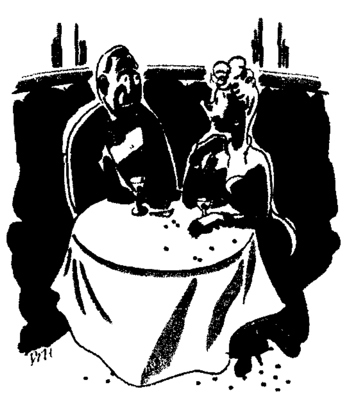
"They told us to be ready to leave if they couldn't get the fire stopped," said Mrs. Leseur. "The men are all up the road, been up there since last night. If they can't stop the fire they're going to send the trucks for us. The north road's still open. The fire's down that way." She nodded toward the west.

"But surely—" Julie began. "It *can't* be that bad."

"Pete says it's like the whole north country's on fire," Mrs. Leseur said heavily. She added quickly, "He knew you was coming down by noon and if you hadn't he'd have found some way to tell you."

"Oh, I know he would have," Julie said. "It just—well, it doesn't seem possible."

That smell of smoke—it had been there other Septembers. The smell of smoke had always been the smell of fall in the bush. Now it smelled like danger, and even death, threatening these waiting people and their homes.



"I guess I just got so excited listening to your big business deals that I forgot how poorly they string these cheap imitation pearls . . ."

COLLIER'S BOB DELL

Mrs. Leseur handed her a folded slip of paper.

"Pete left this for your husband."

"Yes, of course, the bill," Julie said.

"It ain't the bill. Give it to him."

Julie nodded, without speaking. At that moment Bruce came through the door, calling a greeting to Mrs. Leseur. Julie handed him the paper.

After he had unfolded and read it, he looked at her.

"It's a map showing me how to get to where they're fighting the fire," Bruce said.

"No note or anything? Just that?" Julie asked. Her voice sounded shrill to her.

"Just that. I guess it's really bad, and they need all the help they can get." He looked past Julie to Mrs. Leseur.

"Just that map, and he knew you would come running," Julie said.

Bruce bit his lip and moved closer to her. "Look, Julie darling, let's not—"

"I know," she said. "It will be just for a little while."

Bruce glanced at the women at the far end of the store. "Let's go outside and talk about it," he said.

She shook her head. "What is there to talk about? Let's get in the car and go home. You heard her say the north road is open." Julie held herself very straight as she talked. "You've got to get home on time, you know, Bruce."

He frowned. "I'm going down the road and help Pete and those guys. They need all the help they can get. You'll be all right here," he said quickly. Then he turned and walked quickly out of the store. Julie hesitated until the door slammed behind him, and then she followed him, half running.

His hand was on the car door when she reached his side. He looked at her over his shoulder.

"You can't get rid of me like that," Julie said a little breathlessly. "Besides, I'm going to be spending enough time with the women and children while you're away."

Bruce grinned. "First thing I know you'll be wanting to go to sea with me."

"Not a bad idea," she said. They were both smiling now. "Bruce—" she began.

"It's all right," he said gently.

"It was just that I didn't want you to leave me. Not until you have to, anyway. I'm sorry."

"Come on," he said. "Let's go."

THE familiar road to the west was a tunnel through the swirling smoke. Landmarks Julie had known for years took sudden grotesque shapes in the haze.

Bruce stopped the car behind a ranger's truck, one of a convoy, and asked the driver if he had seen Pete Leseur. A moment later, Pete appeared out of the smoke. His red-rimmed eyes showed no surprise when he saw them.

Julie knew in that instant how real the danger was. She knew, too, why it had been important for them to come.

"How's it going? No good," Pete said in a hoarse voice, in reply to Bruce's questions. "I don't know whether we can hold her or not. Here, I'll show you."

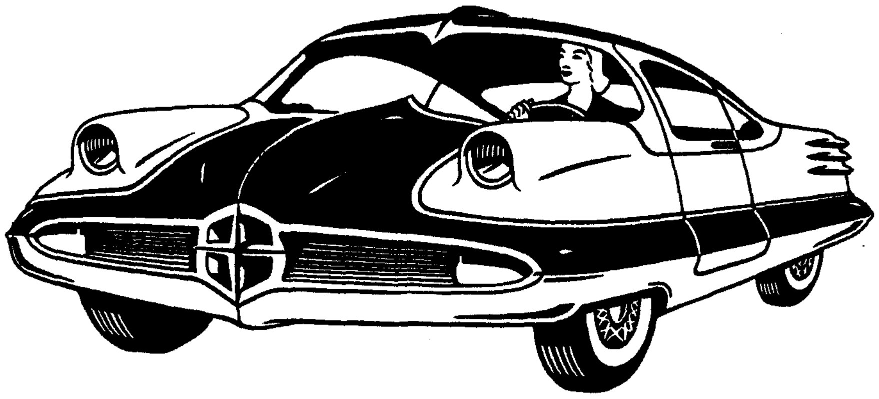
He knelt in the dust of the road, and with a twig traced a map of the flaming battle front. The fire was moving from the west before a light wind. In its path lay a creek linking two lakes. The fighters were making their big stand there. If the flames jumped that creek, they would be free to spread on a wider front and would threaten the landing and the women and children Bruce and Julie had left.

"And our cabin," Julie said. She bit her lip too late; the words were said. But Pete nodded solemnly. He understood. He knew what the cabin meant to them.

Bruce straightened up after he'd looked at the rough map scratched in the road. "Show us what to do," he said. "My wife wants to help, too."

Pete rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and

Special Sport Coupe, designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL "Dream Car" Salon.



FOUND

WHEREVER FINE CARS

TRAVEL

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

VEEDOL

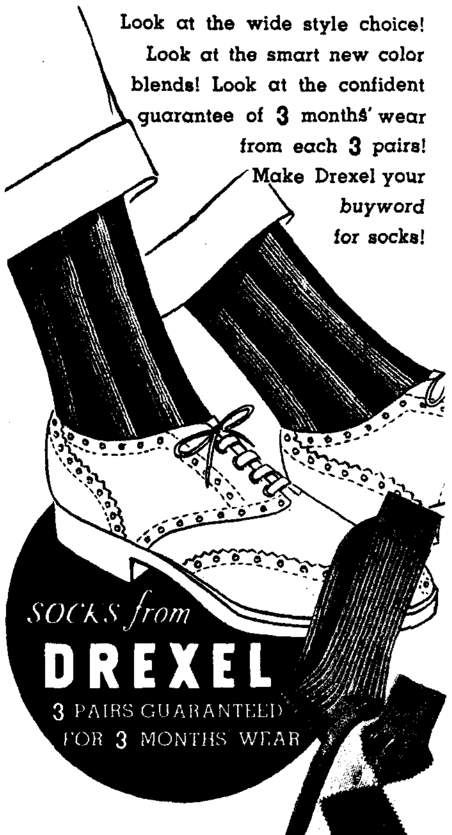
TIDE WATER
ASSOCIATED
OIL COMPANY
NEW YORK TULSA SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Room
DINE
DANCE
ROMANCE
THE LEXINGTON

HOME OF THE FAMOUS
Hawaiian Room
THE PERENNIALLY POPULAR
NEW YORK ADDRESS
Hotel Lexington
CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, President
George W. Miller, Resident Manager
LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 48th ST., N.Y.C. 17

Be Foot-Sure!

Look at the wide style choice! Look at the smart new color blends! Look at the confident guarantee of 3 months' wear from each 3 pairs! Make Drexel your buyword for socks!



LADIES' DAY . . . every day it's Drexel 60's for story-book sheerness, budget-book wear!

Drexel
HOSIERY

DREXEL HOSIERY,
2821 EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1

slowly ground the burnt match between his fingers and then began to put it in his pocket. He looked down at the match and smiled bitterly, but he put it in his pocket anyway. He looked at Julie.

"I saw her chop some of those poplars down. She's a pretty good axman. We can use her." He looked down the road. "We can use everybody we can get. Let's go."

The brown dust of the road was yellow in the unreal light as they moved up. Once a truck passed them, groping its way back from the creek like a blinded animal being led to safety.

NOW the smoke was dense and choking. Pete dampened handkerchiefs in a ditch for Julie and Bruce and helped to tie them over their mouths and noses. They were close to the creek now. Julie remembered the place in the road.

Pete stopped and held up his hand. "Hear it?" he asked.

Somewhere up ahead in the forest, the fire was roaring like a fabulous flame-breathing beast. Julie moved closer to Bruce and put a hand in his.

Pete moved forward into the gray wall, beckoning to them to follow. He led them across a timber ridge to the west bank of the creek. Here portable pumps had been set up at intervals of two hundred yards, in what could be the last line of defense against the fire.

When they had crossed the bridge, he took them to the left, past one pump to where another stood untended.

"Think you can handle one of those things between you?" he asked.

Bruce glanced at Julie and then back at Pete and nodded.

"One of you will stay here at the creek and keep the pump running. Make sure it don't get clogged at the intake. I'll see you get gas for the engine," Pete said. "The other guy—that better be you"—he said, nodding at Bruce—"will take the hose into the bush. We got about fifteen hundred feet here."

He pointed ahead to where the smoke was a curving gray wall through which an occasional bright sword of flame slashed.

"If it ever jumps over you to the east bank, start running for the bridge. You got a better chance running than lying down in the creek," Pete said. He hesitated. "I got work to do now. You know how to start these things?"

Bruce bent over it for a moment. "Sure, I've seen lots of engines like this. We'll be all right."

Bruce started the pump. Pete watched for a minute and then disappeared into the smoke.

When the pump was chugging with a sturdy, almost domestic, sound that seemed out of key with the grim work it was doing, Bruce picked up the nozzle of the hose, and stopped for a minute beside Julie.

"You be all right?" he asked.

Julie nodded.

"Remember what Pete said. If the fire gets across the creek, you start out for the bridge. Don't wait for me. I'll be all right," he said.

"Yes, Admiral," Julie said with forced lightness.

Bruce turned and began to pick his way through the slash of an old logging operation. In a moment he'd disappeared. Julie looked at her watch. It was just noon.

Through the long afternoon, Julie lived and worked in her little world on the edge of the stream. Pete brought her gasoline for the pump, and once Bruce came out through the gray curtain of smoke to see how she was. The nervous tension of the early morning had been relaxed by the job she had been given to do. The smell of the fire had been a mysterious, frightening presence all through the night, somehow symbolic of larger fears. But now that she was facing it, here on the banks of a stream with her husband not far away, fighting it too, the fire was no longer the evil spirit it had been. She hated it for what it might do to those people down at the Landing more than she feared it now.

Pete came along the bank once more, as a deeper darkness that was the beginning of night moved in on Julie. He had more gasoline for the pump and two grubby ham sandwiches. She ate one at once and saved the other for Bruce.

Pete checked the pump and the intake.

"It's all right," Julie said stiffly.

Pete grinned. "Okay." He looked at her. "You're a good girl, missus," he said.

Julie shivered slightly. "I'm a doll," she said. "How about putting this fire out so we can all go home?"

Pete shrugged his shoulders. The battle was far from won. He turned to walk away and stopped, his head up like an alert, startled animal.

"What is it?" asked Julie.

"Hear that?"

Julie listened, but her ears, long accustomed to the distant growling of the fire, could detect no new sound.

"Wind," Pete shouted. "The damn' wind's coming up. Come on." He began to run in the direction of the bridge. But Julie stood still.

Now she could hear it. The monster in the forest was being lashed into fury. She could feel the flat push of the rising wind on her face, cool at first, now searing hot. The flames were clearly visible in the murk ahead. A tall pine burst into flames like a torch, then exploded like a bomb. One of the fragments, blazing with fiery pitch, sailed high in the air over her head and deep into the dark woods behind her on the east bank.

A small animal scuttled past her, and Julie screamed. The whole world was in flames. The fire was on the march; and somewhere just ahead in the red heart of it was Bruce.

Julie began to run, stumbling and sometimes falling. Branches tore at her clothes; hot air seared her throat as she gulped for air. At the edge of the wall of flame she stopped and looked wildly around her.

"Bruce," she screamed. The shout rasped her dry throat, and the smoke cut her eyes like a whip. She screamed her husband's name again and again. The heat and the smoke were making her giddy, and she rubbed her fingers across her eyes to clear them. When she took them away, Bruce was beside her, grasping her roughly by the arm.

"Julie, what are you doing here? I thought I told you to get out," he said. Little rivulets of fire were running through the dry leaves at their feet. Half dragging her, Bruce began to run toward the creek, and the flames pursued them to the edge of the water, as though they were directed by a vast, destructive cunning.

"I had to find you," Julie sobbed.

Bruce looked up the creek to the bridge and down the stream to where it emptied into the lake. On the other side the flames had taken a deep bite, and both banks were aflame. "It's too late. We can't get to the bridge now. And we can't stay here," he said hoarsely.

Bruce was looking at the dark water of the creek, red now with the reflection of the fire. He took her by the arm and they waded out till the water reached their knees. He was still looking to the left and right. "We can't stay here. The fire will burn all the oxygen out of the air and we'll suffocate. You stay here a minute," he said.

Julie wanted to tell him not to leave her. But she choked the cry with her fist and watched him wade back to the bank of the creek through the rushes, bright as flowers in the bloody glare. Bruce was wrestling with something large and black in the weeds. He called to her to help him, and together they rolled a big trimmed log, a relic of some old mill operation, into the stream.

"Get on it," Bruce said. "Wait, I'll get us some paddles."

He helped her to straddle the long log, and then using the two sticks he had found for paddles, they began to move down the slow-flowing stream to the lake.

"Wet your handkerchief again, Julie," he called from the stern. "And you'd better lie down. This is going to be rough."

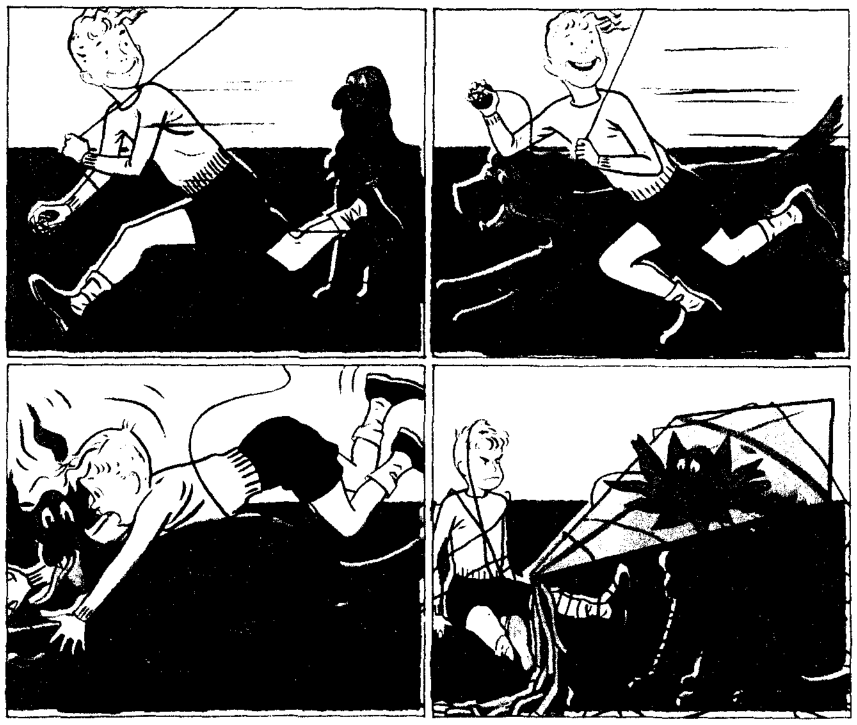
SHE shook her head and dug deep with the crude paddle. The fires on both sides of the creek were one now, meeting in a flaming arch above them. The air was hot and hard in her throat. Julie could feel it sear her lungs as she bent to the paddling. The log was moving, painfully slowly at first, but faster now. She knew now what Bruce had meant when he'd said that they couldn't stay in the creek. Her head was bursting from the heat. Julie laid her paddle across the log, and put her aching head down on it. The heat scorched her neck and back, but she could not sit up.

"We're almost there, Julie. Just a little way more," Bruce yelled wildly.

She raised her head. Ahead, not very far ahead either, the dark lake loomed. On either side of the mouth of the creek the world was in flames. But out in the lake the darkness looked cool and safe.

And the air was cooler now, like a balm

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

AUTOMOTIVE ENGINES

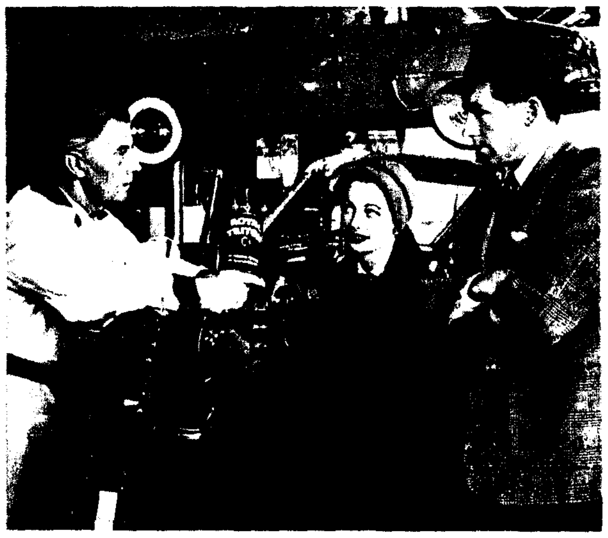
SUREST TEST OF ENGINE PERFORMANCE IS MOUNTAIN DRIVING, AS CLAUDIA GLASS AND CHARLES HARVEY DISCOVER IN CALIFORNIA'S HIGH SIERRA

CAR DEALER AND MOTOR OIL—KEY TO ENGINE PERFORMANCE

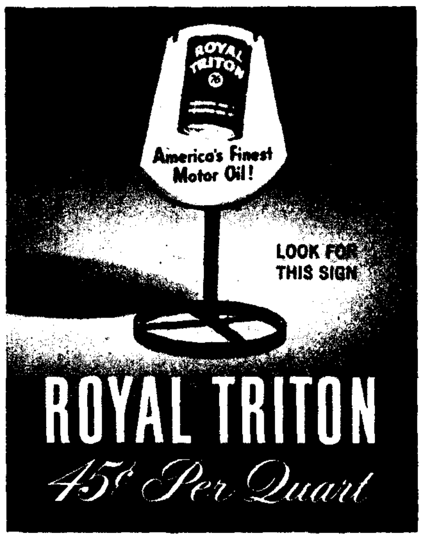
In one respect, present-day automobiles are almost too good. Even when they are operating at 75% to 80% of their capability, their performance is terrific. As a result, thousands of proud owners are driving around America completely unaware that their cars are not delivering maximum performance. You paid for 100% performance, so why not get it? Here are two things to do: First, take your car to your car dealer's for frequent checkups—at least every 2,000 miles. His mechanics are factory trained and have the finest testing and repair equipment. They can keep your motor tuned hair-sharp. Second, use the best motor oil money can buy. Leading car manufacturers now specify heavy-duty* type motor oils. The finest of these heavy-duty oils is Royal Triton—the famous purple motor oil, recommended by leading car dealers.

*The classification *heavy duty* has nothing to do with weight. Heavy-duty oils come in the same S. A. E. grades as premium oils.

CLAUDIA AND CHARLES demonstrate rule No. 1: Take your car to your car dealer's for frequent checkups—at least every 2,000 miles. His service department men are factory-trained experts on your make of car.



RULE NO. 2: Use the finest motor oil you can buy. Leading car dealers recommend Royal Triton—the finest of the heavy-duty motor oils. It gives the greatest possible protection for today's precision-built engines.



Royal Triton is available at leading car dealers' in many areas throughout the United States.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Union Oil Bldg. • New York, 4904 R C A Bldg. • Chicago, 1612 Bankers Bldg. • Houston, 1134 Commerce Bldg.

THE BEST
for wear
for value

HANSLEY *Quality* UNDERWEAR

No sir! Just no other Underwear gives you such fine quality, priced so low.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

HANSLEY mills, incorporated
PARIS, KENTUCKY

SAFELY RELIEVES HANGOVER BLUES

Nausea, Upset Stomach, Headaches

FEEL GREAT . . . IN A JIFFY!

STADE works four ways Overcomes Alcoholic Depression, Absorbs Gases and Toxins, Reduces Gastric-Hyperacidity Relieves Pain. Doctors' tests prove STADE is safe, effective and contains no laxatives. Sold on Money Back Guarantee. At your dealer or send today.

UNITED PHARMACAL PRODUCTS, INC.
Dept. T-9, 176 W. Adams, Chicago 3
Canada 169 Bessborough, Toronto 17, Ont

SEND NO MONEY
Just name and address on postal Pay Mailman $1.00 plus postage. Or send $1.00 now and we pay postage.

YOURS . . .
NEW INTEREST IN LIFE THROUGH HEARING with RADIOEAR!

Thousands of deafened people, with severe hearing losses, are again enjoying—through Radioear hearing aids—*new, full, normal living.* Because they can really *hear* now, with ease, without embarrassment, without feeling self-conscious—they have regained valuable business and social contacts and their rightful place in the family circle. Radioear even brings them telephone, radio and television hearing!

Radioear Hearing Aids are tiny, light, easily concealed—yet powerful and efficient . . . the finest hearing aids Radioear has ever produced.

There's a Radioear for Your needs—Send this Coupon Today.

FREE HEARING AID DIGEST!

E. A. MYERS & SONS c
PITTSBURGH 16, PA. Please send me, without obligation, your latest hearing aid digest to help me solve my own particular hearing problem.

Name__________

Address__________

on her face, like cool water in her parched throat. The heavy log made a tiny ripple, as it wallowed forward. Julie slumped forward again. The water continued to gurgle at the front of the log. Now the heat was gone, like a heavy weight lifted from her. The log rocked gently in the chop of the little waves. Slowly Julie sat up and looked around. Bruce was leaning forward on the log, his hunched body silhouetted against the fiery curtain of the shore.

"All right, Julie?" he croaked.

She breathed deeply of the cool, sweet air. "Yes," she said, putting her hand to her throat, "except it hurts to talk."

He nodded. The log swung around, broadside to the shore. The mouth of the creek was barely distinguishable as an opening in the wall of flame. Julie trailed her blistered hands in the water.

"Look at the damn' thing," Bruce said.

"We lose, eh?" Julie asked.

"Everybody loses," Bruce said bitterly.

Julie felt in her pockets. "I had a ham sandwich for you. I lost that, too," she said.

Bruce snorted. A moment later, he said, "It looks as though we might be out here for a while, until the fire burns out and we can go back in to shore, provided we're not blown out into the lake. You move back here and lean against me and see if you can get some rest, and I'll see that you don't fall in the drink."

They moved to the middle of the log, and Julie sank back against his chest. Bruce's arms were strong around her. She closed her burning eyes. So they had lost. The Landing would burn, and a little later the cabin would burn.

But they had fought, fought hard. This was what you had to do. She had known this all along. She had known it last night when she had tried, in a desperate, fumbling gesture to try to embrace the cabin as a symbol of security. She had known it this morning, even when her first impulse had been to run away from the fire.

WHEN she woke up, Bruce was looking down at her, his unshaven, dirty face grinning at her. She sat up quickly. The lake was gray with the first light.

"Bruce, it's raining," she cried.

"The wind shifted about an hour ago and it's starting to come down good," he said, turning his face up. "You move up ahead, and we'll steer this thing back to shore. I think I've got a bearing and we're not too far off the mouth of the creek."

The rain was a torrent by the time they reached the creek. Bruce ran the log ashore and they picked their way through the charred, steaming underbrush that was turning to muddy ashes under their feet. The bridge was smoking but still standing, and someone was calling to them from the deck of it.

With Bruce's hand under her arm Julie scrambled up the bank to the bridge, and into the arms of a large man who smelled strongly of smoke and sweat.

"Pete," yelled the man, "here are your friends. They're all right."

Pete came down the bridge, nodding to them as though they had had an appointment to meet there at dawn, just after the rain had stopped the fire. "That's everybody," he said. "Don't ask me how, but they all got out."

He patted his shirt pockets for tobacco, ignoring Bruce's questions. Julie watched him roll a cigarette, snap a match into flame with his nail, and suck in the first puff of smoke. He blew out the match and looked at it for a moment. Then, with what seemed to Julie to be a trancelike gesture, he deliberately threw it into a gathering puddle of rain water. Looking up, he saw she had been watching him. He winked. It was a wink that said again: "You're a good girl, missus." It said: "We won." It expressed all the proud gladness that Julie felt, standing beside her husband, her hand in his, amid the debris of the battlefield.

Pete had moved their car in the general retreat, and now he brought it up again. The run back to Leseur's Landing was a short one. The fire had been stopped less than a quarter of a mile from the settlement.

When they reached the Landing, the rain had stopped but the clouds were dark and heavy with the promise of more rain to come.

Julie got out of the car and walked toward the lake. Bruce walked beside her.

"Well?" he said, looking down at her.

It was one of those questions in code that people who know each other and love each other can ask.

Julie nodded her head. Far up the lake, bright and beautiful as a symbol should be, Julie could see their cabin. **THE END**

Monkey Business at Mers el Kebir

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

her turn into the wind, Curly whooshed past the starboard side of the island close aboard.

Hauling up ahead and losing speed as he went, Curly dropped his landing gear, checking to see that it was all down and locked. Continuing down the landing checkoff list, he dropped his hook, squirmed out of his chute, checked his shoulder harness, lowered his flaps, and banked into a standard rate turn to the left.

He gauged his turn with a practiced eye and straightened out in the groove, getting the cut signal from "Paddles" just as the white flag went up at the landing signal officer's platform, indicating "ship into wind and deck ready." As the number-two wire brought him up with a jerk, Curly shoved the hook retriever handle and poured the coal to his jets, taxiing past the barriers at a brisk clip to clear the deck for his number-two man coming in thirty seconds behind him.

WITH the barriers behind him, Curly pushed the hydraulic lever to fold his wings, stuck out his fist with his thumb up as he passed flight-deck control, indicating the plane was okay for the next flight, and, following the arm and hand signals of the taxi director, eased his Banshee into a parking space between two Corsairs with six inches of elbow room on each side. "Another day, another dollar," Curly sighed as he cut the fuel to his jets. "It all counts on thirty years."

"Lieutenant Commander Cue report to flag plot immediately," boomed the flight-deck bull horns, over the roar of powerful jets as Curly's number-three man, who had crowded number two just a mite too closely, took a wave-off and thundered past the ship to go around again.

"What ho, Curly," said Admiral Day as the squadron commander strode into flag plot. "Didn't you find them?"

"No, sir," Curly said, "and we went out a good five hundred miles west of Gib."

"Yes, I know you did," Admiral Day replied. "I could hear your mob jabbering about it on the radio most of the way back. It sounded like a bunch of Air Force characters instead of a military organization. When are you going to drill some radio discipline into those jockeys of yours?"

Curly assured the admiral that he had the names of all the offenders and intended to cut their ears off and stuff them down their throats before dinner that evening. "Uh-huh," said the admiral. "Anyway, I'm going to send you out again tomorrow morning. The Wilson has an arrival time to meet in Gibraltar and so we can't help finding her tomorrow. We will make a predawn launch and you may catch old 'Bugler' still in his bunk at sunrise."

"Aye, aye, sir," Curly said with a grin.

"And incidentally," continued the admiral, handing Curly a small piece of paper, "here are the radio frequencies and call signs of the Wilson just in case you *might* have some use for them."

"Aye, *aye,* sir," said Curly.

A few minutes later Curly laid down the law to his pilots in the ready room. "Now I'm not going to warn you about this again. Next time there's any breach of radio discipline, I'm going to lower the boom."

"York, York, sir," croaked a barely audible voice in the rear row of seats.

Curly ignored the voice. York, York is the phonetic pronunciation of "YARC," which ensigns and jaygees use instead of "Aye, aye, sir" when addressing squadron commanders—behind their backs. It means "You're Absolutely Right, Commander."

"Someday," Curly continued, "one of you guys will be a couple of hundred miles away when a ship has a message for you that may mean the difference between getting back aboard and going into the drink. If you don't learn to lay off that microphone button, the ship might just as well put the message in a bottle and heave it overboard —then maybe it would wash ashore and be delivered to your beneficiaries."

"York, York, sir," croaked the voice.

"All hands turn in early tonight," Curly snapped. "Sunrise is at 0630 and we're going off at 0430."

As the pilots began gathering up their gear to leave, Curly added, "Oh, by the way, I've got the Wilson's frequencies and calls, so if you hear some yackety-yak on the radio tomorrow morning, that's special and doesn't count."

There were knowing grins and "York, Yorks" all over the ready room.

Next morning as the sun rose over the horizon, it found the great ship Woodrow Wilson in a very embarrassing position. She was caught with her pants down. She was only halfway through the launching of her deck load when Curly and his squadron came boiling down and gave her a screaming welcome fore and aft and athwartships.

To add insult to injury, the Wilson's radio communications were soon hopelessly fouled up. When they attempted to vector their Combat Air Patrol out to intercept the attack, the CAP's orders were changed in some mysterious manner and they went off in the wrong direction. The attempt to rendezvous squadrons after take-off was characterized by orders, unauthorized counter orders, and disorder. In a short time pandemonium reigned, and all the Wilson's frequencies sounded like feeding time in the bird house at the zoo. Her traffic pattern went haywire, with planes swarming around in all directions.

When the Wilson's last plane started its take-off, Curly made a final swipe at her deck before heading east. As he zoomed back up into the wild blue yonder, trouble suddenly reared its ugly head. The hand on his tail-pipe temperature gauge edged over into the red danger sector of the dial, saying to Curly, "Get on the deck in five minutes—or you will have *had* it."

THERE'S only one thing you can do in a situation like that, so Curly grabbed his mike button and did it: "Wilson, Wilson. This is Okinawa One. Mayday. I'm coming in for emergency landing. Over."

"Mayday" is the SOS of the air, and you never use *that* to fool anybody. Almost immediately a disarmingly soothing voice from CIC on the Wilson crooned back, "Rajah! Okinawa One, Rajah! Come right aboard, pal. You are number one to land."

Fifteen minutes later Admiral Day on the Okinawa was handed the following priority message from the Wilson:

From: ComCarDiv-FOUR
To: ComCarDiv-SIX

A rough-looking character flying a crummy broken-down Banshee landed on board the Wilson at 0630. He speaks broken English, claims he is from Okinawa and that his name is Cue. Have made him a prisoner of war. Best regards, BATES.

Corns
Callouses? Bunions? Sore Toes?
HERE'S INSTANT, SURE RELIEF!

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. And with this fast relief you get separate wonder-working *Medications* for speedily removing corns, callouses. Get a box of these soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads today—world's largest selling foot reliefs.

CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS SOFT CORNS
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

CHECK ASTHMA SYMPTOMS ANYTIME!

Any-time—anywhere! Convenient ASTHMADOR—in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form—is always ready and easy to use. ASTHMADOR'S soothing, aromatic fumes bring welcome relief from the distressing symptoms of bronchial asthma. Economical, too. At any drug store in U. S. and Canada.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S
ASTHMADOR

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®*

NOW—EXTRA INCOME
for housewives, teachers, secretaries, students, etc.

Whatever your age or occupation, Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income. Use the telephone, mail or personal calls to secure new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and all magazines.

For money-making supplies, *mail a penny postal or the coupon now.*

EXTRA INCOME COUPON!

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-82
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, please send me details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

MR.
MRS. ....
MISS (Please Print)

STREET..

CITY............................ Zone No.....

STATE..

The answer went back:
From: ComCarDiv-SIX
To: ComCarDiv-FOUR
Cue is dangerous and may be armed. Treat with extreme caution. Welcome to the Mediterranean. WINDY.

Just before noon that day, Curly Cue arrived back over the Okinawa escorted by eight Panthers from the Wilson. His Banshee's tail-pipe temperature was now back to normal and under control, but Curly's own temperature was clear out of sight.

As the Panther escort broke off to return to their own ship, the flight leader sang out on the radio, "Goom-by, Curly. Come see us again sometime. Goldilocks."

"You'll be sorry, you so and sos," was the only reply Curly could muster.

THE landing signal officer had trouble getting Curly aboard that day. On his first pass up the groove, Curly came in as if he were heading for the finish line at the National Air Races. "Paddles" waved him off, turned to his helper and said, "We're going to have a bad time with Curly. It looks like his temper is in low pitch and he's got his head down and locked."

After three more passes, "Paddles" finally got him slowed down enough to give him a very dubious cut, and the Banshee pulled the number-three arresting wire clear up against the stops before coming to rest.

On the flag bridge, Admiral Day remarked, "Curly's awfully mad about something, but I don't see why he should be that mad." Then, as Curly scrambled out of the cockpit and headed for the flag bridge, the admiral said, "It might have happened to anybody."

Half a minute later, Lieutenant Commander Cue stormed into flag plot in a burst of seagoing language which cannot be repeated here. The first coherent statement he was able to make was, "Those stupid clowns can't *do* that to me."

"Calm yourself, Curly," the admiral said. "What can't they do to you?"

"This!" roared Curly, yanking off his helmet.

For once in his naval career Admiral Day envied the handiwork of his rival, "Bugler" Bates. After a second of stunned amazement, he let out a whoop and everybody in flag plot burst into loud guffaws. Admiral Bates hadn't been fooling about that "prisoner of war" business. Curly's famous mop of red hair had been clipped down to the roots.

When decorum was finally restored in flag plot, Curly mustered a wry grin himself and said, "Okay, Okay. I know I asked for it. But, Admiral, I'm going to think about this, and with your permission I may want to have a word with you later."

"By all means, Baldy, by all means," the admiral said. With that, Lieutenant Commander Cue strode out of flag plot and headed for the wardroom.

He stuck his nude head into the wardroom just long enough to give the high sign to three of his trusted lieutenants. But even this brief exposure threw the place into an uproar. Ribald remarks resounded as Curly and his three musketeers retired to discuss serious business.

Late that afternoon, Curly approached the admiral on the flag bridge. "Admiral," he said, "suppose I should go ashore and do something which is perfectly legal and doesn't violate any Navy regulations—"

"Have you ever succeeded in doing that yet?" the admiral asked.

"Maybe not recently," Curly said, "but anyway, suppose the people on the Wilson should see me doing this perfectly harmless something, should jump to a lot of false conclusions, and should do some things that eventually turn out to have been very silly?"

"I can easily imagine them doing that."

"Well," Curly said, "you understand that this might develop into quite a snafu, and the admiral and captain of the Wilson *might* become involved in it."

"A possibility which must be considered," the admiral said, with a gleam in his eyes.

"What I want to know, Admiral, is this—can anything happen to me and my helpers on account of this? I mean, while we are serving under *your* command?"

"Not a thing, my boy, not a solitary thing," the admiral said. "Ahem . . . Curly, perhaps we had better adjourn to my cabin and discuss this matter in greater detail."

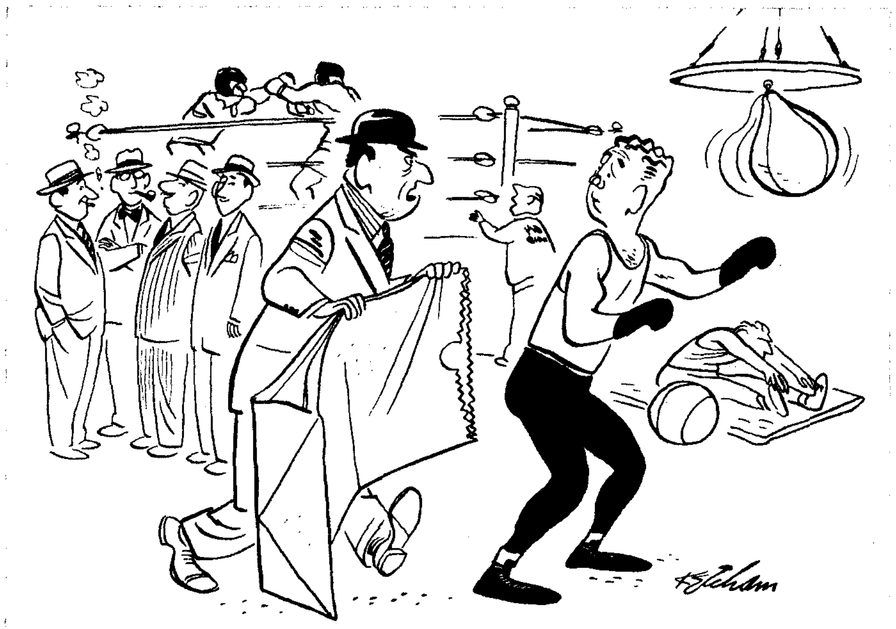
Half an hour later, as Curly was leaving the cabin, Admiral Day said, "Remember now, I'm paying all the expenses for this party, but you'd better keep my name out of it, unless old 'Bugler' should get stuffy about it, in which case I'll chill the rap."

"Aye, aye, sir," Curly said, with a very military salute and a very unmilitary wink.

THE Okinawa made her way to Oran, where she was to tie up at the mole of Mers el Kebir. And the U.S.S. Woodrow Wilson proceeded toward Gibraltar.

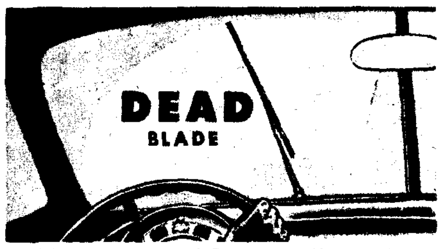
Admiral Bates was briefing his staff, giving them the broad picture of how he intended to run the Mediterranean after he took over command. He began with his estimate of the international situation, based on the latest intelligence reports. After discussing the emergency war plans, his policies in regard to training of the air groups and ships, and the necessity for all officers to avoid any political discussions ashore, he came to the last subject on his agenda—protocol, and ceremonial visits.

"This last item," he said, "may seem rather secondary in view of the global situation, but actually it is very important. Whenever we visit a friendly port for the first time, international custom requires an

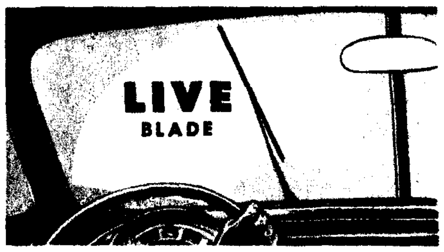


COLLIER'S "I want yuh to put this paper bag over ya head. I'm gonna prove somethin' to those newspaper guys over there" HANK KETCHAM

DEAD BLADES MAKE DEAD DRIVERS



THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE still may look okay but it streaks glass dangerously.



THIS LIVE ANCO BLADE wipes clean . . . clears rain . . . clears muck . . . lets you SEE.

Get Live New ANCO Blades Next Time You Buy Gas

Even the best wiper rubber goes dead . . . from exposure . . . often in six months or less. Don't be a Dead Blade Driver.

Come Clean! Replace at once your Dead wiper blades with LIVE new ANCO Blades. Best for most miles of quicker, cleaner wiping. At more than 260,000 service stations. Get yours today.

ANCO RAIN-MASTER model for Flat windshields. Fits all cars quickly. World's largest selling replacement blade.

ANCO CLEAR-FLEX model for Flat or Curved windshields. Fits all cars quickly. Wipes any windshield quicker and cleaner.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana, U. S. A.

SACRIFICE Close-out
12 IMPORTED PIPES ALL DIFFERENT SHAPES
MADE FROM GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

ALL HUSKY SIZE
Beautiful Natural Color – No Paint

MONEY BACK IF YOU CAN EQUAL THIS FOR LESS THAN $12.00 A DOZEN

12 PIPES for only $5.00 POST-PAID

Act now to get in on this amazing offer—we're closing out IMPORTED pipes from Europe's largest factory at a price so low it's far less than dealers pay wholesale for the ordinary domestic kind! Only slight surface imperfections (guaranteed not to impair their fine smoking quality) keep these beauties from selling at top prices. If perfect they would sell for $2.50 $3.50 and even $5.00 each. Turned from aged imported briar and finished in Natural Color—No paint—break in like a dream. Each with dry smoking aluminum condenser. 12 different husky popular shapes—the expensive imported kind. DEALERS, PIPE CLUBS, QUANTITY BUYERS:—Make big money selling these beauties -ideal for gifts, premiums and prizes, at this low price smoke a fresh pipe each week. Quantity Limited

MAIL ORDERS TO ➡ WALLY FRANK, Ltd. Dept 507
150 Nassau St. New York 38, N. Y.

Here's $5.00. Send me those 12 pipes quick! If I can equal them at less than $12.00 a dozen, I will return the pipes for a prompt, no-questions-asked, cash refund in full.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW

Born 1820...still going strong

MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON

... Smooth, suave, mellow ... and the choice of connoisseurs the world over. Yes, that's Johnnie Walker — Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best *always*. **JOHNNIE WALKER** Blended Scotch Whisky ... the same high quality the world over.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.

BLACK LABEL
RED LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof

Johnnie Walker
Johnnie Walker

exchange of official visits with the mayor, the prefect, and the senior general and admiral. Whether I call on them first, or they call on me, depends on our relative rank. It's all laid down in detail in the regulation book. We must be very punctilious to see that when these officials call they are received in a manner that reflects credit on the United States. They must get exactly the proper honors—side boys, ruffles, flourishes, guns and all the rest of it. I expect every one of you gentlemen to have that section of the regulations at his finger tips."

Turning to his flag lieutenant, he said, "Mr. Simpson, you are supposed to be the expert on all this. I will expect you to know all about foreign uniforms and personal flags so that when any of these dignitaries calls, we can recognize him at a distance and be ready to receive him with the appropriate ceremonies, whether it's an R.A.F. group captain or a Moslem prince."

"Aye, aye, sir," the flag lieutenant said.

NEXT morning, when the Wilson anchored in Gibraltar, protocol oozed out of every porthole. Within two hours she was visited by a two-star admiral, a lieutenant general, an air vice-marshal, and the governor. Since they all necessarily came out by boat, it was easy to spot them coming, case them, and be prepared for them. Lieutenant Simpson took up his station on the signal bridge, and kept a big glass trained on the VIP landing. He scrutinized the personal flags which the various boats flew, looked them up in his book, and kept the Officer of the Deck informed of the rank of every approaching visitor.

The O.O.D. in turn, by merely consulting his table of honors in the U.S. Navy Regulations, was able to line up the correct number of side boys, instruct the bandmaster about ruffles and flourishes, and give the gunner his orders to fire the salute. By the time the visitors arrived, everything was in apple-pie order for them, and all the admiral, captain and chief of staff had to do was to meet them at the gangway and escort them to the cabin.

The governor's reception particularly pleased Admiral Bates. The boatswain's mate piped him aboard with just the right shrill notes and trills, the eight side boys saluting simultaneously on exactly the right trill. The drummers rolled out the ruffles and the trumpeters blared forth the flourishes impressively. On the last flourish, the band broke promptly into the appropriate martial music and the Marines remained at a rigid present arms. When the governor inspected the guard, you could practically hear each Marine's eyeballs click as His Excellency strode by.

His departure was similarly letter-perfect. Just as his boat cleared the gangway, with the admiral standing at salute on the upper platform and the governor doing the same in the stern sheets of the boat, the first gun of the salute went *Ka-Boom.*

Up on the forecastle, the gunner went into the traditional gunner's routine for spacing shots five seconds apart by muttering to himself:

"If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn't be here, Port gun, *fire!*"

Ka-blam went the port gun.

"If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn't be here. Starboard, *fire!*"

Ka-boom went the starboard gun—and so on for seventeen good solid *Ka-blams* and *Ka-booms.*

Two days later, the Wilson rounded the entrance buoy in Oran at 9:00 A.M. and headed for the inner harbor. Carriers do not anchor out at Oran. They come inside and tie up alongside the great mole of Mers el Kebir, a magnificent concrete pier which juts out one mile from the shore. The Okinawa was securely moored near the inshore end of this mole.

To come alongside the mole, you have to make a sharp turn at the seaward end—there is a sunken French battleship which you must avoid—and, on this particular morning, there was a spanking breeze blowing directly off the mole. The captain of the Wilson, handling his engines expertly, eased his huge ship in to within fifty feet of the mole and stopped her dead in the water abreast of her berth, nicely angled in at about fifteen degrees toward the dock.

On a signal from the bridge, four French tugs stuck their noses against the Wilson's portside and began huffing and puffing to warp the ship alongside. A dozen line-throwing guns barked, and the little messenger lines sailed over to the dock, where the working parties from the Okinawa grabbed them and ran away with them, bringing over the bigger messenger lines.

Some heavy hauling on these lines soon dragged the great steel mooring cables from the ship to the mole. As the working parties dropped these cables in place on the bitts, the captain of the Wilson, well satisfied with his morning's work, said to his executive officer, "She's all yours, Commander. I'm going below." There was nothing left to do now but wait until heaving on the mooring cables by the ship's winches and pushing by the tugs warped her in and laid her flat alongside the mole.

While all this was going on, Admiral Bates was in his cabin, shaving, looking forward to a quiet day of sight-seeing in Oran. Presumably, Admiral Day, on the Okinawa, had received and repaid all official calls upon his arrival two days before, so all Admiral Bates had to do was relax and enjoy himself.

At this point a shiny black Cadillac limousine tooled out on the mole from the Navy Yard at the inshore end. Lieutenant Simpson, up on the signal bridge surveying the scenery through the big glass, spotted it immediately and noted that it was flying what looked like the personal flag of a high official. Only mildly interested at first, he figured it was some big shot tardily repaying a call by Admiral Day of the Okinawa.

But the limousine rolled right past the Okinawa's gangway, and the nattily uniformed driver brought it to a halt smack alongside the berth which the Wilson was being eased into. Gravely alarmed by now, Lieutenant Simpson took another quick gander through the glass at that personal flag. He could not make out for sure what it was, but it looked suspiciously like four stars, which calls for the works, so far as honors are concerned. Mr. Simpson promptly went to "Panic Stations" and started running in all directions at once. The Wilson at this moment was in no condition to render the works. The Marines were all in khaki instead of dress blues, the band was scattered all over the ship, and the gunner was probably asleep in his bunk.

THE flag lieutenant clattered down the ladder to the bridge, rushed up to the executive and gasped, "For Gawd's sakes, Commander, get the full guard and band up to the starboard gangway right away."

Then he tumbled down three more ladders to warn the admiral. Bugles blew, bells rang, squawk boxes squawked, and the Marine top sergeant cursed as the alarm rang through the ship: "Now lay aft the full guard and band on the double!"

The admiral, shaving in his cabin, took a nasty nick out of his chin as he heard this commotion and realized its obvious import—he was about to be called on. Before he could stop the flow of blood, Lieutenant Simpson came bounding in with his news and protested, "But Admiral Day was supposed to have taken care of this—"

"Don't stand there bellyaching about that," growled the admiral. "If this joker wants to call on me, I've got to receive him properly. Get things organized."

Two minutes later Admiral Bates hurried down the ladder to the quarter-deck with a big white patch on his chin. "Where's the captain and the chief of staff?" he demanded. "Get them down here. Where are the side boys?"

Everybody within earshot who had no immediate duties to perform drifted quietly out of sight. Everybody else saluted briskly and said, "Aye, aye, sir, right away, sir."

At this point the uniformed attendant opened the door of the limousine, and out stepped a distinguished-looking blue-clad figure wearing a cocked hat, sword and epaulets, with gold braid up to his elbows, and full-dress aiguillettes on his shoulder.

Lieutenant Simpson clapped his spyglass on him and announced, "That's only a two-star admiral, sir, not four. We only need six side boys instead of eight."

"Use your head, young man," growled Admiral Bates. "Can't you see the aiguillettes? He's just the aide. His boss hasn't got out of the car yet."

As if to verify Admiral Bates's last statement, the blue-clad figure on the dock respectfully assisted what looked like the Caliph of all Islam out of the limousine. The alighting figure was an imposing character with a black beard, dressed in noble Arabic white silks, wearing a veiled turban, a jeweled scimitar, and more medals than you could count.

"Oh, my Gawd," moaned Lieutenant Simpson. "I don't know what the hell honors we should give *him!*" Turning to the admiral, he offered him the spyglass. "Don't you want to take a look, Admiral?"

The admiral made a very rude suggestion as to what Lieutenant Simpson could do with the spyglass.

"Bugler!" shouted Bugler Bates. "Sound Attention to starboard!"

The bugle blared "Attention."

The two figures on the dock marched slowly to the edge of the mole, and gazed at the twenty feet of open water which still separated the Wilson from her berth. Then, after an inquiring glance toward the gangway, which was still triced up level with the hangar deck, they paced back to the limousine, faced the quarter-deck, and assumed the position of parade rest.

The admiral glared at the captain and the chief of staff, who came clattering down the ladder at this point, and said, "Heave around on those lines. Tell those damn' tugs to put their backs in it and push harder."

"Aye, aye, sir," the captain said.

Lieutenant Simpson had an inspiration. He walked smartly over to the rail and called down to the dock, "Attawn-syawn, *Messieurs—parlez-vous français?"*

The figure in blue shrugged politely and replied, "No spik Engleesh."

"I'm not speaking English—I'm parleying *français,"* protested the flag lieutenant.

"Oh, shut up," ordered Admiral Bates. "Don't get rattled—but get those damn' Marines and the band up here quick."

The sheik, caliph, sultan, or whatever he was, now extended his arm in a regal gesture, pointing to the still unlowered gangway of the Wilson. He consulted his wrist watch ostentatiously, and turned to his aide with an inquiring tilt of his head. The aide shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands, and the pair of them began pacing back and forth impatiently along the dock.

"Lower the gangway," growled the admiral.

"But we're not alongside yet, sir," said the chief of staff.

"Lower it anyway! It may make them think we are doing *something."*

So down went the gangway with a run. It went a little too far—and before it could be hoisted up again, the extra heaving on the mooring lines and pushing of the tugs had shoved the ship in to the dock, jamming the gangway between the side and the mole, and reducing its lower portion to splinters.

The sultan and his naval aide gazed first at the shattered gangway, then at the spellbound crowd on the quarter-deck, then at each other, and shook their heads sadly.

AFTER a number of irrelevant observations, Admiral Bates's years of handling tense situations on the bridge came to the rescue, and he got control of himelf.

By this time a dozen or so Marines, a couple of piccolo players, and the big bass drummer were hastily forming ranks on the quarter-deck.

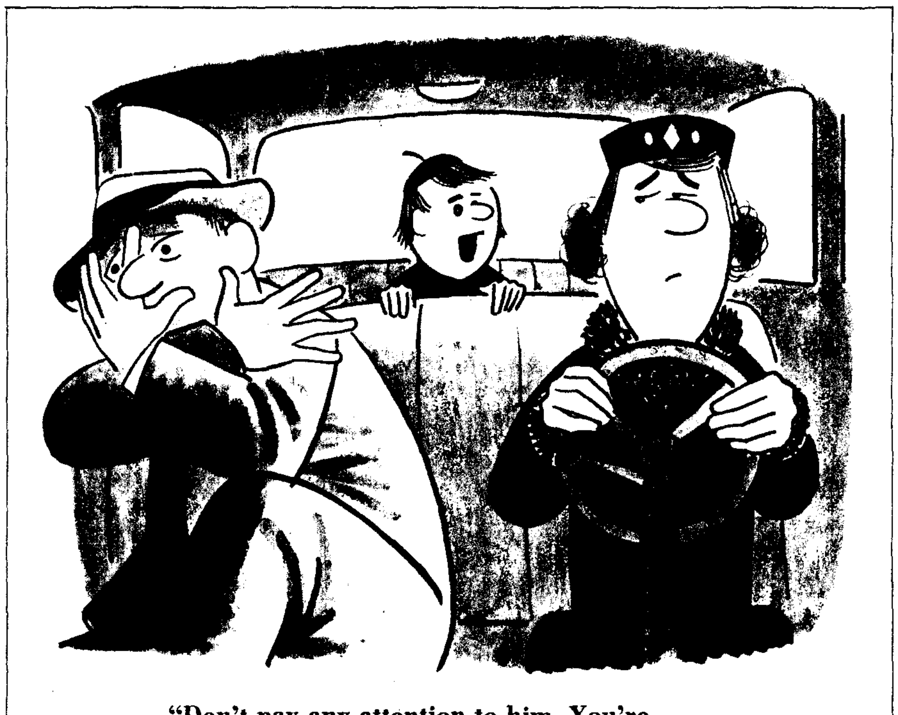
"All hands shift to the after gangway," the admiral said between clenched teeth. "Mr. Simpson, will you please explain to that Frenchman that we will receive him a hundred yards further aft."

As the Marines and musicians scrambled aft, the Sheik of Islam tapped the French admiral on his starboard epaulet, gestured dramatically at his wrist watch, sneered in the direction of the gangway, and pointed imperiously to the open door of the limousine. The admiral clicked his heels, saluted smartly and re-embarked in the Cadillac. His Islamic Majesty then placed his thumb to his nose, waggled his fingers in a strangely un-Moslemlike gesture, and, removing his turban and beard, made a sweeping bow to the admiral, captain, and chief of staff, revealing a freshly cropped and unmistakable red head.

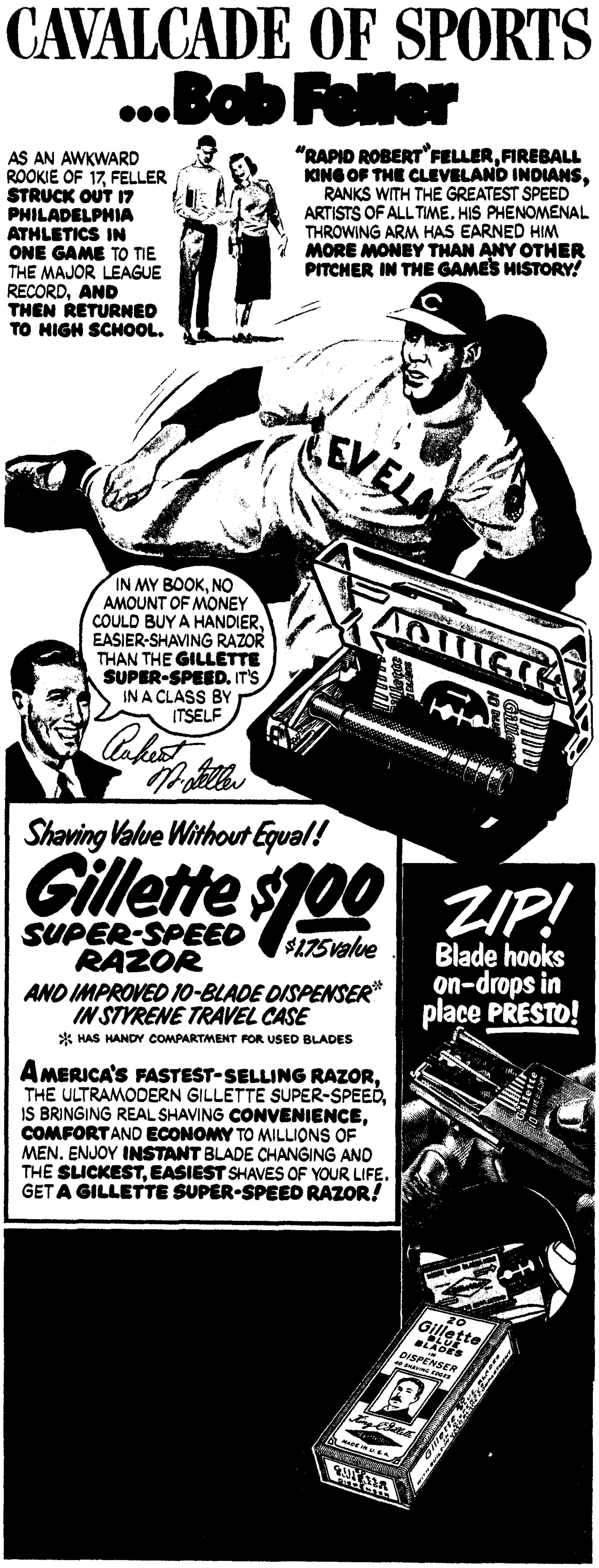
His Curly Highness then leaped into the limousine and got the hell off of that mole.

That night two United States admirals in civilian clothes sat at a sidewalk café on the main drag in Oran. One of them was talking fast and earnestly: "The lad didn't do a damned thing out of the way. He has a right to go ashore and blow his dough on limousines and fancy costumes if he wants to. He never set foot on your ship. Those uniforms were complete phonies—not too far from the real thing, but definitely different from any official ones—and the stars in that flag all had eight points. Now, you know there isn't a navy in the world—"

"All right, all right, wise guy," growled Bugler. "You win this time, but stand by for a ram next time we meet." THE END



COLLIER'S "Don't pay any attention to him. You're doing fine for only your sixth lesson" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



CAVALCADE OF SPORTS
...Bob Feller

AS AN AWKWARD ROOKIE OF 17, FELLER **STRUCK OUT 17 PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS IN ONE GAME** TO TIE THE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD, **AND THEN RETURNED TO HIGH SCHOOL.**

"RAPID ROBERT" FELLER, FIREBALL KING OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS, RANKS WITH THE GREATEST SPEED ARTISTS OF ALL TIME. HIS PHENOMENAL THROWING ARM HAS EARNED HIM **MORE MONEY THAN ANY OTHER PITCHER IN THE GAME'S HISTORY!**

IN MY BOOK, NO AMOUNT OF MONEY COULD BUY A HANDIER, EASIER-SHAVING RAZOR THAN THE **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED.** IT'S IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

Robert Feller

Shaving Value Without Equal!

Gillette $1.00 SUPER-SPEED RAZOR $1.75 value

AND IMPROVED 10-BLADE DISPENSER* IN STYRENE TRAVEL CASE

* HAS HANDY COMPARTMENT FOR USED BLADES

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING RAZOR, THE ULTRAMODERN GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED, IS BRINGING REAL SHAVING **CONVENIENCE, COMFORT** AND **ECONOMY** TO MILLIONS OF MEN. ENJOY **INSTANT** BLADE CHANGING AND THE **SLICKEST, EASIEST** SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE. GET **A GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR!**

ZIP! Blade hooks on-drops in place PRESTO!

Has It Any WOOL?

By BERT BACHARACH

Today, as always, sheep are man's best source of clothing. But laboratories produce fine textiles too; and with or without wool, they make good garments

Dancing Blackburn Twins show their new partner, Pam Cavan, how hard it is to distinguish all-wool topcoat from a blend just by looking. Fact is, the wool coat is the one at left

Even friends have trouble telling Royce Blackburn, left, from Ramon. Experts might have same difficulty discerning which fabric is synthetic. Ramon's gray suit is rayon flannel

ONE of the most important events in the history of man was the discovery, many centuries ago, that the material which keeps sheep warm could be used equally well to furnish weather protection for human beings. For all of that time, wool has been rated the best possible textile for clothing—for appearance, draping quality, comfort and wearability.

In recent times, there have been many efforts to challenge the supremacy of wool in some of these fields; the past decade has seen important developments in the creation and production of blended textiles intended to accomplish that purpose—textiles like rayon and other chemically prepared fibers. We now have synthetics, or combinations of synthetics and wool, that, in appearance at least, duplicate almost every type of wool suiting.

These new fabrics are good, too. They provide the necessary warmth in all but the most frigid climates. They tailor nicely and, as our pictures show, can hardly be told from the wool garments. They duplicate the patterns and colors of wool and they wear well.

In fact, they make mighty fine suits—and, should defense needs someday cause a shortage of wool, no man would suffer for lack of smart and long-wearing body covering.

It did appear for a time, early this spring, that not enough wool would be available to meet the demand, and that prices, as a result, would be out of reach for many of us. But world conditions in this commodity have shifted favorably in the past six months and the leveling off of supply and price put wool clothing back in the running once again. Therefore, although a wool suit or coat is likely to cost you more than last year, the difference isn't as great as was feared.

So if it's within your price range, buy clothing made of wool. If you must spend less, look at the many fine blends that will be on the racks of your favorite store this fall.

There haven't been any radical changes in colors, patterns or models in the past year. As is always the case in a defense economy (which ours is—and we must consider that we'll be living that way for a few years to come, at least), men are selecting clothes that are adaptable for general wear. Whenever there's even a remote possibility that we won't be able to buy all the clothes we want—either from the angle of short supply or short cash—plain colors come into their own. Blues and grays are in most demand as suits that can be worn for both business and dress-up.

Most important change in men's apparel is the general lightening in weight of all fabrics used. This reduction in bulk of cloth has been accompanied by lighter construction, making men's clothes far more comfortable and more casual than ever before.

There has been much discussion of the "natural lines" in suits, and more than a little misunderstanding of the term. Just as the trend does not mean exaggerated broad shoulders, it also does not mean narrow padless shoulders that are unflattering to most men. The preferred model is not extreme in either direction—just a more natural line, as the name implies.

Hats, shoes and furnishings have kept pace with this trend. Hats are smaller in shape and lighter in weight. Shoes—particularly the laceless, elastic-gore models—are as comfortable as old bedroom slippers. Ties are slightly narrower and shirts are of lighter fabrics with, in most cases, smaller and neater collars.

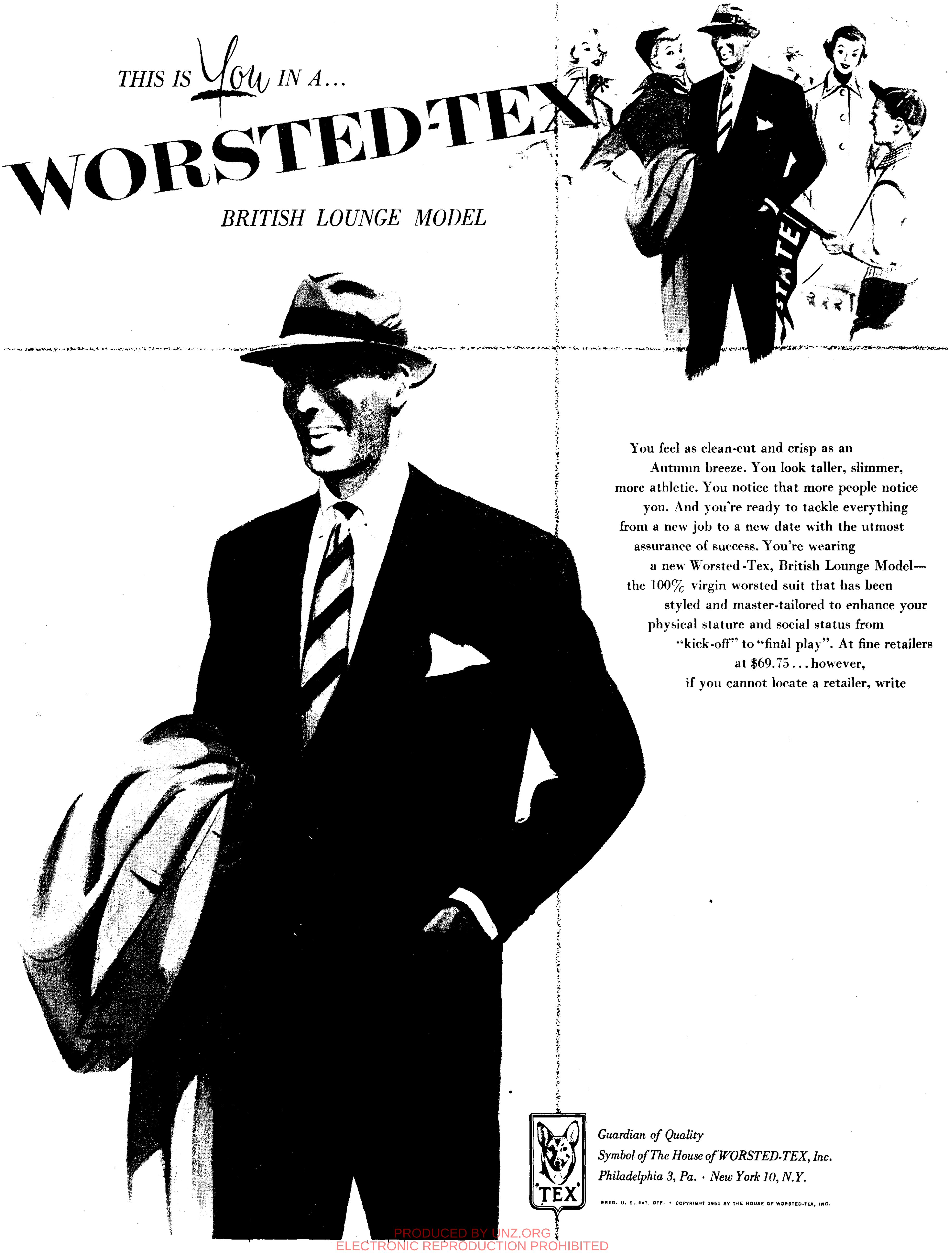
Whatever hats, shoes or ties you may choose, remember when you select your basic garments—all-wool is still a favorite, but the new synthetics are highly suit-able. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

THIS IS *You* IN A...

WORSTED-TEX

BRITISH LOUNGE MODEL



You feel as clean-cut and crisp as an Autumn breeze. You look taller, slimmer, more athletic. You notice that more people notice you. And you're ready to tackle everything from a new job to a new date with the utmost assurance of success. You're wearing a new Worsted-Tex, British Lounge Model—the 100% virgin worsted suit that has been styled and master-tailored to enhance your physical stature and social status from "kick-off" to "final play". At fine retailers at $69.75... however, if you cannot locate a retailer, write

TEX

Guardian of Quality
Symbol of The House of WORSTED-TEX, Inc.
Philadelphia 3, Pa. · New York 10, N.Y.

®REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • COPYRIGHT 1951 BY THE HOUSE OF WORSTED-TEX, INC.

New
LOST POWER

...it tells you your engine is heading for

PREMATURE OLD AGE

RAMCO RE-POWERING STATION

DON'T neglect replacing worn piston rings . . . the life of your car depends on it! First sign of worn rings is often LOST POWER. Ramco 10-Up Piston Rings not only restore your engine to new power and economy but they actually CURB cylinder WEAR . . . guaranteed 10,000 miles (one year)! LOOK for the RAMCO RE-POWERING SIGN. It's the sign of an engine repair expert on Compression. Carburetion, Ignition and Cooling services. Many also offer RE-POWERING on the budget finance plan.

RAMCO 10 up Piston Rings Restore Power...

Actually Curb Engine Wear!

NO GAP Spiro-Seal! A feature in every Ramco 10-Up Piston Ring Set. A unique patented design that compensates for engine wear with minimum friction. Send for **FREE booklet;** gives the reasons why worn rings prematurely shorten engine life.

R5672

Ramsey Corporation St. Louis, Missouri. A subsidiary of Thompson Products, Inc.

The 10 Most Memorable Stage Performances

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

hear it; all I can say is that it takes a great deal of courage for an actor to bellow his agony the way Olivier did, and the lack of this courage has often meant the difference between an adequate and a great performance. Thinking it over, I am all the more impressed with Olivier's courage when I realize how it must have sounded in rehearsal.

In the play, the audience was built up to a point where it could accept this cry—if "accept" is the proper word for being struck all of a heap with horror—but there is no such smooth build-up during a rehearsal, and if Olivier shrieked that way on the bare stage, and in his shirt sleeves, there must have been many members of the cast who looked at one another and said, "Well, here goes *this* play down the drain. The star's come unbuttoned." But, no matter what he did in rehearsal, his performance on stage will be remembered for a long time by those who were lucky enough to see it.

When Comedy Is a Fine Art

In a somewhat lighter vein, we come to Shirley Booth's performance last year in Come Back, Little Sheba. It is hard to select Miss Booth's most memorable role, because she has perfected the art of comedy in its most elegant form; she has perfect timing and perfect reading, and always has complete control of herself, her part and her audience. I have often gone back to watch her a second and a third time, trying to figure out how she does it, because the first time I have seen her in any role she has made it seem so effortless that I have forgotten I'm watching an actress.

But I think her performance as Lola in William Inge's Come Back, Little Sheba rates a little higher than those she gave in Goodbye, My Fancy, The Philadelphia Story, and My Sister Eileen (I haven't yet seen her as Cissy in A Tree Grows in Brooklyn), because in Sheba she had a wider range, and in addition to amusing you, she broke your heart. She was a kind of blowsy, lonely, confused, yet adequate, wife of an alcoholic—an alcoholic who was the way he was because of her—and she managed to make the part both funny and moving, which was no mean job.

Her longing for her little dog Sheba, who had wandered off years before and never come back, became, as Miss Booth handled it, a touching symbol of this woman's futile existence. And somehow, she made a lot of life's failures, failures that people usually avoid *mentioning*, seem understandable and worth your sympathy, and to do this and be funny at the same time requires the most exquisite sort of finesse.

I think that Pauline Lord, in They Knew What They Wanted, gave one of the most spontaneous performances I have ever seen. It was impossible to believe that what was happening on the stage had ever happened before that moment. I still cannot visualize Pauline Lord, the actress, preparing for the role of Amy. Did she study her lines at night, agonize through rehearsals on a semidark stage day after day, sit for lunch at some popular eating place and go through the usual chatter about script or performance or where to stay in Boston? No—it isn't possible to think of this characterization being created in the usual way.

I can more easily believe that Amy used to call for Pauline Lord every evening at eight, lead her to the theater and take over. This was the play which brought Sidney Howard, its author, his first great success and, because of its startling realism, set the audiences of the twenties back on their heels. Amy was a tired, wan waitress, married to a man who had advertised for a wife, and her problem was that she had conceived a child by another man while her husband was laid up with a broken leg.

The plot is a little too involved to go into in any great detail, and I am no authority on the etiquette of such a situation, but Miss Lord convinced me that she was behaving in the only way possible under the circumstances, and she had my sympathy from start to finish. Her performance is hard to describe other than by the use of the word "accidental"; it was all light, and in its way a kind of natural phenomenon. I'm not going to try to explain it further. It was beautiful, and let's let it go at that.

Now for Marlon Brando in A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams' grim picture of life in a New Orleans slum. This one stumps me. How did Brando get on my list of the 10 most memorable performances? I confess that I delight in insolence and a disregard for the audience—in the right people. (That's why I'm such a fan of outfielder Ted Williams, for instance.) But not only did Brando disregard the audience, he also disregarded the author, the director and practically everyone except himself.

As Kowalski, he mumbled, and he muttered, and he seemed to be doing just about as he pleased; in fact, he looked at times like a stagehand who had wandered on stage and decided to stay there. But he exuded a kind of animal magnetism that was exactly right for the part—that of an arrogant Polish Lochinvar living with his young wife in a run-down section of New Orleans known, rather wistfully, as Elysian Fields. His conflict with his deranged sister-in-law was the core of the play.

Very few people can get away with an insolent performance such as Brando's, but it's nice to watch those who can, and I have a secret admiration for them. My admiration comes from the fact that, when I am on stage, I find myself always remembering the audience, and trying to give them their money's worth, and I guess I *just like* to see someone to whom this means nothing. In the movie of Streetcar, Brando is just as contemptuous of the camera as he had been of the audience, with the result that his performance is equally good. But I wouldn't advise this type of acting for anyone who isn't a polished craftsman to begin with. If it doesn't come off, it can be terrible.

A discussion of the legitimate (there's that word again) theater is not supposed to include musical comedy, but I'm the one who's making out this list and I'm going to include Mary Martin in South Pacific.

You cannot analyze Mary Martin's charm any more than you can analyze sunshine, but you can say that she radiates more perfection and sheer joy per cubic foot of actress than anyone else in recent memory.

In addition to this, her part as Nellie Forbush, the giddy Navy nurse in love with a middle-aged French planter, was played with great skill and understanding of character; in it, she proved that she could handle tough dramatic sequences as well as she does song-and-dance routines. The word "routine" is a bad one to use in connection with Miss Martin, however, because her songs seem really to come from her heart, and her dances appear to be the logical expression of her feelings. In a branch of the theater that is necessarily unrealistic, it is a pleasure to find someone like Miss Martin, who can keep the audience interested in her problems, as well as charm them into insensibility.

Slick Scoundrel's Rare Charm

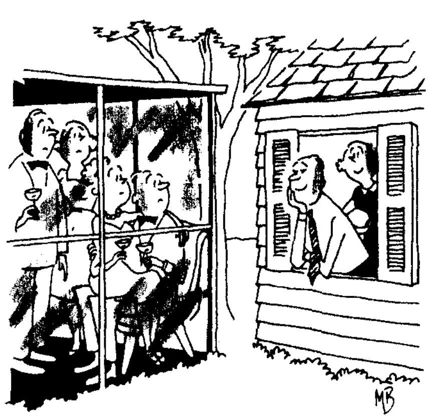
By the same token, W. C. Fields, in Poppy, was such an adorable no-good that I came away from the theater with the feeling that the righteous people were the curse of the earth, and that only the rascals deserved a place in heaven. It was during the early twenties, and was Fields's first play in which there was any plot (he had previously done just vaudeville and revues). He was unctuous and yet irresistible, and he had me believing anything he wanted me to believe. Although I liked everything Fields did, his job as Professor Eustace McGargle, an unscrupulous traveling salesman, stands out above the rest for sheer beauty of characterization.

It might be argued that he wasn't really acting, and that all the roles he played, on the stage and in the movies, were just exaggerations of his own personality; all I care about is the fact that he took me over completely, and made me like it. I seem to remember many of my list of memorable performances for special moments, and I certainly have one in Poppy. That was when Fields added this immortal line to American literature (and I'll bet the line was his own) in a long speech of tender advice to his little daughter, Poppy: "And remember, dearie, never give a sucker an even break."

In the same general category, Frank Fay, in Harvey, Mary Chase's fantasy about a gentle tippler and the imaginary six-foot rabbit who was his companion, had a kind of sodden sweetness, and an air of being utterly happy, that none of his successors in the role was able to reproduce. It is exceptionally difficult to make a drunk attractive, because, despite all that has been written about how sympathetic and charming they can be (and modern literature is full of such characters), a drunk is usually an offensive bore in the flesh. Fay, however, was able to portray that nebulous, contented state that is between sobriety and out-and-out drunkenness, and the audience was on his side all the time.

In short, he had Fields's gift for making the more upright members of the community look like a group of pompous fools. Actually, I think a great deal of the strength of Fay's performance as Elwood P. Dowd stemmed from the fact that he made his tippling of secondary importance; what he was really portraying was a blurry little man who was misunderstood by everybody else, and you felt that, so long as he was happy, people should leave him alone. He made you

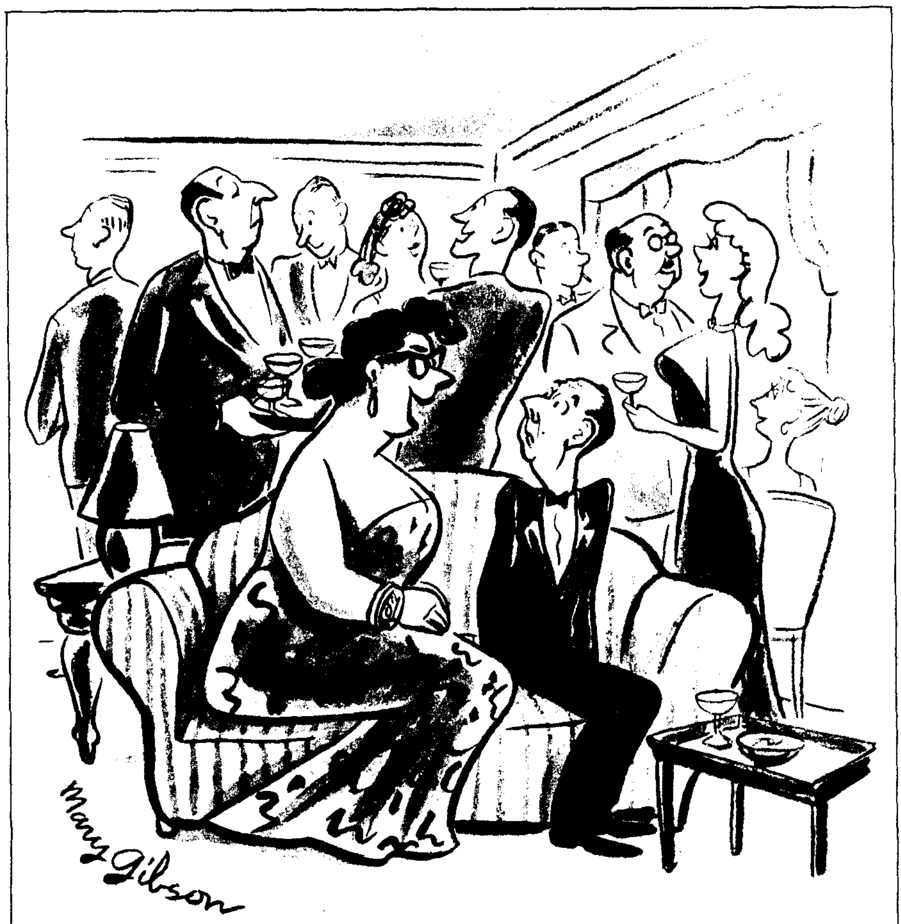
MARTHA BLANCHARD



Or Bottles Either

"Who lives in glass houses
Should never throw stones."
So goes the old adage
That Grandma intones.
We say now, since watching
Some neighborhood smarties,
In modern glass houses
One should not throw parties!

—CINDY MARCKS



"You can't fool me, you rascal. I know a dangerous man when I see one!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

want to take him into your home, rabbit and all, and comfort him—and he gave you the feeling that your home might be a brighter place for his being there.

I didn't see Katharine Cornell in Romeo and Juliet, and I am therefore not a qualified judge of all the Juliets, but I do know that Jane Cowl's portrayal of the part some 30 years ago was one that I shall always remember. She made Shakespeare's adolescent heroine radiant with romance and beauty, and I'm a fool for beauty. Incidentally, on opening night at the final curtain, the audience crowded down the aisles toward the stage and applauded her with their arms outstretched, jostling one another to get as close to her as they could.

I went back later, to another performance, and found that the people around me, although not so demonstrative at the curtain call, were as deeply in love with her as the opening-nighters had been. In fact, it could be said that every performance of Miss Cowl's Juliet was a romance between her and the entire audience.

I said, at the beginning, that all these performances had the common quality of the actor's losing himself in the part, so that the character being portrayed, rather than the actor, was the important thing. I'll have to modify that somewhat in the case of Laurette Taylor in The Glass Menagerie in 1945 (incidentally, the last role she ever played), because Miss Taylor took over the part of Amanda so completely, and invested it with so much of her own personal wit and charm, that nobody else could have done it quite the way she did.

It was Laurette Taylor all the time; she never had any pattern for a performance, and seldom spoke the lines the way Tennessee Williams wrote them, but there was a beauty about her—the beauty of her eyes, her hands, her smile, and especially her voice—that illuminated the character with a kind of radiance and magic that was peculiarly her own. She played the part of an overpossessive, incompetent Southern ex-belle, whose preoccupation with past glories, both real and imaginary, destroyed her daughter and nearly destroyed her son, and she somehow managed to get sympathy into a part that was written in anger.

I played the part in the London company of The Glass Menagerie, and I believe I did a good job, but in my hands it didn't have the shine that it did in hers. She was transcendent in every part she played, but I remember her Amanda above all the rest because it was the best-written, most authentic character she ever did, and the play itself was the best in which she ever appeared. She had a noted habit of choosing frail vehicles, that were distinguishable only for the fact that they gave her a cue to come on and start being luminous, and I remember her in those plays as something glowing hither and yon against a dim background, like Peter Pan's wayward Tinker Bell.

Studying a Great Actress

My admiration for Miss Taylor began a long time ago, when I had made the change from being a child actress to being an ingénue, and my producer told me to go and see her in a play called Happiness. I was somewhat miffed at being told to study another actress, but I went, and then I went again, and from then on I saw Miss Taylor whenever I could. When we were both working, I used to pray that we would have alternate matinees, and when we did, I would go to her play at least once a week, just to marvel at her. Probably one of the proudest moments of my life came about 10 years ago, when she asked me for an autographed picture.

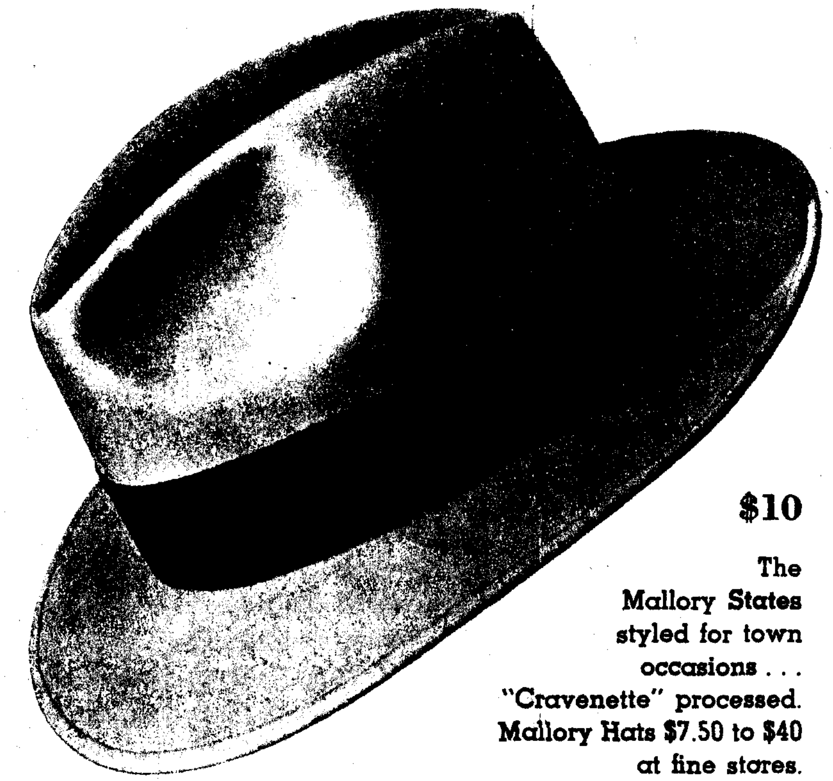
By that time, I knew her better than just across the footlights, and I wrote: "To Laurette; My guiding star."

In acknowledgment, she sent me a picture of herself, inscribed: "To Helen; Who knew how to follow her star," and *that*, I might say, is the most prized picture of all I possess.

So there we are. I'm sure that a great many fine portrayals have been omitted, and the lack of any mention of movie performances should not be construed to mean that I think that all good acting is on the stage. (Just for instance, Greta Garbo in Camille and Lillian Gish in Broken Blossoms should have a place on any over-all list of memorable performances, and they are only two of many.) But this was, as I said, simply an explanation of what made me choose the 10 I did. It might be fun, if a press agent ever asks me for another list, to recall the 10 least memorable performances I've ever seen. Then we'd *really* have something to argue about.

THE END

Only Mallory hats are "Cravenette" processed to shed showers.



$10

The Mallory States styled for town occasions . . . "Cravenette" processed. Mallory Hats $7.50 to $40 at fine stores.

Feel the difference in a MALLORY

MALLORY HATS, DANBURY, CONN. ALSO MADE IN CANADA.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

ATHLETE'S FOOT IS NO JOKE!

These cracks can often become serious without proper care at first
Next time I'll pay attention to them right away

Time-tested Absorbine Jr. "WET-DRY" method goes to work at once to help relieve Athlete's Foot!

Don't wait until raw, red, burning toes signal you that Athlete's Foot has struck! Use Absorbine Jr. now!

This antiseptic liniment dissolves stale perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive—kills all the fungi it can reach! Its drying action helps heal cracks between the toes!

During hot weather when your feet perspire most, use Absorbine Jr. every day. Only $1.25 for long-lasting bottle wherever drugs are sold. For free sample bottle, write W. F. Young, Inc., 402 Lyman Street, Springfield 3, Mass. Wonderful for non-poisonous insect bites, minor sunburn.

America's No. 1 Relief for Athlete's Foot

Also used by thousands for comforting relief from sore, aching muscles, neuralgic and rheumatic pain

ABSORBINE JR.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

"I've been to Milwaukee, I ought to know...

Blatz is Milwaukee's *Finest* Beer!"

says Sid Caesar

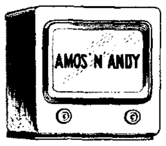
Celebrated Comedian of
Stage, Screen and Television

• "I've entertained all over America and tasted beers all over America," says Sid Caesar. "And nowhere have I found a beer that compares with Blatz. It's my favorite and Milwaukee's favorite because it's Milwaukee's *finest* beer." Yes! *Official figures* show that Blatz is the *largest selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin,* too. Try Blatz Beer, today!

• On a recent trip to Milwaukee, Sid indulged in his favorite sport, weight lifting; "curled" a bar bell at Milwaukee's famed Athletic Club. Looking on is Gus Christie, Club Athletic Director, former noted Milwaukee boxer.

• Sid and Mrs. Caesar both agree that Blatz is Milwaukee's *finest* beer. Take a tip from Sid Caesar, and always ask for Blatz Beer, at your favorite tavern or club, restaurant, package, or neighborhood store. Enjoy Blatz Beer, today!

SEE AMOS 'N' ANDY • CBS-TV
Consult your local paper
for Time and Channel



Blatz
Milwaukee's first bottled beer
Blatz
Milwaukee's first bottled beer

Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer

Blatz

BREWING BETTER BEER FOR THE 100th YEAR

©1951, Blatz Brewing Co., Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.

Churchill and His Fighting Young Men

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

whose 77th birthday falls on November 30th, has astonished his enemies and delighted his friends. He is little changed from the war days when he made frequent trips to the United States, though his white hair appears to be getting thinner. His cheeks are as pink as ever and his cigars as big and black. Medical writers in British newspapers constantly marvel at his energy. One of them, in a moment of awe, recently asked: "Could you work all night like Churchill at seventy-six?"

Mr. Churchill himself only smiles at questions about his endurance. He has had no serious illness since an almost fatal attack of pneumonia several years ago. Some members of his party think he should conserve his strength. "Look at the Socialists," one of them told me. "Nearly every one of their top ministers has been put out of action at one time or another in these last few critical months. There's Attlee, Sir Hartley Shawcross (president of the Board of Trade) and others. All have been laid up. Some of the Labor ministers are friends of mine and I can tell that the strain is telling on them when we go out to have a few drinks together."

Combining Rest with Work

Mr. Churchill makes few concessions to age, but Mrs. Churchill, herself only recently recovered from a painful operation, sees that he gets plenty of rest. When the Churchills are at their London home—the two-story red brick house at No. 28 Hyde Park Gate—she insists that he stay in bed until almost noon. Even there, with papers strewn about him and his cherubic head relaxed against great pillows, he does more work than most men do in their offices. In a blue silk dressing gown and blue silk pajamas, Mr. Churchill receives some visitors. These are limited, though, to members of his staff, the family and very old friends. As his only son, Randolph, who calls him "Pop," explains: "He likes to have his old friends around him these days. He's grumpy when you try to introduce strangers."

I talked to many friends and colleagues of Mr. Churchill, and to members of his family, but did not talk to him. Mr. Churchill nowadays rejects all requests for interviews, preferring to express himself—as he does with such clarity—in speeches and in his own writings.

Five secretaries—three on duty at all times—make up Mr. Churchill's staff and he keeps them jumping. He writes some, makes voluminous notes, carries on a wide correspondence, does an unbelievably large amount of reading, and appears to function quite easily in his variety of roles—politician, historian, painter, operator of a racing stable and, as one of his country's greatest statesmen, the most sought-after man in the British Empire for ceremonies. He attends dozens of public events. Some weeks he dines out two or three times. Almost any old comrade in politics can get him to present a portrait or dedicate a statue. At the moment, he is also assisting his son in compiling and annotating the outstanding speeches of his long career.

Mr. Churchill also looks after his constituency of Woodford, making frequent trips to keep his political fences mended. If there's a swimming pool or athletic field to be opened, he's there. Mr. Churchill's constituents are average, row-house Britishers. Many commute from central London, and grow their own beans in tiny gardens.

All of these activities, of course, are in addition to Mr. Churchill's long hours in the House of Commons and his work as leader of the Conservative party. The slight difference in the number of seats held by the Conservative party and those held by the Socialist (or Labor) party has, since the 1950 elections, brought about a delicate balance in Commons. With 298 Conservatives and National Liberals against 313 Socialists (12 other Liberals and Independents vote one way, then the other), the Labor government just managed to get through the summer on almost a day-to-day basis.

Mr. Churchill has been unable to hide his glee when he counts the votes in Commons. Some of them have been so close that the Socialist ministers shivered. Often, the Socialists escaped repudiation by fewer than a half-dozen votes. Mr. Churchill has shown a politician's relish, too, for the split among the Socialists in which young Aneurin (Nye) Bevan, former Minister of Labor, parted with the right-wing leadership of Prime Minister Attlee and Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison in everything except voting.

But when politics palls, as it does even to Mr. Churchill, he finds a great deal of pleasure in two of his principal interests: his racing stable, with the great runner, Colonist II, and his fine country home, Chartwell at Westerham, about 55 minutes by car from London.

Mr. Churchill was seventy-three—nearly four years ago—when he decided to put together a racing stable of his own. He paid approximately $6,000 for Colonist II, and the horse, at last count, had earned well over $35,000, winning some of the biggest stakes in England. Mr. Churchill has a dozen more horses in training at Epsom Downs and he has great hopes for all of them. Like nearly everyone else in England, Mr. Churchill dons a gray silk top hat (a sweet pea in his buttonhole), and deserts work when the big races are run.

The wartime Prime Minister amuses his colleagues with tales of his stable. When Colonist II ran second in the Gold Cup at Ascot recently, Mr. Churchill assumed full blame because the horse didn't win. Mr. Churchill said he had whispered in Colonist II's ear that he could retire to green pastures among beautiful mares if he won. Mr. Churchill further observed to friends that Colonist II's mind simply was on the pastures and the beautiful mares and not on the race.

Mr. Churchill goes to his country home whenever he can, often leaving a late night session to travel there. He finds real contentment in its placid acres. Mr. Churchill bought Chartwell when he was thirty-nine and has gradually extended the original 180 acres to more than 500. He has added to the house, too, laying some of the brick himself for the new sections. Mr. Churchill got an honorary card in the bricklayers' union many years ago and he still has it.

While expanding his property, Mr. Churchill has established some of the finest gardens in England. They have been a show place in Westerham for many years, and Mr. Churchill decided long ago not to keep them to himself. The gardens are opened to raise funds for hospitals, and, recently, as part of the Festival of Britain, he opened them for visitors.

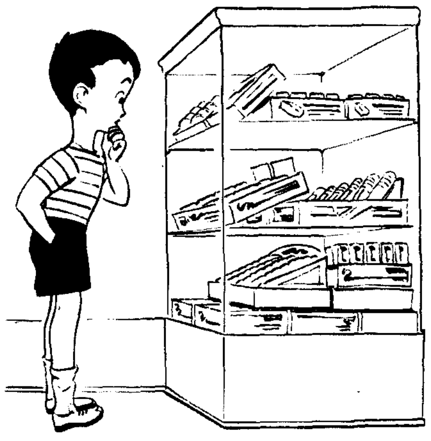
Mr. Churchill's life is strictly his own at Chartwell and perhaps it is here, his friends suggest, that he gets the quiet relaxation that gives him the energy to carry on his heavy schedule of work. But it is also true that he does a lot of his work at Chartwell. His days in the country do give him more of an opportunity to be with his children and grandchildren, and with "Clemmy," his name for Mrs. Churchill after her first name, Clementine. Mr. Churchill sometimes touches up his paintings, but does most of his original painting during vacations on the Mediterranean. He likes to have a lot of sunlight when he paints and that is rare in England.

Mrs. Churchill is nearly always at his side. An editor friend of the family said recently: "She is a grand and sweet woman who hitched her wagon to a hurricane and has been more often in the driver's seat of this particular hurricane than is supposed. Even with a hurricane, her hands are gentle but her sense of direction is admirable."

Mr. Churchill realizes that he—and his party—are going to have to be hurricanes to upset the Socialist government. Neither he nor any of his more realistic supporters are taking anything for granted. Newspaper polls give the Conservatives a definite edge in popular backing and there are those who say that Mr. Churchill is certain to return to Downing Street. Mr. Churchill thinks that he—and his party—must work hard to win, and he is putting his faith in the Conservatives' fighting young men to carry the day.

"But Mr. Churchill is thinking of the party's hard core of young men for a job bigger than political campaigning," a Conservative leader told me. "These youngsters are going to be needed for one of the toughest assignments that Britishers have ever had to undertake. It will be up to them, with Mr. Churchill's leadership, to take our country along the rough road back from Socialism. It will be up to them to restore British prestige and thus restore British pride. I'm sure Mr. Churchill is confident of the party's ability to do this—not only confident of the men who will be his ministers, but of those 'first termers' who will have to do the chores, the little but important chores, in a Conservative government."

PAT ROONEY



Candy Counter

All the heavy concentration
In the world is weak and fickle
Placed beside the cerebration
Of a small boy with a nickel.

—RAY ROMINE

Of the 100 or more "first termers," nearly all helped fight Britain's last war. More war veterans are Conservative members, by the way, than Socialist. "They are not the kind of fellows who will shy away from the job we have to do in Britain," the Conservative leader said. "They weren't overwhelmed by the odds against them in the war or by all the savage tactics the Socialists used against them in their first try for Parliament. They're acting—in politics as well as war—like fighting young men."

None of these fighting young men can be singled out for special merit. Nearly all of them work harder and longer than most of their legislative opposite numbers in the United States.

A good example of these young men, however, is Ted Leather, the young Canadian who is among the few who reversed the trend of centuries and came from the New World back to the Old.

What Ted Leather is doing reflects pretty much what his young colleagues in Parliament are doing to put Mr. Churchill and the Conservatives at the head of the government. Ted Leather is conducting a vigorous campaign in his own constituency—North Somerset in the West Country of England, the old Roman city—and is, at the same time, helping other M.P.s and Conservative candidates in strongly Socialist constituencies. More than that, he is attending to his work in Parliament and filling an important job in London's financial district. Any one of these tasks would take the full time of men with less energy, less imagination and less purpose.

A sandy-haired six-footer, an ex-athlete who is still a trim 185 pounds, Ted serves in Parliament and engages in politics at a sacrifice of time and money. Members of the Commons are paid 1,000 pounds ($2,800) a year and that includes everything—secretarial help, stationery, postage and personal campaign expenses. Members of the U.S. Congress get more than five times that amount for all these things.

Like other M.P.s, Ted has to work at a private job to make ends meet. Only those with independent wealth can afford to serve in Commons without other income. Ted sells insurance to corporations. His particular line is credit insurance. These policies insure against loss on debts owed the insured companies—and Ted has been eminently successful in promoting this type of policy. There were three men in Ted's company when he started in 1947 and there are 42 now. The turnover is close to $400,000,000 a year.

Ted's average day runs 14 hours and that allows for far less time than he would like to have with his lovely Canadian wife, dark-haired, blue-eyed Sheila, and his two sparkling blonde daughters, Hope, six years old, and chubby Sarah, a year old. Hope, a precocious child, is quite in sympathy with her father's political career, and is even jealous of it. Her father got to talking to a friend one night recently when Hope interrupted with some impatience: "Daddy, you know you have some speeches to make tomorrow and you're using up your voice."

Ted Leather probably makes more speeches than most M.P.s and keeps in closer touch with his constituents than a good many of them. Unlike some of his colleagues, he maintains a residence in his district and he spends as much time at his home there as he can.

Seeks to Know His People

There is no "local boy" tradition for Members of Parliament, such as we have in the United States for members of Congress. A large number of M.P.s simply represent their constituencies and have no ties or residence in their districts. Ted feels that this is wrong. He says: "It is a simple fact that you must live among people to know them and their problems."

The four Leathers live in a cream-colored, two-story stone cottage at Bathampton when he is in his constituency. The cottage is slate-roofed with apple-green trimmings, its walls covered with American Beauty roses. It is quiet and fits quite snugly into the ancient English village and its narrow, tree-bordered streets. Ted rents the place but someday would like to buy it or one like it. (He owns his home in London.) He has little time to enjoy the old-fashioned garden though, traveling in his small car to all ends of his typically West Country district with such delightfully named places as Nempnett Thrubwell, Mid-

Are your feet like Abe Lincoln's?

or Napoleon's?

this shoe comes in 190 sizes and widths

• Now—whether you are size 15 or 4...AAAA or EEEE...your Walk-Over shoeman can fit you perfectly in this handsome custom-toe oxford. Go see him today—walk happily ever after. BROADWAY: Black or tan.

Walk-Over

Walk-Over prices from $15.95—Higher West
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

somer Norton, West Harptree and Bishopsworth.

At Bishopsworth, on a sunny Saturday, Ted started a day's work in his district. Here he opened a Festival of Britain garden party on the vicarage lawn, and about 300 folk of Bishopsworth were there to hear him report upon problems and crises that seemed far, indeed, from this placid scene. "But," Ted told the crowd, "we must give attention to the things that affect us." The crowd listened intently, for the English take their politics and world affairs seriously.

Like many Britishers now, Ted Leather argues that the Socialist government is losing touch with the United States. He believes there must be a man of Winston Churchill's stature in Downing Street to bring the two nations closer. He asserts:

"I am one of those who has always said quite frankly that I would welcome an integral union with the United States of America tomorrow. I believe that only in such complete unity will we ever build that strength which can safely be said to guarantee peace."

Ted Leather and a strong group in Parliament say these things in the face of an almost constant attack on the United States by left-wing Socialists. The New Statesman and Nation, a Socialist weekly, recently called John Foster Dulles, President Truman's special representative, a "carpetbagger" when he came to London to discuss the Japanese peace treaty draft. The Socialists talk of American domination of the British Empire, and their speeches are full of references to the United States that sound more Russian than British. Actually, Ted Leather says, most of the reports of anti-American feeling stem from Socialists who are preoccupied with nationalization and socialization and prefer to make their world commitments secondary, if they are willing to carry them out at all.

From Bishopsworth, Ted Leather journeyed to West Backwell and there, with his wife and daughter Hope, he spoke at community gatherings. Mrs. Leather presented prizes to the "best babies."

Rugged Day for a Candidate

So far the day was easy. There was still an afternoon and a night's work to do for Ted Leather—a full day after two speeches and 60 miles of driving. (His district covers 400 square miles and has 120 villages.) Next were political talks with the party agent in the district, a sort of campaign manager but a career employee of the party.

Tweedy, black-mustached Gerald Hope Frost, the party agent and known as Gerry to most of North Somerset, reported on the political outlook. "Good, but you've got to keep working hard," he said. "You know," Gerry explained, "we don't have a bundle of money for campaigns in England. You can't spend a penny more than 950 pounds ($2,660) and that includes everything. We spent 700 pounds ($1,950) in the last campaign. We've got rigid controls. You can be read out of Parliament and the party for spending any more than the law allows."

Frost and Ted Leather went over the mail which piles in at the rate of 60 to 70 letters a day in the winter months. Two old people who retire early wanted him to call to settle a "secret problem"; the Crusade for World Government wanted him to speak; a butcher wanted a new truck—"the old truck is 16 years old"; and there were a dozen medical and housing problems. These are political problems now that Britain has a Socialist health scheme, and the government controls most new housing.

Ted Leather groaned when he pored through the mail but each letter got his personal attention. He was scheduled for two evening engagements, both important to an M.P., and, after that, he went to work on another speech in the midnight quiet of his village. Ted has made few formal speeches in Parliament since, like U.S. congressmen, he does a great deal of his work on the outside and in parliamentary committee.

But Ted came under the attention of Mr. Churchill one day in Parliament when he rose to question a word referring to some tax of the Socialist government. The word was "disincentive" and Ted demanded to know whether the Socialists really intended that the tax deter and discourage. Or, as Ted put it, to suppress incentive.

Before the Socialist minister had an opportunity to reply, Mr. Churchill, the alert custodian of the English language in Parliament, interrupted to say:

"No, no, my boy, non-undisincentive."

Commons chuckled at Mr. Churchill's triple negative, and disincentive passed from the language so far as the Conservative benches were concerned. The Socialists themselves were not likely to use it again. Few in Britain fly in the face of Mr. Churchill's mastery of English and wit.

He Also Belongs to a Union

A great deal of Ted Leather's work is in the parliamentary labor committee of which he is joint secretary. Along with the Atlantic Union, Conservative labor policy is one of Ted's favorite legislative topics. He is a member of a union himself. It is called ASSET (Association of Supervisory Staffs Executive and Technicians) and is about on a par with the foremen's unions in the United States. He is, moreover, vice-chairman of the central London branch and is possibly the only Conservative M.P. holding office in a trades-union.

As a trades-union member, Ted says that union objectives and Socialist political objectives have been colliding in Britain on all sides. "Unions," he said, "are in politics and not in the business of helping their members." He added that he believed trades-unions must break with politics or "become nothing more than rubber stamps for the government," like those in Soviet Russia.

Ted went into a trades-union because he wanted to see how it worked; he chose the Conservative party because he investigated the three principal British political parties —Liberal, Conservative and Socialist—before he decided which one to join and finally concluded that, for a young man, the Conservative party offered more elbow room. "The Socialist creed," he says, "is too dogmatic. They say control or regulate, and they control or regulate everything. A man in my district couldn't put up three houses, even though he had the materials and labor, because the houses weren't a part of the national housing program of the Socialists. And as badly as we need housing."

The young Canadian knew he was going into politics from the time he was eight but didn't know he would go into it over here. It was then that he saw George Arliss in the movie Disraeli, the story of the celebrated Prime Minister of Britain. Ted worships Disraeli.

Ted is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Leather, of Hamilton, Ontario, where he was born. His father, now sixty-five, who was in the galleries to hear Ted make his maiden speech, is chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Canadian Red Cross and the owner of a large trucking firm. But Ted has made his own way—strictly. Ted's wife, who was Sheila Greenlees, lived "just around the corner" and they were childhood sweethearts.

Ted didn't aim his education at politics but he never got Benjamin Disraeli out of his mind. He went through public school at Hamilton, and Trinity College at Port Hope, as a fairly distinguished athlete, then through the Royal Military College at Kingston (Canada's West Point) although he never toyed with the idea of a military career. When World War II broke out, he came to England with the Royal Canadian Artillery just after marrying Sheila.

While the so-called "phony war" was going on, Ted fell into managing Canadian athletic teams and did so well that his boxing team won the army championship in Britain in '43, and he managed football, boxing, track and swimming teams. He

WHAT EVERY HEARING AID USER SHOULD KNOW!

"CAN I GET a hearing aid without anything in the ear?—without any attachment to the head?—that doesn't need batteries?—without a cord? Can I get an aid I can wear so that NO ONE will know I am hard of hearing?"

A new FREE booklet, "What Every Hearing Aid User Should Know", by the author of a 700-page text on hearing instruments, gives you the FACTS. It tells the truth about hearing aids and will save you many hard earned dollars.

DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU READ IT!—until you know what every hearing aid user *should* know.

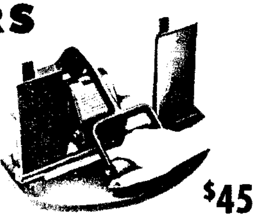
Just put your name and address on a penny postcard and send it to L. A. Watson, Room 35A, 21 North Third Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota. Your copy of this valuable booklet will come to you FREE in a PLAIN WRAPPER by return mail.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

5 Doctors Prove You Can—And Jump Out Of Bed In The Morning Rarin' To Go

Medical science knows the liver should pour out an efficient supply of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not efficient, your food may not digest properly. Then gas can bloat you up. You can get constipated again. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

5 New York doctors have proved mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills do stimulate an efficient flow of bile to make you feel "up and up". And bring back the glorious feeling that goes with regularity. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills today, 37¢ at any drugstore.



DEALERS

If you have been selling addressing machines where the address cards are not filed like index cards, every user you have created will buy this Elliott card index addressing machine on sight.

$45

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
149-G Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Smooth as Ocean-Rocked Whiskies of Old
OLD Mr. BOSTON BRAND
ROCKING CHAIR
Blended Whiskey

Blended Whiskey—80.6 Proof—70% Grain Neutral Spirits
Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston

participated in every sport himself. He got a broken nose and his teeth smashed in his last fight as a welterweight and almost didn't get to France when he fell off a wire on a paratroop training tower. His right hand was in a cast for nine months after the 32-foot drop. Ted finally got to France shortly after D day. His wife, meanwhile, was in the Red Cross in England—and Hope was born in a military hospital.

After V-E day (Ted was in Germany), he told his commanding officer that he wanted to run for Parliament. His commander wrote the Canadian chief of staff, General Price Montague, who listened to the young captain. He didn't have a constituency, didn't know where he was going to get one, but was so convincing that the general told him: "Take a week's leave and don't come back."

Ted, who had taken some special courses at Oxford during his busted-hand convalescence, talked to his friends there. It was then that he determined, in his own mind, that the Conservative party—the party of Disraeli—was the "only completely national party." But the party gave him an almost hopeless district for his first race in 1945. He learned a lot there—the district lies just north of the one he represents now—because the Socialists were so strong. He had to face meetings much like those in London's famous Hyde Park where heckling and raucous shouts are considered routine. He had to beat out 32 candidates to win selection by the North Somerset Conservative committee for his present seat.

Voters Seldom Re-elect M.P.s

North Somerset is no Conservative certainty. It has changed its M.P.s at almost every election. Gerry Frost believes Ted Leather has a good chance to break the constituency's habits and so do the voters I talked to, but Leather is not so sure. "I've got to keep working and, particularly, I've got to tell my people what Churchill is telling the whole country."

Mr. Churchill's party, according to some American observers of British politics, is not going to turn its back on a great part of the Socialist government's program if he regains power. One of these observers expressed doubts that even the steel industry, last big one to be nationalized, would, because of financial complications, be immediately denationalized. But a Conservative leader told me:

"We will denationalize the steel industry the minute we get back into power no matter what the financial difficulties. You can be sure of that."

Mr. Churchill and his supporters also propose to do something about the railroads which have been nationalized and now seem to have become the victim of a bureaucracy which is not only making them terrible to ride on but which causes all kinds of foolish incidents. Recently, a couple of hundred Britishers and their children got ready for an excursion ride. They waited and waited. No train. The bureaucracy had forgotten all about it.

Reform of Abuses Promised

"We'll go along the line, denationalizing where the country's interests are served, such as steel," Mr. Churchill's leaders say. "We'll correct the abuses in railroads, coal and other industries. We'll do something about food, and about the kind of government bulk-buying abroad that is keeping meat off our tables." Mr. Churchill himself says:

"We are sure that Socialism has already proved its failure . . ."

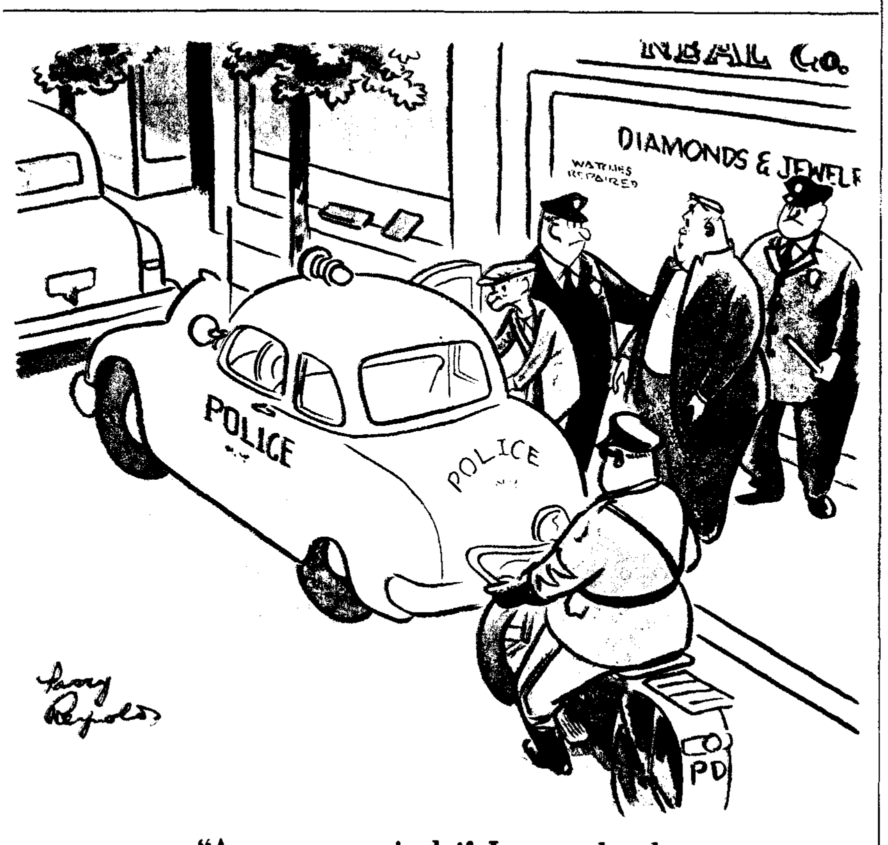
There's a good deal of guessing in Great Britain about Mr. Churchill's chances of returning to power. He has been taunted by such Socialist left-wingers as Nye Bevan as "an old man in a hurry." Millions of Britishers turn red-faced with anger at remarks like that and all the Bevans make Mr. Churchill's fighting young men like Ted Leather take to the rostrums with renewed determination to put him back in the old house in Downing Street. Mr. Churchill himself pays no attention to such abuse.

* * *

The Great Man kept to his task—and waited. He seemed to be listening when Big Ben, in the clock tower of Parliament, boomed the hour. Those were the deep, throaty notes heard everywhere by radio during the fateful years of World War II when the Great Man was the symbol of British resistance, and the hope of British victory.

THE END

BUTCH


INBAL Co.
DIAMONDS & JEWELR
WATCHES REPAIRED
POLICE
POLICE
PD

COLLIER'S

"Aw, you promised if I surrendered quietly, I'd git a ride down to Headquarters on the back of th' motorcycle"

LARRY REYNOLDS

Sergeant's
SKIP-BATH
QUICK EASY DOG CLEANER
SPRINKLE ON
RUB IN
WIPE OFF
KILLS Odors Fleas
KEEPS THEM OFF UP TO 7 DAYS

CLEAN IN A JIFFY! And without tub, suds or muss! That's the magic of Sergeant's new, liquid SKIP-BATH. Here's all you do: 1. Sprinkle SKIP-BATH on your dog, or on cloth and apply. 2. Rub in well. 3. Wipe dry. Your dog is clean, sweet and flea-free, too. Get Sergeant's SKIP-BATH at drug or pet store—today. Only 79 cents. Another of the many famous Sergeant's® Dog Care Products.

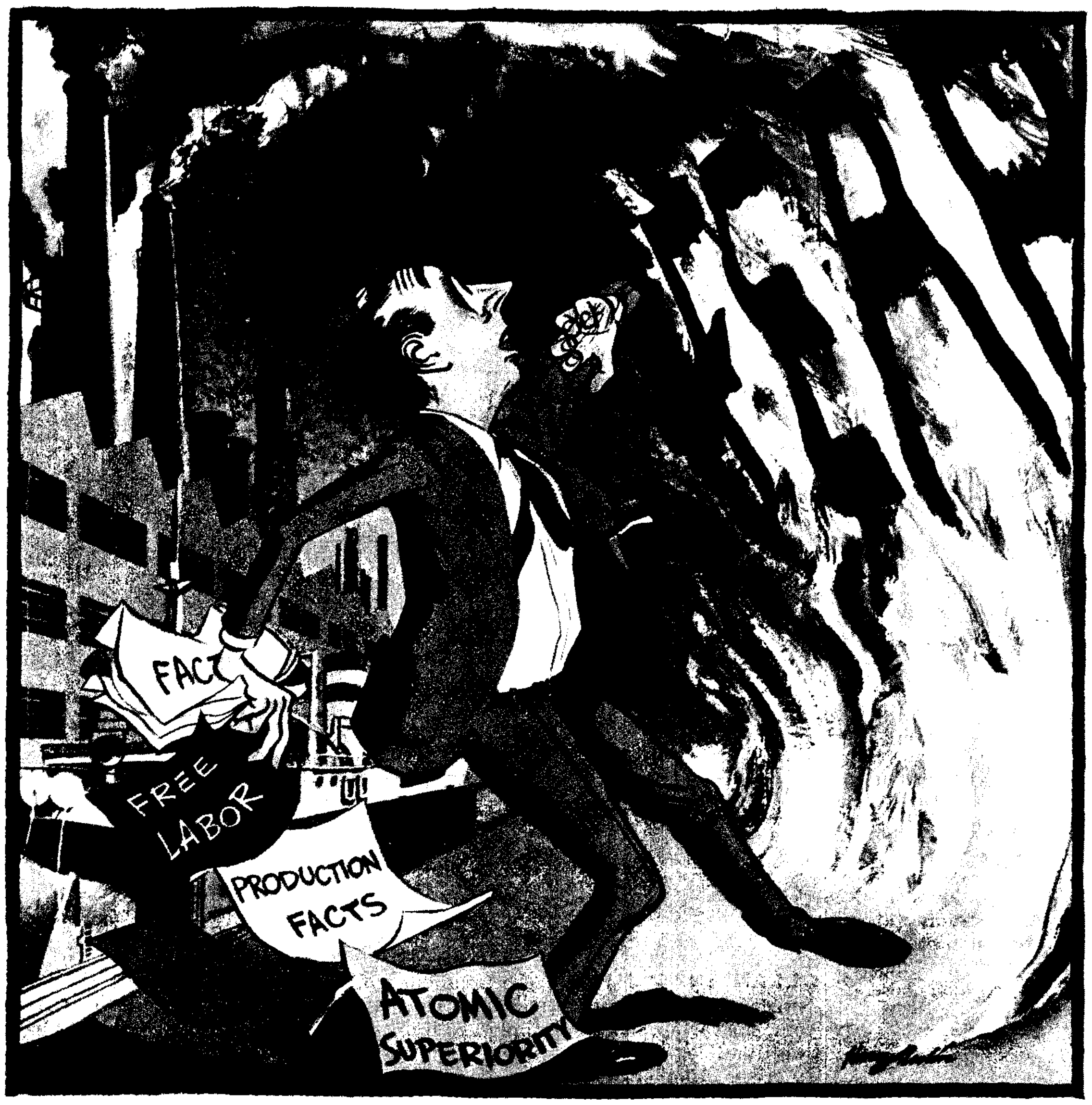
INCREASE YOUR INCOME—NOW!

Say good-bye to money worries by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and ALL popular magazines.

For money-making supplies, *mail a penny postal with your name and address to—*

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

AMAZING THING! By Cooper
SENSATIONAL NEW TING CREAM FOR FOOT ITCH (ATHLETE'S FOOT) - REGULAR USE HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING - SOOTHES BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED PEELING TOES.- AIDS HEALING AMAZINGLY!
TING FOR TOES SURE IS A HIT!
FIRST USED IN HOSPITALS NOW RELEASED TO DRUGGISTS
IN LAB TESTS TING CREAM PROVED EFFECTIVE IN KILLING SPECIFIC TYPES OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON 60 SECOND CONTACT!
GUARANTEED TING MUST SATISFY YOU IN A WEEK-OR MONEY BACK!
EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED TRY AMAZING TING CREAM TODAY! GREASELESS, STAINLESS
ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY 60¢ A TUBE ...ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW $1.00 ECONOMY SIZE.
Ting
ANTISEPTIC MEDICATED CREAM



HARRY DEVLIN

It Doesn't Make Sense

IN SPITE OF THE POLLSTERS' famous wrong answer in the 1948 Presidential election, we have found that the scientific sampling of public opinion is more often right than wrong. For that reason we think there is legitimate cause for concern in a recent Gallup survey which covered some 200 communities.

Dr. Gallup's question was this: "Do you think the United States is well enough prepared today to fight an all-out war with Russia?" Forty-nine per cent of the persons interviewed answered no. Thirty-nine per cent said yes, and the other 12 per cent had no opinion.

Those are, to us, disturbing figures, but they are not surprising. For it is not uncommon these days to find among Americans the illogical viewpoints which are reflected in the Gallup statistics. There are people with an apparently unshakable pride in their country's ideals and institutions who yet seem willing to grant all the wartime advantage to Russia's tyrannous dictatorship. There are people with an equal pride in America's technical achievements who are inclined to wilt at the very mention of Russia's might.

Such attitudes don't make sense to us. They don't make sense even when we admit, as we surely must, that the continental United States would be an early target in a war with Russia. If such a war comes, our cities will be hard hit. But it does not follow that the nation whose industrial capacity equals that of the rest of the world will be left crippled and helpless.

America may not be ready for all-out war today, but it is extremely doubtful whether Russia is, either. There is no published evidence that more than one atomic explosion has taken place in the Soviet Union, so it seems safe to assume that our country's atomic superiority still exists. And there are other factors, less tangible but of equal importance. In that connection it seems that all of us could profitably reflect upon some latter-day, self-evident truths at times when the ogre of Communism seems most menacing—such truths, for instance, as these:

We should fear war, and work with all our resources to prevent it; but fearing war and fearing Russia are not the same thing.

Modern war is a war of production as well as a war of man power. The Allies in World War II had to outproduce the Axis before they could outfight it. Thanks mainly to American industry, they were able to do it.

Free labor can outproduce slave labor. Two escaped Russians, one a former public works manager, the other a former inspector of concentration camps, have testified that Russia's forced-labor economy is a liability. Insufficient food, poor clothing and bad morale are among the factors that combine to make the slave-labor output low. And the existence of concentration camps with their millions of inmates has resulted in a low birth rate and a high mortality rate.

Tyranny is not an efficient form of government. The postwar disclosures of the last days of Nazi Germany told a story of bureaucratic red tape, jealousy and malingering that made our own wartime snafus seem unimportant.

Tyranny is not an enduring form of government. History shows again and again that oppression breeds discontent, and that the environment of war provides the climate in which discontent breaks out into revolt. Already the Russian rulers are having trouble with the captured satellites. There is little reason to doubt that an all-out war would increase and spread this turmoil, and that such a possibility is a major deterrent to total aggression by the Kremlin.

Why then, in the face of those truths, do some citizens of our free, powerful, productive nation tremble before the Russian tyrants and their millions of unwilling slaves? We don't know. Perhaps they need to recall some famous words which should typify the spirit of the American people today as well as they did the spirit of the British people when Winston Churchill spoke them in 1940: "We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills. We shall never surrender . . ."

Perhaps they should also ponder the unanswerable truth of the courageous words that General Eisenhower spoke only recently: "The material, intellectual, spiritual, technical and professional resources available to the free world are so overwhelming as compared to what the Iron Curtain and satellite countries have that it is almost ridiculous for us to be talking in terms of fright and hysteria, which we often do."

Salute to the Times

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1851, the first issue of the New York Daily Times was published. Under its brilliant young editor, Henry J. Raymond, the new paper quickly gained prominence. But after Raymond's death in 1869 it went from outstanding to ordinary, and eventually from bad to worse. By 1896, when Adolph Ochs, a Chattanooga publisher, acquired controlling interest, it was losing $1,000 a day.

Twenty-five years later Ochs had made a $100,000,000 profit. And he had made it by adhering to the high journalistic standards expressed in his simple formula: "All the news that's fit to print." It is encouraging to reflect, as the Times celebrates its hundredth anniversary this week, that this formula is a formula of success as well as an ideal of achievement in the newspaper profession.

The Times is not the oldest or richest or biggest paper in the country, or even in New York City. But its influence on public opinion far outweighs its circulation figures. And when we pay the Times this brief centennial tribute, we are paying it to all newspapers which by-pass the easy success of sensationalism in favor of thorough, accurate, unbiased news coverage.

The able management and staff of the Times will receive many congratulations and good wishes on this occasion. The people of Collier's are happy to add theirs. We wish the New York Times many more years of eminence as a national and international institution which fully justifies the freedom which is bestowed on the press by the government of a free people.

Dick Haymes sings out for Schenley

"Taste it! You'll agree it
must be the finest...
because it tastes so good"

SUN
SCHENLEY
The House of Rare Whiskies
FINER RICHER ALWAYS
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SCHENLEY
STATE FAIR

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR movies Dick Haymes ever made was a musical about a state fair. "I think my new picture will be a hit, too," says Dick Haymes, as he drinks a good luck toast with a few of his studio friends. Of course, Schenley is on the scene, because Dick Haymes, like so many stars, prefers this smooth, sociable whiskey.

For an Enchanted Evening enjoy

SCHENLEY

DICK HAYMES SHARES the enjoyment of his fine record collection with popular columnist and TV star Ed Sullivan. "Your favorite is mine, too," says Ed to Dick. "Schenley is so much richer and mellower, it puts more enjoyment in every drink."

A Mark of Merit Whiskey
from Schenley,
the House of Rare Whiskies

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1951 SCHENLEY DIST., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

LIBRA
PA.

"My throat gave me the answer to the mildness tests. My choice is Camels!"

Robert Merrill

FAMOUS STAR OF OPERA AND MOVIES

I'M A SINGER AND MY CIGARETTE MUST AGREE WITH MY THROAT. I TRIED DIFFERENT BRANDS AND **CAMELS** WON EASILY—FOR MILDNESS AND FLAVOR!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Across the country, smokers have been eager to find out which cigarette best agrees with their throats. Like Robert Merrill, famed opera star, now making movies in Hollywood, they've made different mildness tests—quick tests, trick tests—and especially their own 30-day Camel tests.

After *all* the mildness tests, latest published figures show that Camel has *its biggest lead* in popularity in 25 years!

The reasons: *mildness* and *flavor!* Millions of smokers have discovered that Camels have a mildness that agrees with their throats and a full, rich flavor unmatched by any other cigarette!

Try Camels yourself for 30 days. Your "T-Zone" will tell you how mild and good tasting a cigarette can be.

Test Camels in your "T-Zone"

(T for Throat, T for Taste)

Smoke Camels for 30 days and see how mild and flavorful a cigarette can be!

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking **CAMELS!**

THAT'S WHAT NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO SMOKED ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS!